

(I do not own Harry Potter or any of the characters, creatures or other musings the wonderful JK Rowling had created, I am simply borrowing them for my own amusement and will return them good a new, I promise.)

Harry Potter had been at the Dursley household for five days, and he was already bored out of his mind. His Aunt Petunia had given him his usual mountain of chores and had added a few more on top just in case he ran out. He was almost happy at the work he had to do however, as it took his mind off Sirius. He closed his eyes and shook his head, hoping it might go away but it didn't. Hot tears ran down his face and dripped on the dry dirt that he was digging up. Aunt Petunia wanted an entire new rosebud and place for her potted plants and as always he would be the one to do the work.

Gritting his teeth as he clenched his hands around the old shovel he was using, he relished the pain that was brought forward as his palms scraped against the rough wood. But try as he might it didn't take the pain of losing Sirius. Every time he closed his eyes all he would see was the arching body of his Godfather disappearing through the arch and not coming through on the other side, the triumphant look of glee on his killer, Bellatrix LeStrange's face, the anger that coursed through his body when he had cast the Cruciatus Curse on her. He stopped for a moment as the memory of the anger bubbled under the surface, flaring his nostrils in anger.

"What are you stopping for!" snapped his Aunt Petunia, just low enough so that no neighbours would overhear her.

"Just taking a break Aunt Petunia, I've been working all day" replied Harry, gruffly.

"Don't take that tone with me you little brat, you don't eat until you finish." she hissed.

"Yes Aunt Petunia" he said, in a forced, polite tone. He heard her turn and walk away and immediately made himself look busy.

The warning from Mad Eye and the Weasley's had worked to an extent, he was still laboured with nearly every available thing that could be concocted by his miserable Aunt and even more miserable Uncle, but they at least fed him more than normal, and let him keep all his things. It was the fear that Harry would write something bad

about them that kept them from doing anything...else. As Harry liked to think of it, but he hadn't even written to them yet. He had received letter but hadn't opened any. They would all be filled with pity and faked condolences, and he didn't any of that. So he had busied himself, the chores helped but at night time he had nothing to do, not even homework. Exams were over and there would be little point of giving students homework for a subject they might not be able to take next year. So he studied independently, looked through the books he had used for the DA, they hadn't even covered anything really. Nothing that advanced, nothing really capable of taking on Death Eater. His thought turned back to that night at the Ministry again and he forced himself to think of something else. And he kept on working.

A couple of hours later and it was getting dark, his hand and arms, sore, filthy and heavy. His oversized top, tucked into his oversized pants, his back was sore and covered in sweat, his hair was stuck to his body and his glasses were struggling to stay on his nose. Walking slowly, on the pieces of old newspaper that had been laid out for him he saw the his Aunt looking at him disdainfully as if his dirty appearance offended her somehow.

'You wanted me to dig the damn thing' he thought, taking half of the sandwich that had been left out for him and taking a bite out of it. Holding in a grimace, he swallowed the mouthful.

"You've finished digging the flowerbed?" she said, looking at him and the job he had done.

"Yes Aunt Petunia." replied Harry, monotonously, she glared at him for his tone but said nothing. The front door slammed and he heard the voice of Dudley Dursley sail through the air.

"Mum! I'm hungry!" wailed the voice, Harry bit back a 'When aren't you hungry' retort and finished his half sandwich. He was reaching for his other half when Dudley snatched it and almost dared Harry to say something.

"I'll make something as well dear." said his Aunt, who turned on the oven immediately.

Taking it as his leave, he walked upstairs. Careful not to make a mess on the stairs, entering his room he took off his dirty clothes

and went straight for a shower. The cold water felt amazing against his skin, having worked in the sun all day it was a little red, but not too bad. Not daring to take too long, he was back in his room and dry a few minutes later, opening his book to the page he was on last night.

It was a few hours later and his Aunt and Uncle had gone to bed, Harry was still reading his book, absorbing as much of it as he could when a street light went out. He looked outside, and peering out of his barely open window and up and down the road. There was a few out up the road also, his instincts immediately told him something was wrong. He forced himself to think rationally and calm down, he crept over to his bedroom light and turned it off, so it might give the appearance he was asleep and he could look out without being seen. A few minutes passed and he was going to turn his light back on when another street light went out. His wand was in his hand and he was peering through the gap between the curtains, in case anybody was looking at his window.

He heard the noise of a body slumping to the ground and for a second someone's leg appeared, across the street.

"Get the cloak back on him!" said an invisible voice.

"Shut up!" replied someone.

Someone was here, or some people were here and he had a good idea who. They must have knocked out a guard of his... 'Or worse' said a voice at the back of Harry's mind.

"Dursley kid is still awake" he heard the second voice say.

"We'll wait another twenty minutes, the rest will get here by then." replied the other voice.

'Twenty minutes until the others?' thought Harry, forcing himself to think clearly.

They were here to kidnap him, if they wanted to kill him then they'd have all come at once, some came ahead to 'clear' the area. It filled him with a bit, but not much relief. He had twenty minutes before it started, he was already outnumbered, owing anyone wouldn't do anyone any good because there was nobody nearby. He could run,

but he couldn't leave the Dursley's no matter how badly they had treated him, nobody deserved death by Death Eaters standards.

He looked outside his window and very faintly he saw two outlined shadows against a fence, he could do magic and the Ministry would be here soon enough, but the Death Eaters would clear off and nobody would believe him. Slowly he stepped away from his window and as quietly as he could, slid his trunk out from under his bed. He grabbed his Invisibility Cloak and as silently as he could exited his room and crept downstairs. He didn't want to alert Dudley because he would just wake his Aunt and Uncle who would in turn alert the Death Eaters outside. Peering through the banisters on the stairs he saw the television was on, if he was careful he would be able to walk right on by, as long as he didn't step on the creaking floorboards.

Manoeuvring around carefully he was able to slip by, quietly he unlocked the back door and closed it just as quietly, so not to disturb Dudley. He grabbed the shovel he had left lying against the shed he had painted in the third coat of paint in three days and leapt over the back fence. He'd have to run around the neighbourhood and attack them from behind. Running quietly wasn't easy but he had to in case the other Death Eaters arrived early. Which, knowing his luck was very possible. The street lights that had been extinguished made things easier, and he was able to take shortcuts through neighbours gardens until he was on the opposite street from Privet Drive. He'd made good time and slowed down his breathing, it wouldn't do him good to creep up behind Voldemorts minions out of breath.

Composing himself he saw that they were still there, he heard whispered snippets of there conversation. He walked across the neatly trimmed lawns like a predator stalking it's prey, he raised the shovel as high as he could under the cloak without revealing himself. He waited for a second, trying to pick a moment to strike, he waited for a pause in there conversation and swung downwards with all his might, it hit something a few inches shorter than himself, a muffled cry of pain shot out but that wasn't before Harry had swung sideways and mustering as much strength as he could hit the other. He heard the first one collapse and a second later the other, he cautiously approached them and saw the cloaks had slipped of them, the one he hit first had a huge lump on the top of his head that was still growing, he didn't recognise him but the second one who he had struck in the side of the face he remembered was Macnair. It looked like his jaw was broken, along with his nose the way it was bent.

"Right... Now what?" muttered Harry.

"Now we have to explain to our master why Henwick and Macnair were overpowered by a fifteen year old boy." a voice with a familiar sneer came from behind him.

Without waiting Harry dove to his side, a disarming spell hit where he had been moments before. He saw Malfoy, unmasked and in black robes along with two more behind him who were wearing masks. Harry drew his wand and cast a shield just as the other two casted their own spells. They bounced off Harry's shield which dissipated.

"Ooh, Potter knows some tricks." teased Malfoy. Who lunged and threw a stunner at him. Harry barely had enough time to get out of the way, throwing a spell at one of the two behind Malfoy that caught him on the shoulder and sent his wand scattering across the road.

"Accio" spat Harry. The wand zoomed into his open hand and he snapped it without a thought.

"You'll pay for that Potter!" snarled the man whose wand it was.

"Go and get the others" ordered Malfoy. Who kept his eyes on Harry. The man turned and apparated away.

"How did you get out of Azkaban?" asked Harry, trying to buy as much time as he could. He'd done magic, it was only a matter of time before someone came along.

"Don't keep up with the news at all do you Potter, Azkaban is now a stronghold for the Dark Lord. What did you think he was doing all last year? Crucio!" finished Malfoy. Harry shocked at this statement sidestepped and stumbled slightly. Raising his arm against his face as the spell hit the floor and sent pieces of tarmac flying.

"Stupefy!" shouted Harry, Malfoy stepped aside with grace, and sent another Unforgivable at him. Harry rolled sideways and saw the spell hit his Aunts prized rosebushes.

"Funny, I thought he'd have like a nice house in the country. Not a place by the sea." retorted Harry, twisting his body at the two spells sent at him and returning a volley of Stunning spells and Thrashing

Jinxes. Malfoy avoided all of them, but the other Death Eater was caught and was sent hurtling across the street and through a fence.

'That'll wake the neighbours' thought Harry. He was right, he heard the door open behind him. Glancing he saw Dudley there.

"Get inside Dudley!" roared Harry. Who had to dive out of the way of another Unforgivable because of the distraction.

"What the hell is going on!" roared the voice of Uncle Vernon. Harry knew he was looking out of his window, Harry looked at the surrounding area and saw it was a bit of a mess, the front garden was ruined, as was part of the road and the neighbours fence.

"Just stay inside Uncle Vernon" gritted Harry as he arched his body out of the way of an unknown spell.

"Yes Uncle Vernon, do stay inside." mocked Malfoy, who sent a spell at the window Vernon was leaning out of. Shattering it, shards of glass rained down as Vernon leapt back from the window. A piece caught Harry on his cheek and a shallow cut appeared.

"Where the hell was the Ministry, the Order. Anyone?" thought Harry.

"Nice family you've got Potter" sneered Malfoy.

"I'd rather have them, than your pathetic excuse for a son. Confratio!" The Bombardment Hex connected but only slightly, Malfoy staggered slightly before returning with a string of quite nasty hexes and curses. He barely avoided the first few when he was hit by a dark purple coloured spell which sent him hurtling backwards. He slammed against his Uncle's car, spots plagued his vision. He felt his chest tighten and warm liquid seeping down his side. He stood up, struggling slightly and twisted away as Malfoy sent another spell.

"Almost tickled me that one Malfoy" said Harry, coughing lightly. Malfoy snarled at the taunt and sent another string of hexes. A few Harry recognised and knowing he'd struggle to get out of the way he dropped to the floor and saw them all sail over.

"Fragmento" hissed Harry as he fell. A Bone Breaking Hex, it caught Malfoy on the leg and he fell to one knee. Harry jumped back to his feet and sent another Bone Breaker, a Thrashing Jinx and a Stunner. The Bone Breaker catching him on the same leg and the Thrashing Jinx sending him in the air and crashing on the front of his Uncle's car.

"Crucio" spat Malfoy as he landed. It hit Harry who was not expecting it and was instantly in agony, he wasn't under it for long as Malfoy unable to keep the concentration released the spell. The spell had affected Harry though who struggled to get to his knees and thankfully saw Malfoy was hurting as well.

"Bombardo" coughed Harry, Malfoy span of the car which it hit and crumpled.

"Not bad Potter." said Malfoy, who was limping slightly.

"Better than your son" replied Harry, who dropped to the floor again and rolled out of the way of a potential second. He heard the sound of Apparation and spun around but only saw more black cloaked Death Eaters.

"Bad luck Potter" said Malfoy, Harry sent a flurry of spells and not bothering to see if they connected ran inside Number Four Privet Drive, dodging spells as he got to the door, opened it and cast the most advanced locking charm he knew.

"What the devil is going on boy!" said a voice behind him.

"Death Eaters" said Harry, as if it was obvious. He didn't have anytime to explain, they'd be circling around the house. He cast the same spell at the backdoor. He had a few minutes maybe.

"I'm sorry Uncle Vernon but I don't have time to explain. Just go upstairs and I'll try to hold them off until help arrives. He heard numerous sounds of Apparation outside again and peered through the window and saw a half dozen Ministry personnel.

"You don't tell me what to do in my own house Potter!" shouted Vernon.

"I do when it means I'm trying to save your ungrateful ass!" roared Harry in anger. Vernon wasn't used to his nephew shouting back at him and looked quite undignified as he was lost for words and was flustered and struggling for words. Petunia's eyes were wide and Dudley was hiding behind the sofa. Without a word they all went upstairs, and Harry looked outside again, the people from the Ministry who had arrived were barely holding on. Harry ran upstairs also and into his room.

"Hedwig, go to the Burrow, no Hogwarts. I don't know where Ron and his family are but you'll be safe at the Hogwarts." Hedwig gave him a look of disapproval if that was possible for an owl and with a friendly hoot flew out of the window. Opening his trunk he got all the photo albums he had and put them underneath the floorboards for safekeeping. He went back downstairs and looked out of the window, more had arrived but so had more Death Eaters. He was shook from his train of thought as a body came through the front window. Before he registered who it was his wand was out and he cast a Stunning spell. It was a Magical Law Enforcement Officer, and it didn't matter if he was stunned because he was dead anyway. Harry climbed out of the window and throwing caution to the wind he ran out in the midst of the duels.

"There he is!" he heard one voice cry. Turning he barely avoided a Cruciatus Curse. He cast a shield and it flared to life just as a Death Eater who had just disposed of their opponent had sent a curse at him. It rebounded off his shield and spiralled off and hit a Death Eater to Harry's right.

"Saldrenzo" hissed Harry, who was in a bit of pain from Malfoy's earlier onslaught. A burst of flame erupted and flew towards the Death Eater, it caught his trailing robes and as they tried to extinguish Harry stunned them. He turned around and was hit by a Leglocking Spell with a glancing blow, his legs snapped together and he fell over. Muttering the counter as quickly as he could he barely avoided a Stunning Spell.

"My lord will prize me above all others for capturing you Potter" said a voice to the side of Harry. It was Rodolphus LeStrange, he wasted no time and tried to cast a shield but was caught by a Disarming Hex. His wand scattered and he wasn't given any time to react as he was thrown through the air hit the ground again with force. All the wind was knocked out of him and he had no idea where he was. He

saw Rodolphus above him and waited for the next spell. But Rodolphus fell over and to the side of him and he saw the outline of Nymphadora Tonks.

"Thanks!" rasped Harry.

"Don't mention it." replied Tonks who in turn tossed him his wand.

"What took you so long?" asked Harry, as he got up ready to fight.

"Our guard didn't report, we only heard it because of a source in the Ministry. And get back down." said Tonks irritably as she sent a few spells. Harry didn't see if they hit or not.

"No chance." growled Harry, who stood back up and sent a few spells of his own.

"We need to get you out of here now!" said Tonks, they both rolled out of the way of a spell Harry didn't recognise.

"I can't leave the Dursley's behind." retorted Harry as they both crept across the outskirts of the battle. Now more Order member had arrived it was evening out slightly.

"Let us take care of it." replied Tonks, while sending a few Stunners out.

"Here, take this Portkey." she said taking something from around her neck.

"Just think of Number 12." she said, looking at what was going on. "Go!" she added, before running back into battle.

Resigned Harry stood up and was ready to go when he heard that voice. That voice that rang through his nightmares.

"Leaving so soon Potter" cackled the voice of Bellatrix LeStrange. Blood pounded through his veins as he turned around and lunged at the women who killed Sirius. Not expecting physical assault, Bellatrix was surprised and was taken down. Her long fingernails scraped Harry's arms and clawed at his face. Fighting for control he managed to pin her down.

"Awww is poor Bellatrix stuck" snarled Harry, his wand pointed at her throat. Bellatrix's eyes glimmered with pure fear. Before he had a chance to cast anything though he was sent flying through the air. He was sent crashing through the fences and was barely able to get up again when he saw his attacker hurtle another spell at him which he narrowly avoided. Bellatrix to had gotten to her feet and cast a spell where he landed and he was on the floor again. His body wracked with pain. Somebody landed beside him and he saw it was Tonks, she'd comeback to help him.

"Kill her" spat Bellatrix to the other masked Death Eater. 'No' Thought Harry.

"Reducto!" gasped Harry. The masked man was blown backwards with such force and slammed against the house opposite which was at least twenty feet away. Tonks in turn sent a Stunner to Bellatrix which hit her and was sent down.

"Nice!" said Harry, who could barely get to his feet.

"You too." groaned Tonks, who struggled to hers.

"Avada Kedavra!" yelled a voice. Harry turned and saw the spell jetting towards Tonks, she wasn't moving and out of pure instinct Harry leapt and pushed her out of the way. The spell hit Harry who for a second stumbled, everything was a blur, he was dazed. He heard Tonks scream and the Death Eater struck by a spell and flung backwards like a doll.

"Harry!" said a voice, but he barely heard it. The darkness elapsed and he fell to his knees, then everything went black and he fell over, noises getting more and more quieter. The last thing he heard was the cracks of Apparation.

"...can't believe he could be so reckless!" said a voice, it seemed distant and slightly familiar.

"He wasn't reckless, he was stupid." snapped a very familiar voice.

"It wasn't stupid, he saved my life." that voice was louder than the rest, light began filtering through his vision and he flinched at the brightness.

Silence enveloped the surrounding area, the people were now talking with scarce whisperings and hushed tones. All he knew was dull throbbing pain, his entire body ached. His muscles were tight and his entire body seemed sensitive to everything. He opened his eyes and immediately regretted it, the sudden influx of bright light made him wince, he tried covering his face with his hands but his arms were so heavy he could barely lift them.

"Harry...Harry. Can you hear me?" said a voice, it was getting fainter. He tried opening his mouth to talk but his voice couldn't emit a sound, he coughed slightly and pain shot through his chest like a burning sensation. As it subsided everything seemed to get darker, more voices started talking, all of them becoming quieter and quieter. He breathed slowly and as though drugged he drowsily slipped back to his unconscious state...

"Come on, you can do better than that" Sirius's face went from a smile to a look of shock and surprise, his body was arching slowly and the look of delight and triumph on Bellatrix Lestrange's face. The image burned, blood pounded through his head, anger burned with such pure loathing.

"Sirius! Crucio! I'll Kill Her!" the images reeled through his mind, the sensation of satisfaction and retribution he had felt in the fleeting moment of hitting Bellatrix with the Cruciatus spell. The initial hatred he had felt when Remus Lupin had told him Sirius was gone. The gut wrenching moment and wave of sickness he had felt. The image of Sirius slowly going backwards through that Arch in the Ministry, never to reappear.

"Sirius!" he was sat bolt upright, his body layered in cold sweat, his throat ached from shouting. Adrenaline must have fuelled his body as now, pain ebbed through every part of his body. His eyes were open but it was dark, he could barely see his hand in front of his

face. Where was he? He reached for his wand, but it wasn't in its usual place, tucked in the waistband of his jeans.

Fighting the pain he lifted himself off the surface he'd been lying and hunched down as quietly as he could. Reaching out he grasped at thin air and slowly started to creep along trying to find something to lean against, his body was almost fighting every movement. He heard footsteps approaching, panting slightly he stood up. His body was tense, he didn't know who was coming or where he was. Struggling, he braced himself as plans of action tried to congregate in his mind. The footsteps were getting nearer and louder. Picking his moment he attacked the stranger, or at least he made the movement. Light flooded the room and he was immediately blinded. He lost his sense of direction and his footing and crashed to the floor.

"Harry!" said the voice, it sounded familiar. He tried to pick himself up but he just fell to the floor again.

"Come here, what the hell are you playing at." said the voice, it was filled with concern.

"Lights..." coughed Harry, as he was helped to his feet and sat down on something.

"Sorry." said the voice, in an instant they were dimmed. Opening his eyes slightly, he blinked rapidly. He was still sensitive to the light but it was much better than before.

"Where am I?" croaked Harry, his head was buried in his arms still and it was muffled.

"Headquarters, you want some water?" asked the voice. Harry only nodded in response, he heard the sound of water running. Headquarters? The word echoed through his memory. He was at Sirius's house. No he didn't want to be here. He attempted to stand up, and staggered slightly.

"Hey, hey. Come on. Sit down." said the voice, gently pushing him back down. Harry couldn't fight if he tried, the water was placed into his hands, he barely held on to the cup. Raising it to his lips the cold liquid felt soothing, he spluttered slightly as he struggled to swallow the liquid. Forcing it down, his throat felt much better. He raised his

head and opened his eyes again, a blur of red hair occupied his vision.

"Ron?" asked Harry in a low voice.

"Close, I'm Bill. Ron's older brother, we haven't really met I guess." Harry's vision focused slightly, and saw the face he had seen in a few photos of Ron's at Hogwarts. He saw a hand being offered and Harry put out his and they shook slightly. Harry winced at the tough grip.

"Sorry." laughed Bill.

"What's going on, what happened?" asked Harry, his memories were a blur. He could barely remember anything past picking up a shovel in the darkness.

"You don't remember?" said Bill, his voice and blurred outline of his face seemed serious.

"I remember picking up a shovel and... Death Eaters, they were at Privet Drive. Lucius Malfoy was there, Azkaban! It's been took over!" said Harry quickly, his voice was cracking slightly and he took another gulp of water. Panting slightly all he did was look up and look at Bill.

"I know, Voldemort took over in the first few days of the holidays. We think he made a deal with the Dementors." replied Bill, his expression stoney and almost looking worried.

"Malfoy said... they'd been negotiating all last year." said Harry, remembering his conversation with Malfoy. Being flown through the air, and then sending Malfoy through the air. He smiled slightly at that.

"The Dursley's, are they alright?" asked Harry, he wasn't worried but if they were...dead. It was only more deaths on his conscience.

"They're fine Harry. They've had their memories wiped, the Ministry were adamant on that. They wiped everyone within a half mile radius. Big clean up operation from what dad's been saying." said Bill.

Harry's mind was reeling, he remembered shouting at his Uncle Vernon. Rodolphus Lestrage sending him flying through the air and crashing on the floor, standing above him, Tonks saving him, being on top of Bellatrix and ready to blast her head off, the fear in her eyes, being sent crashing through fences. Tonks lying beside him because she had come back to save him again. Sending the mystery Death Eater flying against the wall and Tonks stunning Bellatrix. The familiar flash of green that had plagued his nightmares jetting towards Tonks.

"Harry....Harry!" said Bill louder, Harry snapped out of his thoughts and was quiet for a second.

"Tonks is dead, isn't she." said Harry, faltering halfway through his sentence.

"You really don't remember, do you?" said Bill, it was a statement more than anything.

"Why? What happened?" asked Harry, but Bill was not the one who answered.

"You saved her Harry." Dumbledore was standing in the doorway, his face tense, his ice blue eyes showing no emotion.

The last time Harry had seen Dumbledore was just after the Ministry of Magic, when he had more or less destroyed the Headmasters office. He still felt guilty about the childish reaction but felt under the circumstances it was quite justified, after all he had just lost his Godfather and learnt he was the one that had to kill Voldemort. 'Kill or be killed' was a thought that had gone through his mind numerous times.

He didn't meet Dumbledore's eyes and kept quiet, he was still annoyed at the aged wizard. He wasn't quite sure what for, maybe it was just everything. But what he did know was that he didn't really want to talk to the man.

"How are you feeling Harry?" asked the Headmaster, walking into the room. Tonks walked in behind him. As did a few Order members he recognised from last summer. Harry stayed silent, and waited for someone else to break the silence.

"He doesn't remember what happened." said Bill, speaking for Harry, who was looking at all the members. All had varying degrees of surprise and shock on their faces. Tonks looked like she had been crying.

"Ah, well allow me to fill you in then. You battled and quite valiantly against the Death Eaters until help arrived, when the Order arrived, Nymphadora here found you and gave you a Portkey to Headquarters. Miss Tonks proceeded to re-enter the battle, but heard you battling another Death Eater. Bellatrix if I'm not mistaken, another Death Eater started duelling with Nymphadora and you managed to incapacitate your opponents. A Killing Curse was sent at Tonks, you threw yourself at her. Knocking her out of the way and the curse hit you." Dumbledore finished, his voice had remained relatively unchanged in tone and volume during the recollection but Harry knew that Dumbledore was unimpressed at Harry's actions.

"You survived the Killing Curse... again." added Dumbledore, a faint smile appeared on his face.

"Oh..." said Harry, it was all he could say. He was surprised but he didn't really know to react, he didn't really know how to feel about it at all.

"Oh? You could have died you idiot, you should have died!" snapped Tonks, who promptly burst into tears and ran over to hug him. Harry hissed in pain and grimaced, but she kept on hugging him anyway. After a feeble attempt to hug back Tonks let go, a bit red faced at her reaction and stood to the side of proceedings.

"Why did you do it?" she whispered, as if scared of the answers. Harry paused for a moment before replying.

"It was just instinct, I didn't want you to die, I don't want anyone to die because of Voldemort ever again. So I just pushed you out of the way." said Harry simply, trying to shrug his shoulders and barely able to.

"Harry, you can't jump in front of every Killing Curse. Next time you might not be so lucky." said Dumbledore, sternly.

"I don't want anymore people to die, sir. You can't expect me to stand by and watch people die for no reason." Harry almost snarled in his reply, anger bubbling at the surface.

"You can't save everyone, Harry." replied Harry, his voice was sorrowful.

"I can try." growled Harry, getting to his feet. He clenched his jaw at the pain that came with doing so, it was subsiding. But only slightly.

"I think it's best you get some rest." said Tonks.

"No." said Harry and Dumbledore simultaneously.

"Harry's only just woken up and he's more than well rested I'm sure." stated Dumbledore, who looked at Harry and he gave a small nod of his head.

"Right then, Bill. Will you stay with Harry until the morning. I'm sure you'll find something to talk about." said Dumbledore who then walked out of the room, everyone else followed slowly. Tonks got to the door and smiled at Harry again and left, leaving just Harry and Bill.

"Come on, might as well go sit somewhere comfortable. Want help walking?" asked Bill. Harry shook his head and allowed Bill to walk ahead. Entering one of the main lounge areas that they had cleaned last year Harry saw that it had been nearly completely redecorated. The walls had a vibrant red tinge, that seemed to illuminate even more when Bill started a small fire in the fireplace.

"Here." said Bill, pushing a comfortable chair close to the fireplace and waited for Harry to walk to it before getting his own. They both sat down, Harry relished the comfortable leather, it was like his favourite chair in the Gryffindor Common Room.

"So..." said Bill, as if starting a conversation.

"So..." replied Harry, almost numbly.

"Ron and everyone are coming over in a week or so." offered Bill.

"Good... Bill, how long was I out for?" asked Harry. He didn't know why it had taken him so long to ask.

"Two days, first night everyone came here. The entire Order, couldn't believe what you'd done. Tonks was a state, stayed by your side until tonight, Dumbledore ordered her to get some rest." laughed Bill, it brought a smile to Harry's face which Bill found promising.

"Madame Pomfrey came, but she was scared of doing anything. She's never treated someone who should have been killed before." said Bill.

"Bill... I've just had a lecture." replied Harry in an annoyed voice.

"I'm not lecturing you, I think it's amazing. I mean, your an idiot but still. It's a very cool thing you did." said Bill, his word filled with respect for Harry.

"Anyone would have done the same thing." replied Harry.

"Yeah right!" exclaimed Bill, who saw it was annoying him.

"Unless you did it to get in good with Tonks" teased Bill, who laughed at the instant affect it had on the colour of Harry's face but laughed when he heard Bill laughing.

"Ow! Don't make me laugh Bill, it hurts." coughed Harry, his face, would have challenged Ron's with the shade of red it was now.

"Sorry... oh, I've got to warn you. When Ron, Hermione and Ginny come you best have a good hiding place. They're besides themselves with the lack of replies to their letters." said Bill, who stood up and grabbed a cracked tumbler and dusty bottle above the fireplace and poured himself a drink. Harry stared at the labels, all were covered in dust but nearly every label had Firewhiskey. They must have been years old, thought Harry.

"The amount of bottles in this place was unbelievable, we had to test them all in case they were poisoned. These are some of the less refined types of Firewhiskey." he took a sip and coughed profusely as he swallowed the amber liquid.

"Still gives quite a kick though..." added Bill, who was red in the face himself.

"Can I have some?" blurted Harry. Bill eyed him and picked up another equally cracked tumbler and blew out some of the dust it had in it.

"You can have one, but one only. And don't tell anyone because my mum will kill me." cracked Bill, who gave him a clumsy single measure.

"Bottoms up?" offered Bill, Harry stretched and they clinked glasses, and much more slowly than Bill raised the glass and drained the contents in one. It was hot coming down, but the aftertaste was even hotter, beating his chest which the liquid seemed to have set on fire. Coughing he composed himself and breathed deeply, making him feel better instantly.

"Maybe we should have started with Madam Rosmerta's Finest Oak Matured Mead" said Bill, warily eyeing a bottle higher up.

"Maybe..." said Harry in a hoarse voice. Bill laughed at Harry's response.

"Congratulations, your first shot of Firewhiskey. I'd say it calls for a drink, but you've already had your one." laughed Bill, who took the glass from Harry and replaced it with a bottle of butterbeer.

"Thought you might like something besides water." offered Bill, Harry took the bottle and drained half of it within seconds. Filling him with warmth and felt like it relieved his aching body. Harry sunk further into the chair, stretching slightly. It hurt less than he thought it would.

"Feeling better?" asked Bill, Harry nodded in reply and took another sip of his drink and silence fell between them, this time, Harry opted to break it.

"Bill, you do wards right? How did the Death Eaters get through the wards?" asked Harry.

"Dumbledore wanted me to check them before you came back, I refused because if I got found out, I would have been fired from

Gringotts with a permanent black mark on my file. I think he checked them himself because I overheard him saying the next day that they weren't that strong and you'd need to stay there for a month. It's weird though because the types of wards I have studied, especially blood wards depend on the strength of the castor and the people they are directly tied to. The blood wards protect you and the Dursley's and nobody else, if somebody gets some of your blood. Technically it could be compromised." said Bill, Harry instantly knew how they had been compromised.

"Voldemort used my blood." stated Harry, shocking and confusing Bill.

"At the end of fourth year, when he came back. They used some of my blood to help resurrect him." said Harry, showing Bill the scar on his arm.

"That explains it, Dumbledore's put up new protection now though. Says no-one with a Dark Mark can get through." finished Bill, who looked at Harry. Wondering whether he should ask him what he really wanted to know, he decided to take a gamble.

"Why did you save the Dursley's?" asked Bill, trying to judge Harry's immediate reaction but his face didn't change.

"Because nobody should have to go through the torture and games that they play, before killing you." replied Harry, almost instantly. Bill only nodded in response, if half of what Ron had told him about the Dursley's was true, he would have been hard pressed to save them.

"Why would Gringotts have fired you if you looked at the wards at Number Four?" asked Harry, interested to know more about wards and Curse Breaking.

"Wards are very secretive at Gringotts, if somebody unauthorised knows the details on a properties wards then it's much easier to break through them. The goblins at Gringotts don't take it too lightly if you snoop around a house to check out the wards without permission of the land owner. Which Dumbledore wanted to overlook." Bill frowned as he finished what he was saying and saw Harry looking at him.

"I think that the people who own the house, should have the right to know what protection they should have. And although Dumbledore wanted me to just check the wards. He'd have wanted me to do more than that after I had, probably want me to cast another set. And if I did, I'd have been fired without a chance of appeal." explained Bill. It seemed fair enough to Harry.

"Can you tell me a bit about curse breaking and wards?" asked Harry, a small glint came in Bill's eyes as he launched into the subject with gusto.

It was hours later when the first person came down for breakfast, and found Harry Potter and Bill Weasley having breakfast and talking about old Egyptian Curses and Spells with Harry occasionally noting things down. He had quite a stack of parchment that was filled with incantations and the affects of the spells. He had learnt so much that his head was spinning with all the information, he had written down nearly every spell Bill had talked about, and had Bill promise to talk to him about Warding.

"Morning Bill, Potter." said Mad-Eye, who glanced over at the notes Harry had taken.

"Trying to get another Curse Breaker for Gringotts, Bill? Didn't know they were recruiting?" remarked Moody, who took a piece of toast from the stack on the table.

"Just giving Harry a little introduction, that's all Mad-Eye." smiled Bill, who rolled his eyes. Knowing what was going to come next.

"You would have made a fine auror, Bill." sighed Mad-Eye.

"I thought about it, but decided I'd rather keep all my limbs intact." joke Bill, Mad-Eye let out a bark of laughter.

"Can see your point there, Weasley. But don't you try and take away Potter, should have heard some of them at the office last night. Thought you held your own brilliantly, Potter." quipped Mad-Eye, both eyes trained on Harry's.

"Thanks, but it was nothing." replied Harry, not wanting to make a big deal out of it.

"Nothing? We tested Malfoy's wand, cast a lot of nasty spells the other night, he did. And I know he caught you with a few of them, Chest Cutter was it?" asked Mad-Eye, Harry moaned, his eye could see through anything.

"And the Cruciatus." added Bill.

"No kidding, and you kept on fighting? Not many would have the nerve to do that, Potter." cackled the old aurora, who sat down and retrieved a bottle from inside his jacket and poured himself a drink.

Harry mumbled a thanks and Bill started listing spells again, Mad-Eye cut in occasionally, either to offer his opinion on the spell or giving one of his own. It was an hour or so later before more people came down and started making their own breakfasts. Everyone kept glancing occasionally at Harry, who found it quite annoying and moved back to the lounge area with Bill where they proceeded to talk about wards. It was not long after that, when Dumbledore entered.

"Ah, Harry. Just who I wanted to see. Can I have a word with you, in private." It was a statement, more than a question and Harry just stood up wearily and followed the aged Headmaster, they walked for a few seconds before he was beckoned into a room that looked like it was to be a study of some kind. Dumbledore flicked his wand and conjured a couple of squishy armchairs and asked Harry to sit down.

"Now Harry, I understand that you might not want to talk to me that much. Especially after our little disagreement last night, and in my office earlier. But I'm afraid I must insist." said Dumbledore, who with a tweak of his wand made a pitcher of juice and two glasses appear and start pouring themselves. Harry took one, and still avoiding eye contact took a sip.

"Harry, look at me." said Dumbledore softly. Harry looked up, and met Dumbledore's eyes. Whose blue eyes seemed full of regret.

"I'm sorry, but I must ask that you return to your Aunt's house, all they know is you were injured because of a allergic reaction to one of the plants in the back garden. I told them you were to rest as much as you could. I believe they will let you rest this time." Dumbledore had a rue kind of smile on his face.

"Sir?" asked Dumbledore, curious at what Dumbledore had said to them.

"Rest assured, they'll pay attention to my words, you are only required to stay for one week. Then you can come back in time for the rest of the Weasley clan to move in." said Dumbledore softly.

"Fine." said Harry, he didn't mind going back to his Aunt's. It was coming back here.

"Is there anything you want to talk about, Harry?" asked Dumbledore, half-expecting Harry to say something. Harry shook his head.

"Is that all, Professor?" asked Harry, looking at Dumbledore, a sign of resignation appeared in the Headmaster's eyes, Harry tried to offer a courtesy smile and stood up to walk out.

"Harry, your wand." said Dumbledore, who pulled out his wand from his robes, he held it out for Harry. Who took it.

"Thankyou, sir" murmured Harry, who walked out of the room, Dumbledore followed a few seconds later. They walked back to the kitchen area where they found everyone was waiting quietly.

"Bill, would you take Harry back to his Aunt's residence?" asked Albus, Bill nodded in reply. Everyone else either looked at Dumbledore or Harry, expecting the latter to react in an angry fashion.

"Yes Professor, now?" asked Bill, Dumbledore nodded and left the room, his eyes appearing to be deep in thought, as though they were calculating something.

"Ready, Harry?" asked Bill. Harry too nodded, he picked up the stack of parchments he had written all night and this morning. Following Bill, they to the main courtroom. Harry followed as quickly as he could, he found Bill in the entranceway. The object in his hand glowed blue, in the familiar glow of a portkey.

"Come on, we need to activate this outside. Portkey wards would damn near kill us." said Bill, a grim look on his face. Opening the door and letting Harry through first, and closing it behind him. They

walked slowly down the road, to stand out of eyeshot.

"Kill us? I thought wards only kept people out if they tried to get in without permission, not kill them." queried Harry.

"The Black family, well they deemed it prudent to add some extra security on their wards. Quite nasty stuff. I'll find you a book about it and bring it to Privet Drive, if your not to busy with that lot." laughed Bill, nodding to the parchment Harry was holding.

"I'm a quick reader." grinned Harry. Bill offered the Portkey out, Harry had a quick look around and touched it. Feeling the familiar tug around his navel, he braced himself as he spun around. Closing his eyes, he waiting for the ground to slam underneath his feet. A second later his feet hit the pavement, bending his knees as he did, he barely kept his footing.

"Nice, at least you stayed upright." joked Bill, they turned around. They were just outside Privet Drive, Bill and Harry started walking together, Bill walked slowly so Harry wouldn't rush himself.

"I'm on guard tomorrow, in the late afternoon. I can bring you a few books then if you want. I'll be walking the rest of the week." explained Bill. Harry just nodded along. He'd seen the section of road that had been turfed up, it was coned off. Bill followed his glance.

"Death Eater?" asked Bill.

"Malfoy, Cruciatus." replied Harry, simply. Walking up the pavement to Number Four, Vernon opened the door.

"Who are you? Wait your one of those, Weadel's" spat Vernon, eyeing Bill with distaste.

"Weasley's, Uncle Vernon." said Harry, giving Bill an apologetic look.

"I don't care, just get inside before somebody see's the pair of you." replied Vernon, his face was getting a shade of red darker every few seconds.

"I'm only dropping Harry off, Mr Dursley. But I'm coming back tomorrow, dropping somethings off for Harry to read while he's resting. So he has something to do." emphasised Bill, keen to get the message through that Harry was to rest and not put to work like a dog.

"What kind of things, no freakish stuff. I won't have it!" said Vernon, the idea of something wizarding related terrified the man.

"They're books on advanced curses and foreign spells I've acquired. As a curse breaker, I've had extensive experience in the field, and Harry has shown an interest in them." said Bill, a smile on his face Vernon looked near apoplectic.

"Spells on how to deal with Egyptian mummies, decapitation, disembowelling, turning them into stone. Very nasty stuff, but it has to be I guess. Protecting their treasures from tomb raiders like me." said Bill, dead serious. He flashed a smile and it was all Harry could do from laugh.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Harry." said Bill, not taking his eyes of a Vernon Dursley that had gone from a deep crimson colour to white with fear.

"Later, Bill." said Harry, walking past his Uncle carefully and struggling up the stairs. He wasn't bothered for the rest off the day, apart from his Aunt checking he was alright every hour, bringing something for him to eat on occasion. Harry made sure to thank her, sincerely. Every time.

He was reading the curses he had written, committing everything to memory. Until he could repeat the spell, it's wand movements and effects every time. Then he moved on to the next one, it was getting to the evening time when he began to felt tired and noting where he was, set the wad of parchment down and rolled over. He was asleep within minutes.

It was only a few hours later that he woke with a start, nightmares plaguing him. He hated it, thankfully Sirius was not in this one. It was Cedric, his motionless body and his spread-eagled outline haunting him. He breathed deeply and moved about slightly, sheets sticking to his body because of the sweat. I've got to do something about it,

he thought as he drifted back into slumber, trying to ignore the images of death in his mind.

The next morning he woke up, his Aunt had left him some soup in a thermos flask, a bowl and half a loaf of bread. He was famished and carefully poured himself a bowl, he picked up his notes and read as he ate. It was around lunchtime before his Aunt came up and took the empty thermos. And brought him a few sandwiches, setting them aside for later. He started reading a few curses he had circled.

Sempraset - The Slashing Curse

Causes large cut wherever the spell connects, spell is particularly effective due to the inability to close wounds as they must heal naturally. Any magical treatment does not work and prolongs the healing time.

Wand movements - A half counter clockwise circular motion and a stabbing motion in the direction of attacker.

Pronunciation - Sem-pra-set

Marlekno - Gouging Curse

Deep gouges appear around the surface it hits, effective on stone, metal and flesh. Crater like gouge's are caused, lethal around head, chest and neck area on people.

Wand movements - Downwards motion and upwards flick.

Pronunciation - Marr-lek-no (emphasis on Marr)

Disrello - Disembowelling Curse

Disembowels opponent, stomach and guts explode from within.
Lethal

Wand movements - Simple stabbing motion.

Pronunciation - Diss-rell-oo

Combraden - Shielding Spell

Shields from various onslaughts, fire, physical attacks, spells up and some beyond Seventh Year. Lasts for as long as can be sustained.

Wand movements - Large clockwise circular motion.

Pronunciation - Comm-bra-ben

A few nasty, Dark Arts curses and a handy shield spell, thought Harry. He kept on reading, most of them were lighter than those he had read, quite a lot lighter. He was sure Bill had mixed in prank curses as well.

"Bandage Wrap Curse, Oil Slip Jinx, Pie Launching Hex?" whispered Harry to himself, committing them to memory anyway he read all day. His body was still hurting slightly, compared to how badly he had ached though he was relatively fine. Banging at the door distracted him and instinctively drew his wand. He peered outside and saw it was Bill. Walking downstairs as quickly as he could, he reached the door just before Dudley.

"It's for me, Dudley." said Harry, who went to open the door.

"Who'd come for you, freak." jeered Dudley, pushing Harry to the side and opening the door. His face dropped, hands instantly clapped across his bottom.

"Hi, Bill." said Harry, holding in a laugh at Dudley's terrified expression.

"Hi, Harry. I take it your, Dudley." said Bill, a stern expression on his voice. Dudley, fearful at Bill mentioning his name he waddled backwards as fast as he could. Bill burst out laughing, as did Harry.

"Here, I dug out my old sixth year books and some of my older Curse Breaker books. Their not exactly banned, more hard to find." said Bill, handing him a few books and walking inside. Helping him carry them upstairs. Harry didn't see the look of disdain on Bill's face as he saw Harry's room.

"I've got an hour or so to spare, I'll highlight some of the ones I think you'll find interesting and useful." said Bill.

"Thanks." said Harry, in genuine appreciation. An hour or so later Harry was left alone with a dozen or so books, and a promise from Bill to help with anything needed, when he was back at Headquarters.

Headquarters was unusually busy for this time of day, the kitchen area had been quickly designated as the meeting area for the Order. Mrs. Weasley was bustling around, her wand trained on half a dozen things at once, preparing snacks and drinks for everyone. Snape was scowling at one end of the table, his face clearly showing his distaste at being where he was. The reason were the two chairs to the immediate right of him, the Weasley twins, now 'of age' were joking around to themselves. Snape occasionally scowling at them, as they discussed pranks and practical jokes. At the other end of the table, Alastor Moody was sitting down, one eye was closed, the other whirring around in all directions.

"Alastor...Alastor!" said Molly Weasley, louder. The old wizard jerked awake, his hand stretching for his wand before realising where he was.

"Sorry Molly, what did you want." he grumbled, politely as he could.

"Just wanted to know, if you'd like something to eat?" asked Molly, holding out a plate filled with sandwiches.

"No thank you, Molly." replied Mad-Eye, offering what he could of a smile.

"I hardly think, Molly Weasley of all people, would want to kill you." remarked Snape, glaring at Mad-Eye, who returned his glare with both eyes.

"I never take people at face value, Snape. No offence, Molly." said the paranoid wizard, chuckling to himself, as his retort got a rise out of Snape. Who was about to reply, when Dumbledore entered the room.

"Severus, do calm down." said Dumbledore, removing his purple cloak, he sat at the head of the table. Everyone either sat themselves down, or stopped talking.

"Thank you, I've called this meeting because we have a few things to discuss. Mainly, the attack on Privet Drive." said Dumbledore, murmurs went around the room as not everyone was aware of the attack.

"Privet Drive was attacked, is Harry alright?" started Molly, who fell silent as Dumbledore raised his hand.

"Harry is fine, Molly. He was brought back here to be patched up, and had Bill return him yesterday morning." said Dumbledore, his voice calm.

"He was injured?" asked Molly, worry clear in her voice.

"He was dead." cut in Snape, before Dumbledore had a chance to answer.

"Severus!" snapped McGonagoll and Dumbledore. The remark from Snape, causing many to start talking again.

"What do you mean, dead?" shouted Molly, Fred and George leaned forward, eager to hear what had happened to their friend.

"Nymphadora, would you like to tell them?" asked Dumbledore sternly, looking at Tonks, as everyone else did.

"He...Harry, jumped in front of the Killing Curse for me." she said, softly.

"But, he did not die." said Dumbledore, loudly. Silencing any reaction from Tonk's remark.

"He survived... the Killing Curse. Again?" said Arthur Weasley, astonished.

"Bloody hell." gasped the twins, in unison. Earning a scowl from their mother, they blushed.

"Yes, Harry survived the Killing Curse. Again." confirmed Dumbledore.

"The idiot." growled Snape, breaking the silence.

"Idiot? He saved Tonks." said Fred, stunned at what his former Professor, had said.

"He was lucky, he could quite easily have been killed." snapped Snape, silencing Fred.

"Quite, it was a rash decision. That thankfully, paid off." remarked Dumbledore, bringing his hands to his face. He knew, of course. It wouldn't have mattered who had thrown the curse. Only Voldemort could have killed Harry.

"Albus, is this something... to do with what we were guarding last year?" asked Arthur, wary of his sons presence.

"Your sons, Fred and George cannot tell anyone outside the Order about what is discussed Arthur. They can know... it was a Prophecy, between Harry and Voldemort." said Dumbledore, before Molly could stop him. The bare mentioning of Voldemort's name, sent shivers, even causing several to wince.

"What did it say?" blurted George, before he could stop himself.

"We don't know. Nobody does." said Arthur, before Dumbledore could answer.

"Not nobody, Arthur. I know, and Harry knows." said Dumbledore, arguments broke out, a few directed at Dumbledore himself. Whether it was wise, for Harry to know. Mad-Eye was arguing with Snape, Tonks was keeping quiet and Molly and Arthur were arguing with one another as well.

"Enough!" shouted Dumbledore.

"He's just a boy, Albus." said Molly Weasley, tears in her eyes.

"No he's not." replied Tonks, all eyes drawn to her again.

"Before we got there, Harry was fighting on his own. Against Death Eaters, fully grown wizards and witches, that wouldn't think twice at casting Unforgivables. And Harry, he's young but he's been through a lot. More than most here, and he was going against Lucius Malfoy, Rodolphus and Rabastan Lestrage, Bellatrix" she spat the last name out, as if it left a foul taste in her mouth.

"Killers, hardened criminals. Voldemort's inner circle." muttered Mad-Eye, loud enough to be heard.

"He didn't win though, Potter has always thought himself above the rules. If he's stupid and arrogant enough, to think he could take on any Lestranger. I'm not surprised he was stupid enough to jump in front of a Killing Curse." Snape's voice had a biting tone to it, coated with loathing.

"He saved, my life. I think that's more self sacrificing, than arrogance." retorted Tonks, angrily. Snape's only response was to roll his eyes.

"What's done is done, I've talked to Harry about it. And while it did not go smoothly, I believe he will at least get the rest he needs, and deserves at Privet Drive." said Dumbledore.

"Why did you send him back there Albus, what if he's attacked again?" said Molly, her voice filled with worry.

"I've made some significant improvements to the wards. Nobody with a dark mark can get through." replied Dumbledore, his answer giving Molly some comfort.

"How did they get through to begin with, Professor?" asked Fred, concerned about his friends wellbeing.

"The blood wards were compromised, Voldemort used some of Harry's blood during his resurrection ceremony in the graveyard. I should have picked up on it before hand." said Dumbledore, solemnly.

"Why didn't Voldemort come himself, surely he would have... got Harry." said George, his face scrunched up at the unpleasant thought.

"Good point, Severus. Where was, Voldemort?" asked Dumbledore.

"The Dark Lord has been quiet, he has only been giving orders and not even punishing failures at the moment. He's given that privilege to Bellatrix, he's been like this since the Battle at the Ministry, rumour is you and he battled?" inquired Snape.

"You battled You-Know-Who?" gasped the twins, in unison again.

"Yes, I did. But I don't think I'm the reason for, Voldemort's inactivity." replied Dumbledore.

"You're suggesting Potter did this?" laughed Snape, almost scathingly.

"Not suggesting, Severus. I believe young Harry injured Voldemort, more than he's willing to let on, at least by your account." explained Dumbledore, an expression of concentration, across his face.

"How?" asked many Order members, all sat eagerly. Waiting for an explanation, even Snape looked intrigued.

"Voldemort possessed, well more so attempted, to possess Harry. In the atrium, just before the Ministry officials arrived." said Dumbledore, sagely. His chin resting on his fingers, he looked deep in thought.

"Blimey." said Fred, George's jaw was open, too shocked to say anything.

"How did Potter, a untalented fifth year, injure the Dark Lord?" asked Snape, unable to believe such a thing, could happen.

"I think the pain of losing Sirius, was still imminent in his mind. The loving thoughts he had of Sirius hurt Voldemort, the innocence and care that Harry felt, for his Godfather... they feelings things Voldemort hadn't felt in a long time, or maybe at all. They were so unbearable to him, he ripped himself out of Harry's mind a consciousness. Doing so is extremely dangerous, and combined with the pure emotions that Harry had inflicted on Voldemort whilst he was being possessed, have subsequently injured Voldemort in some way." said Dumbledore. It was a purely theoretical explanation, but the only one Dumbledore could think of.

It seemed to satisfy Snape, whose only response to Dumbledore's explanation was to scowl.

"Albus, how long does Harry have to stay at his Aunt's." asked Molly, trying to change the topic.

"He is coming to Headquarters after a week, the day after you and Arthur arrive." replied Dumbledore.

"Are we just going to ignore the fact, that Harry Potter, survived the Killing Curse. Again?" said Fred, unable to comprehend the mechanics of it.

"What is there to talk about Weasley, I doubt anyone here could come up with an explanation." snapped Snape, as though it annoyed him. Everyone either looked at each other, or downwards. As if trying to find, or think of a reason.

"Indeed, I believe we can move on, to the topic of who should be the new Defence Against The Dark Arts professor..." started Dumbledore.

Three days later, across and just outside London, Harry Potter had his nose in a book. His hand was cramped from writing so many notes, he had basically done what he had done, when Bill had been telling him all about curses. Noting the incantation, what the spell did, wand movement and pronunciation.

He closed the book with an exasperated sigh, he still had lots to get through, but just starting a new topic made his head ache. After a while he felt he had done enough studying, and laid down for too long. Having basically been in bed resting, which he had been ordered to do, but three days of doing nothing but reading, and not having a wash was unhealthy. Or at least, he thought so. He didn't know how Hermione coped with doing nothing but read and take notes, he'd had enough after a few days. Hermione had done it for nearly a solid month, when O. was approaching.

He stretched slightly, but didn't strain himself. Bill had told him his injuries, being curse based, could relapse. Such as the cuts from Malfoy's, Chest Cutting Curse, opening back up. Prolonging the recovery time. He took off his top to examine his chest, the first time he'd done so he had winced from the effort. Now he'd had time to recover, he had no problem. The cuts were now, white lines across his chest. In the shape of an 'X' and around in a square shape. They were still sensitive, and visible. But hopefully when they fully healed they wouldn't show as a permanent scar, especially against his pale skin.

As he undressed to take a shower, he saw the faint signs of some of the bruises he had also sustained. Grimacing slightly as he stood,

he walked warily. His back was still sore, but it was to be expected after being thrown into a car, which thankfully Dumbledore had the foresight to repair. Hissing slightly as the hot water hit his body, it was a few minutes later before he started washing, savouring the feeling of the warm water as it seemed to wash away some of his pain.

A few minutes later, Harry was back in his room. He quickly realised that he had nothing to do, normally he was either doing chores or reading. But seeing as he had no chores to do, and he'd had enough of reading. Thoughts of Sirius instantly crept to the front of his mind, trying to think of anything else. Sighing, he decided to give himself a little test of what he'd been learning.

He closed his eyes and over the next few hours, he silently mouthed the incantations, copying the wand movements with his open hand. It was evening time before he ran out of spells. Finding he had worn the day away he smiled, and decided to get an early night. And hopefully, a nightmare free sleep.

The next couple of days, Harry fell in to a routine. His sleep was disturbed by the same images. Cedric's body in the graveyard, Sirius flying through the arch, but now the image of the Killing Curse, rushing towards Tonks and then suddenly his. Then the darkness consumed him, more than once he had woken up in a cold sweat, and breathing deeply.

It was, what Dumbledore had deemed, his last day. The only thing he was looking forward to, was seeing his friends. But when he thought about it, it became less and less an exciting prospect, it would just be a constant stream of Hermione wanting him to talk about... Sirius, or annoying him about O.. And Ron, well he'd just ask about Chess and Quidditch.

He hadn't even thought about his O., doubting his fellow students had been the exact opposite feelings, towards their results. Before his exams, his hopes were high. His ambitions of being an Auror, seemed quite trivial, now that he had the burden of killing Voldemort, a wizard feared throughout the wizarding world. Worrying about exam results seemed, trivial. But if by some miracle, he did defeat Voldemort. He'd want something to do afterwards, other than be in the Daily Prophet. Harry almost laughed at that thought.

He spent most of the day, thinking about what he'd like to do. Aurors wouldn't have much to do, maybe a cursebreaker like Bill. He'd enjoyed the mini, crash course that Bill had taught him. But he didn't enjoy the thought, of after years of being chased by Death Eaters and Voldemort, he'd be being chased by undead beings and whatever else guarded tombs.

Interrupted from his own thoughts, his Aunt entered with a bowl of soup and sandwiches. A scowl on her face, Harry knew that the past week had been incredibly annoying for her, this kind of behaviour was reserved for when Dudley got sick or, whenever he felt like it. Harry had never been treated so nicely, and he knew it was only Dumbledore's mysterious threat, that kept him from being forced to do every chore possible.

"Thanks." murmured Harry, as his Aunt handed over the tray of food. She turned to leave, but span to face him, Harry froze as he had gone to take a bite of his sandwich.

"Your leaving today correct?" asked Aunt Petunia, her tone icy and her nostrils flaring.

"Yes." replied Harry, his tone equally, if not more icy. Petunia's eyes narrowed at the lack of respect her nephew usually had. Harry's glare intensified tenfold as he noticed her reaction.

"Are those fr...friends of yours, arriving properly?" she asked, about to say 'freaks' but the look on Harry's face changed her mind.

"I don't know." said Harry, honestly.

"Of course you don't, freaks will probably blow the front room apart. Again!" she snapped, anger coursed through Harry's body, the word 'freak' causing him to seethe, almost instantly with rage.

"Those, 'freaks' saved your life last week." spat Harry.

"What are you talking about? You had an allergic reaction, your people had to come and take you away. And I've had to wait on you, all week, like I'm your slave!" shrieked Petunia.

"Slave? Slave! Are you fucking kidding me! You've forced me too work, every summer, like a house elf. Any feasible chore that you

can think off, I've had to do, and if I didn't, I was starved, or slapped around. And your complaining about bringing meals, for a week? Do you have any idea, what I've been through? What I've had to do, to be here, alive. Do you? You think, I like being here, in this house, where I've been shit on, all my damn life. I do it, so that you don't die, so Voldemort doesn't find you, so your not tortured, beyond your wildest imagination. The pain, and suffering that I've been through, just to save your perfect, 'normal' lives. And last week, when Death Eaters managed to find where my 'home' is, I could have run, and left you to die. But I came back, I fought and I should have died. It should have been over, and I survived, so say anything, think of what I've done, everything I've done, every chore I've done, every meal I've made, every time you and Vernon, or Dudley beat me up. Think that if it wasn't for me, you'd all be dead, a smear on your pristine, cream carpets." roared Harry, his rant attracting Vernon and Dudley, both standing their, gobsmacked.

"You lying little freak, you've caused us nothing but misery!" spat Vernon, walking towards him. In an instant, Harry's wand was out, underneath the chubby, overgrown throat, of his Uncle.

"You can't use that, if you did, you'll be expelled." said Vernon, his eyes wide, as though he took pleasure in the knowledge.

"Do you want to find out?" snarled Harry, he could hear his blood pumping through his ears, all the curses he had read, coming to the front of his mind. Each feeling more appealing, than the next. Seconds went by, agonisingly long seconds.

"Put your wand down, Harry." said a voice in the doorway, Dumbledore stood there, his wand out also. Petunia uttered a slight, startled scream. Dudley fell over in shock, and stayed sat on his bottom, in fear. Vernon turned to face Dumbledore, his face going from the light purple it had been approaching to a darker shade.

"How the hell, did you get in here!" demanded Vernon.

"Asides from the door being unlocked, I used my legs." joked Dumbledore, an obvious attempt to defuse the situation.

"Harry, put down your wand." repeated Dumbledore, his eyes looking warily at Harry, who was breathing deeply. A few seconds

went by, before he lowered his wand, and put it in his jeans waistband.

"Alastor would be unimpressed, I think you need a wand holster." smiled Dumbledore.

"The boy is fine, he needs to stay here to make up for the chores he's missed." said Vernon, an evil glint in his eye, as he looked at Harry.

"Harry, is coming with me. And if I may, Mr. Dursley, any chores and odd jobs you might need doing, your son might have the time to do them." said Dumbledore.

"What are you trying to imply?" growled Vernon.

"That Dudley's a fat mess." shot Harry.

"Harry!" scolded Dumbledore, Vernon went a shade more purple, Petunia gasped at how someone could be so rude to her son, and Dudley's face started to darken and he tried to get up.

"I think, we'll be going. Harry, your things?" asked Dumbledore, looking suggestively at his trunk, it was open and half packed. It was now Harry's face to darken, but out of embarrassment.

"No matter." said Dumbledore, who waved his wand grandly, all Harry's possessions began to levitate and circle, neatly packing themselves. His floorboards suddenly cracked, and his photo albums floated through, what could only be described as a hole, in the floor.

"Ah, dear me. Think of it, as something your son can work on. Come on, Harry." said Dumbledore, who walked out of the room. Harry rushed after him, not waiting for his Uncle to recover from the shock, of the floor being broken apart. His trunk, following after him, equally fast. Dumbledore was waiting for him, by the door.

"I believe it's time to take our leave, Harry." smiled Dumbledore, who, with a twist of his wand, shrunk Harry's trunk and placed it in a pocked deep in his robes. Hearing Vernon blustering, Harry silently agreed, following the Headmaster outside, they walked briskly for a minute or so before speaking.

"I'm sorry you had to stay another week, Harry." said Dumbledore, sombrely.

"It's fine, sir." replied Harry, not really wanting to talk to his Headmaster.

"This will do, I think." said Dumbledore, flourishing a coat-hanger from deep within his robes. suppressing grin, he almost reluctantly grabbed the coat-hanger. Little Whinging vanished in a swirl, he braced himself as Grimmauld Place span in to view. His feet hit the floor hard, he stumbled ever so slightly before regaining his footing.

"The trick is to bend your knees, as you hit the floor." smiled Dumbledore. Harry only nodded, let go of the coat-hanger and began walking to Grimmauld Place. Dumbledore gave a resigned sigh, and followed. Harry had stopped at the front door, as if waiting for the aged Headmaster. The truth was, he knew this would probably be the last bit of time he would get alone all summer. Noticing Dumbledore was close behind, he opened the door.

The entrance hall was, thankfully deserted. Dumbledore walked in behind him, pulled out Harry's trunk and enlarged it.

"There is a feather light charm on your trunk, Harry, it should wear off in about fifteen minutes. Your room is where it was last year, Mr. Weasley might be there, though I think he might still be helping himself to lunch." Harry mumbled a quick thanks to Dumbledore, quickly climbing the stairs before he said anything else.

He walked as silently as he could, trying not to cause any noise that might alert someone to his arrival. He made it to his bedroom, and opened it. Instantly regretting it, he'd forgotten the loud creak that it would give. A door at the other end of the floor burst open, Hermione and Ginny's head popped out, to see who it was.

"Harry!" they both cried. Harry suppressed a groan, a forced smile making it on his face. They both crashed in to him, nearly sending him to the floor. Both hugging him.

"Why didn't you write back!" scolded Hermione, who stopped hugging him, hand on hips and looking at him, Ginny broke from her hug, slightly red faced and echoing Hermione's question.

"I didn't have any parchment... look I'm a bit tired, I just want to unpack..." started Harry, before he was interrupted by Hermione.

"But you bought a fresh pile, at Scrivenshafts. And you didn't use it for notes in class, do you want to talk?" offered Hermione, giving him a sympathetic smile.

"It's fine, I need to unpack..." said Harry, starting to go inside his room.

"You've got all summer to unpack, come on, say hello to everyone." said Ginny, pulling his arm. He dropped his trunk, a scowl crossed his face as he was led downstairs.

"Everyone, Harry's here!" shouted Ginny, as he was still being led downstairs. He heard several chairs scraping, or falling over, a stampede like noise, of footsteps.

"Harry!" shouted Ron, reaching them first. Hitting him in the arm, not noticing the grimace that appeared on his face. Mrs Weasley reached him next, giving him a bone crushing hug. Panic crossed his mind for a moment, he couldn't breathe, he couldn't move. He fought his instincts and a second later was released.

"Are you alright dear?" she asked, noticing Harry's deep breathing as he calmed himself down.

"Fine." he muttered, attracting even more stares. Several other people came over, welcoming him.

"You must be hungry dear, I'll make you something to eat." gushed Mrs. Weasley, before he could argue he was dragged into the kitchen.

"What do you want, Harry?" asked Mrs. Weasley, as he sat down, Ron, Hermione and Ginny sat down in the seats around him.

"I'm fine, I've already eaten..." he tried to say, but Mrs. Weasley was already suggesting things.

"I can make sandwiches, I think they're might be some pie left over..." she turned, to face them.

"I'm fine, Mrs Weasley, I've already eaten." he replied.

"Nonsense, here. Have some sausage rolls, and when you've finished I'll have a fresh pile of sandwiches, for you all to share." she smiled, handing him a bowl with a half dozen sausage rolls in. Ron instantly grabbed one, and took a huge bite out of it. Earning him a scornful look from Hermione. Knowing he was fighting a losing battle, he took one and started eating it.

"So, how's your summer been so far Harry?" asked Hermione, resting her hand on Harry's.

"It's been fine, Hermione." said Harry, moving his hand and taking another bit of his sausage roll.

"We heard, Fred and George, talking about something that happened at Privet Drive. They're in the Order now, started being right secretive, saying they can't tell us anything." sulked Ron, who had already finished.

"Where are Fred and George?" asked Harry, trying to change the subject.

"Working." said Ron, taking another roll and stuffing it in his mouth.

"They've got their own shop set up, in Diagon Alley. Say it's really popular." explained Ginny, smiling at Harry.

"That's great, can't wait to see what it's like." said Harry.

"So?" asked Hermione, eyes wide.

"So what?" asked Harry, playing dumb.

"What happened at Privet Drive?" she asked, exasperatedly.

"Nothing, don't worry about it." answered Harry, knowing that it wouldn't be enough.

"It wasn't nothing, come on tell us." said Hermione, eager to know what happened.

"Nothing happened Hermione, look I'm tired, think I'll go have a nap." said Harry, standing up and walking out as quick as he could. Leaving his friends, confused and dumbfounded.

"Where's Harry?" asked Mrs. Weasley, a plate full of sandwiches in her hands.

"He wanted to get some sleep." sighed Hermione, with a concerned look on her face.

"Poor boy, probably got no rest from that family of his." she snapped, putting the platter down.

"Mum, what happened at Privet Drive?" asked Ginny.

"You know I can't tell you dear, ask Harry." she said, turning to clean the kitchen.

"We did." muttered Hermione. Not liking that she didn't know what was going on, with her friend.

Harry walked up the stairs, he wasn't tired, he just didn't want to talk to them about it, he'd talked to Bill, and that was good enough, as far as he was concerned. He walked up another flight of stairs, and kept walking, wanting to find a place he could be on his own. He saw Sirius's room, the door was closed, he wanted to go inside, but didn't have the energy to deal with anything he might find. He turned round, he hadn't fully explored the house last year, so he didn't really know where to go. He kept on walking up flights of stairs, he hadn't been to this part of the house, and hopefully, neither had Ron, Hermione or Ginny. Finding himself on the top floor, there was only a few rooms up here, all of them looked unoccupied, he sat on the top of the stairs, he didn't want to go to sleep, his friends wanted to talk to him about Sirius or Privet Drive, he had nothing to do.

"It's going to be a long summer" sighed Harry.

A review would be great, let me know what you think. I'm going to try three uploads a week, maybe five if I can get the right ideas down. If you've got any suggestions for the story, I'll take them under consideration, If you want me to write other stories, hit me with suggestions, I have a few, but I like to work on one project at a time, otherwise I lose interest.

Review!

Harry had been sat on the stairs for quite a while, he had no idea how long but it was peaceful, and quiet. He had spent the time just looking at the wall opposite cracked paint, the vague amounts of dust and large amount of cobwebs. 'Ron wouldn't like it here' he thought to himself. The smell of dust, riddled through the air and up Harry's nostrils until he no longer noticed it. He was barely aware of his hand as he mouthed incantations, moving his hand as if holding an imaginary wand. He didn't know how long he'd been there, all he knew is that the silence and freedom of being alone was welcoming. But as always, it was bound to be interrupted.

"Ah, Harry. I thought I'd find you here." said a voice, he snapped out his trance like state, almost sighing as he saw who it was.

"Hello, Professor Dumbledore." he said in a bored tone.

"Hello, Harry. Have you been here long?" asked Dumbledore, his expression, full of concern.

"I don't really know, Professor." replied Harry, it was the truth. He had no idea, how much time had elapsed.

"Harry, I can't help but notice... you've seemed quite detached lately. Is there anything, you want to talk about?" asked Dumbledore.

"No, sir." replied Harry, monotonously.

"Harry, I think we can both agree, we are past the 'Student - Teacher' relationship, you can come, talk to me, any time you want." said Dumbledore, trying to reassure Harry.

"Thank you, sir." replied Harry, wondering where this was going.

"Your reaction, towards your Uncle at Privet Drive, I'd like to discuss it." said Dumbledore, groaning slightly, as he sat down on the steps.

"I know, I shouldn't have raised my wand, Professor." sighed Harry, not wanting, another lecture.

"I'm not angry Harry, remember in the summer after your second year, you inflated your Aunt Marge. Through accidental magic." asked Dumbledore. Harry smiled at the memory, how freaked out, the Dursley's had been.

"I remember." smiled Harry, causing Dumbledore to chuckle.

"Well, earlier. Would you say you were more angry, than the time you...blew up your Aunt Marge?" asked Dumbledore. Harry was intrigued, he didn't know where this conversation was going, and he wasn't being lectured.

"I'd say so, sir. Why?" asked Harry, thinking about both circumstances, he was easily more angry at what had occurred, this afternoon.

"While it took some control, not to curse your Uncle, this afternoon. You performed no accidental magic, and while you still raised your wand, nothing actually happened." replied Dumbledore, but Harry, was still confused.

"I don't understand, sir." said Harry, bluntly.

"Accidental magic, occurs when young wizards cannot control their emotions. It typically stops around fourth or fifth year, so it isn't surprising nothing happened, but you were ready to curse your Uncle this afternoon. My concern Harry, is that you are a powerful young wizard. You will soon learn that you are capable of things that your classmates are not. And it is imperative, you are able to control these...talents." finished Dumbledore, he almost looked sorry for Harry. As though it was another burden.

"Powerful? Sir, I've been lucky every so often, Hermione gets everything right, first time in class, I'm not that...talented." said Harry, Dumbledore looked at him.

"Really, Harry? You mastered the Patronus Charm, in your third year. You competed in the Triwizard Tournament in your fourth, and last week, you duelled, fully grown wizards. Death Eaters, and you think, your not talented?" asked Dumbledore, as if yearning for him to think, about what he'd done.

"Think, Harry. Think about these things." urged Dumbledore. The images flickered through his head, the Patronus, driving off the hundred Dementors to save Sirius, the Dragon, the Lake, the Maze, duelling Voldemort, duelling Death Eaters. They all span through Harry's head. He wrenched himself, from his memories.

"I...I just did what I had to do." said Harry, his voice ever so slightly raised.

"I'm so sorry Harry, I know all you want is a normal life. But, that is something short of impossible for you. And with these new powers, and you magical power growing, it comes with great responsibility." said Dumbledore, gravely.

Harry had to bite his tongue not to make a smart reply, he didn't want another childish outburst.

"Fine... what are these powers?" asked Harry.

"I'm not to sure myself, Harry. You will become more magically powerful, like Miss. Granger maybe get spells right first time. You will be able to perform more advanced spells than is usual for your age, you will have a better grasp and understanding of your subject. As far as that Harry, I'm not sure what skills you will acquire. I trust you will come and tell me about any others." said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling at Harry. He only nodded in response.

"To help control these powers, and for your own protection and protection of others I feel it necessary that you restart lessons in Occlumency with Professor Snape." finished Dumbledore.

"No, Professor. I don't learn from Snape. He taught me nothing last time, and he'll teach me nothing this time. Is there anyone else that can teach me?" asked Harry, Dumbledore could see how adamant Harry was, knowing he wouldn't budge on the matter. He sighed in resignation.

"Fine, I will ask at the next Order meeting if anyone will teach you." said Dumbledore.

"Thank you, sir." replied Harry.

"You welcome, Harry. Would you like me to tell Mr. Weasley and Miss. Granger where you are?" asked Dumbledore as he got up to leave.

"No... no thank you, sir." said Harry, a bit to quickly.

"Are you sure your alright, Harry. Have you told your friends about the Prophecy?" asked Dumbledore.

"I'm fine, sir. And no, I haven't told them." said Harry, not keen to talk about the Prophecy, or anything that happened that night." replied Harry, hotly.

"I suggest you bear it in mind, Harry. I'll tell you who your Occlumency tutor after tomorrow's Order meeting." said Dumbledore, walking down the stairs and leaving Harry alone.

He'd decided that he wouldn't tell anyone about the Prophecy, partly because it would just attract more attention, Ron was prone to blurting things out, Hermione would just worry, fawn over him, then go to the library to look up spells, and more than likely drag Harry with her. But the main reason was, if he did tell his friends. Voldemort or anyone else skilled in Legilimency could find it out from his friends. No, he wouldn't tell anyone about the Prophecy.

Dumbledore must have been true to his word, nobody else had come to talk to him. He was thankful for that, he didn't know exactly how much to trust Dumbledore on his 'new powers' maybe he did know more than he was telling Harry, to test if Harry would come to tell him about any new power. Absent mindedly he thought about any 'talent' that might start to show itself. Immediately, he found himself thinking about Animagus. His dad was one, Sirius was one, even Pettigrew and Sirius had told him he was useless at magic.

He found himself thinking about what form he might take, the uses of being an Animagus, it was a few hours before he was abruptly shaken from his thought by the voice of Mrs. Weasley shouting that food was on the table, carefully creeping down the stairs, trying not to attract attention so it wouldn't give him or his hiding place away. There was no worry however, as he walked in to the kitchen and everyone was at the table.

"Ah, Harry dear. Come on, I've made plenty for everyone." gushed Mrs. Weasley, pulling out a chair between Ron and Ginny.

"Thanks, Mrs. Weasley." replied Harry. Sitting down and pulling a bowl of pasta closer to him.

"Where've you been all afternoon?" asked Hermione.

"I've been sleeping." replied Harry, as he piled pasta on his plate.

"No you weren't, we checked." said Hermione sharply, trying to get his gaze. Harry fought a frown before replying.

"I was in another room." said Harry. Hermione looked like she wanted to ask more questions, but stopped herself and got back to her plate.

"Want to play some chess later?" asked Ron.

"Maybe, I'm still a bit tired. Didn't get much sleep at my Aunt's." said Harry, now piling sauce on his plate.

"Why? They didn't do anything to you, did they?" asked Ron.

"No, I was just up reading all the time." replied Harry, much to the horror of Ron and the delight of Hermione.

"You crazy, mate? Hermione's been trying to get me to read for next year, I don't even know what subjects I'm taking yet!" he yelled.

"It never hurts to be prepared though, what have you been reading Harry? I'm really nervous for our O.W.L results, are you?" she said, quickly.

"Here we go..." mumbled Ron.

"She's been trying to get me to revise for my O." murmured Ginny. As Ron and Hermione started to argue. Harry took this time to eat as much as he could.

"Come on you two." snapped Mrs. Weasley, both Ron and Hermione reddened at being chastised. They ate in silence for a few seconds, Harry noticed Mrs. Weasley looking at him with a concerned look on her face. Then the front door slammed and everyone turned to see who would come through the door. A tired looking Tonks came through the door.

"Hello, Tonks." chorused a few people. Harry's head stayed down, pointlessly trying to avoid her from seeing him.

"Wotcher everyone, food smells great Molly." said Tonks, sitting down and helping herself to the food. It was a few minutes of rambling conversations before Tonks and Harry's eyes met, both of them immediately stopping what they were doing, which of course attracted attention.

"Alright, Harry." said Tonks, uncomfortably.

"Hey, Tonks." replied Harry, equally uncomfortable, at both the eye contact of Tonks and the situation it was causing.

"How are you feeling, after you know Privet Drive?" asked Tonks.

"Fine thanks, you?" asked Harry, concerned about how she was feeling after what had happened.

"Good, any.. you know side effects from..." but she was cut off from Mrs. Weasley.

"That's enough, Tonks." scolded Mrs. Weasley, Tonks started to reply but Harry countered first.

"I'm fine, Tonks." said Harry, much to the displeasure of Mrs. Weasley and confusion of Ron, Hermione and Ginny.

"What are you two talking about?" asked Ron.

"Nothing, Ron. Come on everyone, eat up." said Mrs. Weasley in a high voice. Harry, not wanting to go in to the details silently agreed, stuffing his mouth full of food.

"It's about Privet Drive, isn't it." continued Ron.

"Ron, eat your dinner." said Mrs. Weasley, before anyone else could reply.

"Molly, they deserve to know what happened." said Tonks.

"No!" said both Harry and Mrs. Weasley. Everyone stared at Harry, saying 'no'. Confused and complexed looks on everyones faces, as they thought Harry would want to tell his friends.

"Why don't you want us to know?" asked Ginny.

"It's nothing." said Harry, avoiding all stares and continuing to eat.

"But, we..." started Ginny.

"It's Order business, Ginevra. Now, can we all just eat." said Mrs. Weasley, exasperated.

"But, we deserve to know if it's something about Harry." burst Hermione, nobody noticed the scowl on Harry's face.

"It's Order business, Hermione." scolded Mrs. Weasley. Even more red from being embarrassed, Hermione stopped talking and looked at Harry, as if to say he would let her know afterwards. But Harry didn't return the gaze instead, awkwardly looking at Tonks who was looking at him.

The rest of the meal was eaten mostly in silence, Harry finished as quickly as he could and after a second, quite small portion, headed upstairs before anyone could say anything. Mrs. Wesley was looking angrily at Tonks and Ron, Hermione and Ginny were all talking amongst themselves, before heading upstairs where they could talk aloud and possibly to Harry.

"Tonks, why did you have to start talking about Privet Drive." scolded Molly Weasley.

"I wanted to see if Harry was alright, after what he did, I think I have a right to be concerned." replied Tonks, angrily.

"Hermione, Ron and Ginny don't know about it, and now they'll start asking all over again." said Molly.

"That's another thing, Harry hasn't told them. I'd have thought he couldn't wait to tell them." quipped Tonks, confused to why Harry wouldn't tell his friends.

"Tell who, what?" asked Bill, who had just walked in, with Arthur following him a few seconds later.

"What's happened?" asked Arthur, noticing his wife was slightly angry. He and Bill sitting down and helping themselves.

"Harry, hasn't told Ron, Hermione or Ginny about Privet Drive." said Tonks.

"Not surprised, he hasn't told them about what happened at the Ministry." said Bill, who had sat down and grabbed an empty plate.

"You talked about sorts, didn't you?" said Tonks, referring to Bill's all night chat with Harry.

"We did, but it's not surprising. We talked about all sorts." said Bill.

"Even...the prophecy?" asked Molly, in hushed tones. As if someone might be listening.

"No, he touched the subject but he closed up pretty quick. Decided not to push it, especially after everything that had happened." reasoned Bill.

"You'd think he'd have told his friends though." replied Arthur. Everyone except Bill, murmured in agreement.

"Maybe he will, give him time. He'll talk to them, now he's here with them. By the way, Order meeting tomorrow." said Molly, as she started to clean up.

"So soon after the last?" asked Bill.

"Albus told me today, it sounds quite secretive though. So try not to let the children know." muttered Molly.

"They're always secretive, mum." said Bill, earning a scornful look from his mother.

"I know that, Bill. But, Albus even took me aside to tell me. To make sure Ginny didn't overhear. By the way, Arthur, Ginny needs help on her Muggle Studies assignment." said Molly.

"Fine dear, Tonk can you let Alastor and Kingsley know, I won't be near the Auror office tomorrow." said Arthur.

"I can tell them, you on more raids tomorrow?" asked Tonks.

"No, You-Know-Who is causing a storm in the Muggle World and we're looking on ways to improve how to track magical items. Found a few magical portrays around the Muggle Primeminister's location the other day." said Arthur, gravely.

"Think he's planning an assassination?" asked Bill.

"If You-Know-Who wanted the Primeminister dead, he could have killed him already. I've been asked to make a presentation on stepping up protection at Downing Street." said Arthur, proudly.

"Congratulations, we've stepped up protection on Fudge. Don't see why, useless idiot." muttered Tonks.

"The goblins aren't happy with him, Daily Prophet is reporting more and more stories on him. I don't think he'll be Minister of Magic at the end of the summer." said Bill.

"But with You-Know-Who back, who'd want the job?" asked Molly, everyone paused at that thought. It wouldn't be a job they'd want.

"Can't believe Harry, doesn't want us to know." said Hermione, as they climbed the stairs.

"Well he didn't reply to our letters when we asked him about it." reasoned Ron.

"But, what about every other letter we sent him. He didn't reply to those either." said Ginny.

"I don't know, it's Harry. He says he's fine all the time." replied Ron.

"But he's been through a lot, losing Sirius, whatever happened in the atrium and Privet Drive!" shouted Hermione.

"Harry, will tell us, when he wants to tell us. Speak of the devil!" said Ron, spotting him at the open door frame to his and Harry's shared room.

"Harry! What was all that about downstairs?" asked Hermione. But Harry, hardly heard her. His and Ron's shared room, was plastered in orange paint, posters of the Chudley Cannons, Quidditch Books, a chess board and pieces were scattered across the floor.

"What have you done to the place?" asked Harry, notes of disgust in his voice. But Ron didn't hear them.

"It's brilliant isn't it? Chudley Cannons on the wall, all my Quidditch books, just like home, it's great!" remarked Ron.

"This is Sirius's house, Sirius's house! And you just paint over it when he dies?" shouted Harry, angrily.

"Calm down mate, it's just a bit of paint. What are you doing?" asked Ron, Harry stamped over to his trunk, picking it up.

"I'm sleeping somewhere else." growled Harry. Leaving his friends, even more baffled and confused than before.

Harry walked, carrying his trunk. It was heavy, but in his anger he didn't really notice. He walked up the stairs, and found himself at Sirius's room again, the urge to go inside came again. But again he was too tired to deal with it, seeing another door close to it he opened that instead, closing it quietly behind him incase anyone had followed him. He turned gasped, it was a large bedroom, he settled his trunk down to one side and surveyed the room, it was clean, cleaner than he thought it would be. The floors were carpeted, a deep plush forest green colour, the walls matched the carpeted floor and the ceiling was a dark, deep brown. There was large, full length mirror on the wall, some wooden door were on the side, they slidded open and he gasped again, it was a wardrobe like closet. Nearly the length of the wall, hangers for robes, and even a few robes on their as well, and they looked unworn and a shelf on the top that he guessed were for pants. At the bottom, it was split. Half was a place for footwear and the other, small drawers for socks and underwear. He closed the closet up and looked at the rest of the room.

There was a sizeable desk, with drawers on either side and finally, there was a very large and comfy looking bed, with dark, midnight blue. One end was set against the wall, so it was faced opposite the door that entered the room and either side of the bed were small bedside cupboards, one of which had a small, silver alarm clock. With a little candle set on each side, there was also a bit of an open space to the left hand side that Harry could decided was a place for his trunk. There was a door on the other side, he settled his trunk

down, his anger ebbed away as his curiosity got the better of him as he walked over to the door and opened it. It was a small bathroom, polished white tiles all over, lights embedded in the ceiling, the loo was tiled also, a dark blue with sparkly bits of silver reflecting and shining. There was a shower in the corner, and glass surrounding it so water wouldn't spray everywhere. A toilet, and sink in the other corner, a few shelves that had a few standard bathroom items on them, soap, shampoo, shower gels, razors, shaving foam, even hair gel. Harry's face grimaced at the thought of that as it reminded him of Malfoy. On the other side was a bath, not a huge one but one that he'd fit into with ease, and instead of dozens of taps there was only three, which Harry still thought was one too many. He looked at the labels, 'Hot', 'Cold', 'Foam' He closed the bathroom door and looked at the desk, the drawers, and decided he wanted to look in there.

There was a stack of parchment in the first drawer, complete with a bunch of quills and bottles of ink. In the second, a small pile of envelopes, half a dozen large candles, and three wax stamps with what looked like a coat of arms imprinted on the surface. It was a seal used to close letters, and he guessed the seal was the House of Black. In the third, which was twice the size of the first two, was full of thin, worn books. With what looked like fictional stories on the front, they were ordered neatly, and Harry guessed there was at least fifty or so. A smile passed across his face as he saw the top title on one stack 'The Crazy Adventures of Garry the Griffin'. He closed the drawer with a promise to himself he would read a few of them sometime. He went to the other side and opened the first drawer, it was a blank photo album, slightly confused, he closed it and opened the next. It was empty, guessing he could find a use for it with his own things he closed it and opened the final drawer, which was again, twice as big as the others. This one was also filled with thin books, but the titles were different. Much different.

"Phantastic Potions', 'Terrific Transfigurations', 'Cracking Charms'" read Harry, to himself. They were small spellbooks, in all kind of categories, Transfiguration, Charms, Defence Against The Dark Arts, and some were more vague in their categories like Pranking, Curses, Jinxes. He smiled at some of the titles, as he started looking at the spine of each book, flicking through them all. Until he reached the bottom, it was an envelope. With very familiar writing on it, Sirius's...

A/N - I've taken into consideration about what people have been saying, to clarify to some of you, Ron isn't the usual, stuff your face,

ignorant moron, Hermione isn't going to be a frantic and annoying person, and Ginny isn't going to be a jealous, childish girl. I'm going to develop their characters around how Harry treats them, their is still going to be friendship, but some things will happen that will maybe turn them against each other.

As always reviews are welcome, if I can get my total review up to, say... 35 reviews by... lets say July 6th - 10AM London time, I will upload another chapter on the Wednesday as well, big one. Like 7000+ words.

That's only like 25 reviews?

Next Chapter might feature... Order meetings? Remus Lupin? Ron, Hermione and Ginny finding things out? Occlumency? All of the mentioned? Review to find out!

AbolishedPenguinWriter

Harry placed the letter on his desk, his mind was whirring. He could hear his heart pumping, he closed his eyes and his mind was filled with the image of Sirius, arching backwards through the veil. He tried to forget about it, getting in to bed as he was feeling exhausted. Emotionally and physically, but the images haunted him and he couldn't seem to get to sleep. Burying his head under his pillow, Harry began to cry...

His eyelids felt heavy, opening them made no difference. It was dark, his face was slightly wet on one side. He tried to move and found that the sheets clinged to him from the cold sweat of his body. Shivering slightly, he curled up. Silently knowing he wouldn't get back to sleep, he simply lay there, the silence was bliss and he was steadily warming up. His head was still buried under the pillows and even if he opened his eyes, all he saw was blackness. He didn't know how long he laid there, all he knew was he was oddly content. Wiping his face slightly against the sheets, not wanting to move his arms as they were tucked against his chest and moving them would allow the chill from the early morning of summer.

He lay there until his room had filled with the morning sunshine, and stayed in bed after that. It was still quite early when he decided to get up, dress in some old, worn clothes and head downstairs for breakfast. If he was lucky, he might be the only one there. These thoughts were scrapped when he entered the kitchen and saw Tonks and Moody.

"Morning." muttered Harry, Mad-Eye jerked slightly as he was half-asleep, his magical eye whirled on him as he reached for his wand. Seeing it was Harry, he relaxed slightly.

"Morning, Potter." mumbled the retired Order.

"Morning, Harry." said Tonks quietly, Harry looked at her stare and saw she was reading the Daily Prophet.

"Anything interesting?" asked Harry, as he poured himself a bowl of cereal.

"Depends, do you find the rebellion against Fudge and his government as an interesting topic?" she said, picking the paper up and sliding it over to him on an open page. It was a picture of Fudge, looking quite stressed and slightly scared as he was being harassed

by a dozen or so witches and wizards. The picture replaying the moment he was escorted through the contingent and his bowler hat, jostling from side to side.

"Why are people rebelling against him?" asked Harry, sliding the paper back over to Tonks.

"Didn't get the papers while you were at Privet Drive?" asked Tonks. Harry only shook his head in response.

"Well, now the papers know that you and Dumbledore were speaking the truth. They kind of, instigated a backlash against Fudge. He's clinging on to power, and to keep people from actually calling for an election, he is introducing...how did he phrase it... oh, here we go, 'radical and effective ways to strategically combat You-Know-Who, Death Eaters and whoever else that supports them'." finished Tonks, Harry could detect a note of disdain in her voice.

"I take it, you think it's a bad idea?" asked Harry, although he wasn't sure why it would be a bad idea.

"What he says and what he's doing are two different things, he want to recruit more Magical Law Enforcement Officers, but the necessary qualifications for an MLE Officer are just Acceptables on three core NEWT's. He want to relax the standards on the requirements for becoming an Auror. He wants to half the training time to become an Auror, it's ridiculous. It's just going to end up with a bunch of inept, untalented idiots fighting against fully trained, malicious, Death Eaters and You-Know-Who. It'll be a massacre." said Tonks, angrily.

"Tonks, some of us need to sleep." snapped Mad-Eye, both eyes closed.

"Sorry, Mad-Eye." replied Tonks, flipping the paper over, and began reading the sports. Harry ate in silence for the next few minutes, helping himself to another bowl of cereal. Mad-Eye had began snoring, which annoyed Harry but the reaction from Tonks outweighed his annoyance.

"Merlins sake, Mad-Eye. Just go upstairs and sleep." shouted Tonks, Mad-Eye jerked awake in surprise, nearly falling off his chair. He merely glared at Tonks.

"Constant Vigilance, Mad-Eye." taunted Harry, which sent Tonks snorting with laughter. Moody's eyes narrowed, angry at his own phrase being used so brilliantly against him. He stormed out of the room, and it was several more seconds until Tonks recovered.

"So, Harry. Why don't you want Ron and Hermione to know what happened at Privet Drive?" asked Tonks, conversationally.

"Because, they don't need to know. And I don't want them to know." replied Harry, not liking where this conversation might be going.

"Why? Do you think they'll be angry at you?" asked Tonks, as she glanced at the weekends Quidditch scores.

"Yes, because they'd be angry at me." lied Harry, wanting to drop the subject.

"That's not it, you haven't answered to any of their letters. You must have known they'd be angry with you about that, so you obviously don't care about them being angry." said Tonks, trying to work out why Harry didn't want to tell his friends.

"Why do you care, haven't you got better things to be doing than work out why a sixteen year old, doesn't want to talk to his friends. Maybe we had an argument." said Harry, angry at Tonks. Like he wasn't used to people wanting to know everything about him.

"I care because you risked your life for me, you jumped in front of a Killing Curse for me. Nobody just does that for fun." snapped Tonks, flushing as though she had been told off.

"It's what I do, don't worry about me." muttered Harry, silence fell between the two. Harry started eating again, and as quickly as he could. Finishing off a few bowls of cereal to the noise of Tonks, turning the page of the paper every so often. He walked out of the kitchen, it was still early but people would start getting up soon. He was quite tired himself, having little sleep the night before. He was lost in his own thoughts as he automatically walked to the room he shared with Ron and nearly opened the door, edging away quietly, he almost stalked away. Avoiding the floorboards he knew that would creak and walked back to his room.

It was a few hours later, breakfast had finished but the kitchen area was still busy. And Mrs. Weasley was ushering everyone not in the Order out of the room, namely just Ron, Hermione and Ginny.

"You know why you can't stay, now get out!" she shouted, slamming the door and making everybody in the kitchen wince at the sound.

"Don't forget the charms, Molly." said Arthur, who in turn looked at Fred and George, as did several other Order members. They both smiled meekly, as their inventions were the reason they had to use the charms.

"Sorry." they said in unified hushed tones, faces tinged with embarrassment.

"We've got more important things to discuss." snapped Snape, his voice sharp.

"Yes, we do." said Dumbledore, the chattering instantly died down. He carried on talking.

"Severus, anything you have to say?" asked Dumbledore.

"Obviously, the Dark Lord is infuriated at the failed capture of Potter. But as he is still... recovering. He has not unleashed his wrath, there are no plans for any major attacks that I am aware of. The werewolves are close to allying themselves, but talks with the Giants are apparently at a standstill." reported Snape, in a bored tone.

"When do you think he will be at full strength again?" asked Kingsley Shacklebolt.

"I don't know, it could be a week, it could be a month. But he seems to be regaining his strength more and more each day." said Snape, darkly.

"Is Remus still out talking to the werewolves?" asked Tonks, her voice full of concern.

"Remus is still talking with his contacts, but as Severus has said. The werewolves seem to be siding with Voldemort. I'll write to him

later today, to see how he feels things are progressing." replied Dumbledore.

"Let me know if there are any significant changes." said Dumbledore, Snape only nodded in response.

"On to the next topic, Harry Potter. He needs to start Occlumency training.. again." stated Dumbledore before Snape interrupted him.

"I'm not teaching that idiot again." spat Snape, his expression was one of fury.

"If you'd let me finish Severus, Harry specifically asked you not to teach him." said Dumbledore, to the amusement of many Order members. Snape's face changed from fury to shock and back to fury, though his anger seemed to have multiplied several times.

"Little brat..." muttered Snape, earning him several frowns and scolds from across the kitchen. Snape merely rolled his eyes at the responses he gathered.

"That's quite enough Severus, now before anyone offers their services to tutor young Harry. I'd like to ask Bill Weasley, if he might be interested to teach Harry." said Dumbledore, much to the shock of the Order.

"Me... Why me?" asked Bill, who was as shocked as everyone else.

"You managed to talk to Harry when he woke from his ordeal at Privet Drive. Which I believe is more than his friends have managed since he has arrived. I think he trusts you." explained Dumbledore. Snape bit back a remark about Harry and sat, watching the exchange.

"I'll do it, I'll talk to him tonight" said Bill, shrugging his shoulders.

"Alright then, please let me know what he says and report on his progress at the next meeting." said Dumbledore, pausing before going on to the next topic.

"Next on the agenda, the Ministry of Magic. Minister Fudge is losing support, and fast. But over the years he has gathered enough favours to call in so that he can still remain in office. He's going to be

a problem, the policies he's putting forward to combat the return of Voldemort are not going to be sufficient. It will take either a vote of no-confidence from the Wizengamot or complete public disapproval for another Minister. Ideas?" said Dumbledore.

"Couldn't someone just challenge him outright?" asked Fred Weasley.

"There is no credible candidate that would have enough support for a vote, anyone who did so would soon find themselves out of a job." answered Kingsley.

"The Wizengamot?" asked Mrs. Weasley.

"Cornelius has a few friends on the Wizengamot, and Voldemort has people in there too. They would not vote against outing Fudge if he is going to make it easier for Voldemort to take over." said Dumbledoe, who in turn looked at Arthur Weasley.

"The Wizarding public don't see him as a credible Minister, it wouldn't be too hard to push for a vote, would it?" asked Arthur.

"Any reporter that openly asks for the public to speak against Fudge could easily be convicted as a person with interest to commit treason. Especially with the corruption in the Ministry." said Snape, bitterly.

"I have a few musings on the notion, but for now let us just move on. I am still searching for a Professor for the Defence Against The Dark Arts position, I'd prefer another Order member on staff, I don't want anyone to tell me now, but anyone who would be willing to consider taking the position can owl me and I will meet with you. Unless anyone has anything else to talk about, I think that is all." finished Dumbledore, he looked around the room for anyone to raise an issue, his eyes fixed upon Mrs. Weasley and Tonks.

"Molly, Nymphadora. You have something on your minds?" asked Dumbledore, everyone either sat back down or stopped what they were doing. Having not expected anyone to have anything to say.

"It's about Harry." they both said in unison.

"Interesting, Nym...Tonks, old you like to go first?" said Dumbledore, kindly. Tonks cleared her throat before she spoke.

"I spoke to Harry this morning, he was up early, it was just me, him and Mad-Eye. After Mad-Eye left, I asked him about what happened the night before, we were all eating and I may have pressed the matter about Privet Drive. Harry hadn't told his friends about what had happened, I went on to say that they should know about it both he and Molly said 'No'. I asked him about it this morning and he tried telling me that his friends would be angry. I knew he was lying, so I pushed him. I know I shouldn't have, but I did. Anyway, he kind of told me off. Said... I should have better things to do, wondered why I cared. I said it was because... of what he did for me. You know, jumping in front of the Killing Curse. He said 'It's what I do, don't worry about me'. Tonks finished, her voice was full of concern and slightly emotional.

Everyone was either looking at Tonks, or Dumbledore. Both of their faces had stoney, grave expressions. Tonks however showing slightly more emotion, Dumbledore's no longer held the usual optimism and wisdom it seemed to carry.

"Molly, did you want to add anything?" said Dumbledore, after a few moments of silence.

"I just wanted to say, he's been talking less, avoiding Ron, Hermione and Ginny. Ron said Harry nearly hit him last night, something about what he'd done to their room." remarked Molly, her voice full of worry.

"I'll talk to Harry." said Dumbledore, finishing the conversation and the meeting, it left everyone in confusion and wondering what was going on with Harry Potter.

"It's not fair, you'd think they'd want us to know what's going on. With, You-Know-Who being back, and all." muttered Ron, he was laid down on his bed, staring at the ceiling and throwing a worn, scaled-down Quaffle.

"We were at the Ministry, after all we did last year. It's a bit out of order." added Ginny, staring blankly at the wall.

"I'm sure Professor Dumbledore has a good reason, when we're of age then we can all join up. They can't keep us from the meeting then." remarked Hermione, who was sat on what would have been Harry's bed, flicking through books that she had already read, dozens of times.

"Have you seen Harry, today?" asked Ginny, peering at Ron.

"Nope, not since last night when he went a bit mental." answered Ron, now spinning the miniature Quaffle around in his hands.

"He didn't 'go mental' Ron, he was just angry. He probably views this as Sirius's home, and doesn't want it to change. The fact you've... decorated it, annoys him. Thinks your moving on from Sirius." said Hermione, as she tried to think of something she could occupy her time with. She was agonising over the arrival of O.W.L results.

"Told you... mental." said Ron, laughing slightly as Hermione lightly scolded him.

"It makes sense, Ron." said Hermione, with Ginny nodding in agreement as she read through her pile of 'Witch Weekly' magazines. Silence fell between all of them, and boredom soon eased into arguments. Which soon led in to trying to find Harry...

Harry woke with a start, groaning slightly as he gathered his senses. His arm ached slightly, he moved his arm slightly. It was sore and quite stiff. He remembered vaguely, taking a book from his desk, laying in bed and reading it, he must have fallen asleep. He didn't remember anything about the book, he blinked slowly. His glasses had slipped slightly and dug into his face. Taking them off, he rubbed his face as he tried to wake up properly. He peered outside, it was still daytime, but he had no idea exactly what the time was, how much time had passed, he remembered arguing with Tonks. He remembered why...

His anger dissipated, as his stomach lurched in hunger. Not bothering to shower, he dressed quickly and slipped out of his room. The letter on the desk was the last thing on his mind, he'd had for the first time in a while a dreamless sleep, although he still felt slightly restless.

He walked as quietly as he could, not wanting to attract anyone's attention, if he was honest, he felt like crap. Maybe if he had something to eat, he'd feel more awake, a bit of energy and he could go back to reading some of the books in his desk. He wandered slowly downstairs and into the kitchen, and saw it was just Molly Weasley in the kitchen. She seemed to be preparing a meal, not wanting to startle her he cleared his throat slightly. It didn't work, she turned around, startled by the sudden noise.

"Oh, Harry dear. Where have you been, Ron, Ginny and Hermione have been looking for you all day." she said, as she busied herself with charming a knife to peel potatoes.

"I've been asleep, didn't get enough of it last night." muttered Harry, pouring himself a drink of pumpkin juice. The sweetness was slightly sickly, but the chilled drink perked him up slightly.

"Well, tea is going to be ready in about an hour... unless you'd like to have something before then." she said, looking at Harry, noticing he didn't look well rested at all.

"It's fine, Mrs. Weasley. I can make myself something." said Harry, who took a small block of cheese and began cutting it.

"Alright dear, if that's what you want." replied Molly Weasley, eyeing him with pity. Soon enough, Harry had a simple cheese sandwich, and although Mrs. Weasley wanted to say it wasn't enough for him, she held back as she kept observing him. His entire demeanour seemed resigned, his hair was sticking all over the place but seemed to lack the life it normally had, his features were worn and darkened. It was quite disturbing.

Harry sat there, he almost felt Mrs. Weasley looking at him. But he didn't care, he was in a depressed state of mind, that's all he knew. And he wanted to snap out of it, but it seemed that it was much easier to simply stay as he was. Nobody seemed to be bothering. It was this place, he knew why Sirius hated it, it was the same reason he hated it. He was trapped here, if he left, he threatened the lives of others, but as he thought about the few weeks he had ahead of him, and it filled him with anger and dread. He finished his sandwich quickly and drained his drink, he wanted to avoid any contact that was necessary, the last thing he wanted was people feeling sorry for

him and talking to him in pitiful tones. He rinsed his dishes and left the kitchen before Mrs. Weasley could say anything.

He returned to his room, luckily not running into anyone else. He felt more awake now, and to combat boredom he picked up the book he had left on his bed. 'Dazzling Defences' and opened it, the boredom was took over as he almost robotically began drilling the spells and incantations in to his head.

It was a few hours later, his thoughts had been distorted slightly by the echoing sounds of people arriving for tea, his name being shouted, people finishing their meals and retiring to their rooms for the evening. He had only learnt the first dozen or so pages, they were quite complicated defensive spells. Shields that would rebound multiple curses and spells, conjurations that could be used to deflect or take the impact of a spell. And physical shields, the last one reminded Harry of the shield that Voldemort had conjured. He closed his eyes as he drilled the wand movements, into his head. Whispering ever so slightly, the incantations. His hand moving along, as he did this.

His thoughts distracted by the sound of footsteps that were nearby the outside of his room.

"Harry!" shouted a voice.

"You found him yet?" shouted a voice that sounded as though it was at the other end of the corridor.

"No, just checking so far." said the first voice.

"Is he hiding?" asked the second voice.

"How the hell should I know?" replied the first voice.

It was Fred and George, at least it sounded like how they talked to each other normally.

"Harry, Bill wants to talk to you. It's important." shouted one of the voices. Harry stayed still, he would come out of his room but he didn't want anyone to know where his room was. A few minutes went by, of absolute silence. He even resorted to looking under the door for any shadows that were outside of his door. He opened it,

and looked down the corridor and saw nobody. He crept out and walked up the stairs. He wanted to a point that he was coming from somewhere else.

"There you are!" said a Weasley twin, Harry looked up. Both twins were coming out of a room.

"You were shouting me?" asked Harry, his mood was relatively the same. If he'd been more successful at learning the Defences and hadn't had such a headache from learning them, he'd probably be a bit cheerier, at least.

"Bill want to talk to you." muttered Fred. Looking around in an over-the-top fashion.

"And...it's a secret?" joked Harry, sarcastically.

"It's Order business, sorry to sound like such idiots." George

"You've always sounded like idiots." replied Harry, silently chuckling to himself at his own joke.

"Oh-ho, our investor still has a sense of humour it seems. Careful, we might try out of latest products, on you. And they haven't been tested yet." said Fred, with a daring tone in his voice.

"Whatever, where's Bill?" asked Harry, a bit eager to find out what this was about.

"He said, where you guys talked. That's all he said." replied George.

"Mean anything to you?" asked Fred.

"It does, see you guys." said Harry setting off to find Bill.

"Hey, Harry..." said George, Harry stopped and turned to face the twins.

"We wanted you to know, we're really sorry about what happened to Sirius." said Fred, somberly. It was a weird experience for, Harry.

"He was a top bloke, helped us think up of a few ideas even." added George, he was equally sad and meaningful as his twin.

"He was a marauder." replied Harry, stunning the twins. He walked away, smiling slightly to himself.

A/N - Sorry it took so long to upload another chapter, I actually had a Chapter 5 written but it accidentally deleted so I've had to write it all again. Luckily I had a blueprint written on paper. The following are a few responses.

Ferrugen - People who have been abused, are scared of the people who abuse them. And in this fix although I've hinted at abuse, none actually has taken place. But maybe some repercussions may occur.

ladysavay - The 'Time Of Change' is a slow development that relates to the Wizarding World, as well as Harry. If I just had the next Chapter be how Voldemort has taken over the world, it's too much. It's a gradual process.

To Fawlks, SimFlyer, perseus peverell, TriniRandy86, Hiphuggers2, Dark Blue Pen, flame55, ranvisha and the others... Thanks for your comments and your kind words :)

Please review if you liked, or even if you didn't. A review always helps out, and it fills up my email inbox with things other than things from Twitter.

Harry's smile stayed with him as he walked down to meet Bill, that was the way Sirius would want to be remembered. As a troublemaker, a prankster. He mentally berated and mocked himself for his depressed mood earlier, coming to his senses as he walked in to find Bill sitting in a comfortable, worn leather chair.

"Evening, Harry. Have you got some time to talk?" asked Bill, slightly tentative about how the conversation might go.

"Plenty, you alright?" asked Harry, he had liked talking to Bill the last couple of weeks. He treated him like an adult.

"I'm good thanks, how are you?" asked Bill, not sure whether to mention Harry's appearance.

"I've been asleep all day, to be honest I feel like a bit of a mess." joked Harry.

"Well you look like one." replied Bill, making Harry laugh.

"So... what's up?" asked Harry. Bill shifted uncomfortably in his chair and cleared his throat a few times before replying.

"Dumbledore... asked me to teach you Occlumency." said Bill, he said it bluntly but he didn't really know how to say it.

"Really? That's great!" said Harry, delighted Dumbledore hadn't tried to force Snape on him again.

"Your alright with it?" asked Bill, relief sweeping over his body.

"Of course, you'll be great compared to Snape." remarked Harry, a scowl crossing his face for a moment.

"Dumbledore mentioned that didn't want him to teaching you again." replied Bill.

"So, how did you learn Occlumency?" asked Harry.

"Gringotts insisted, I didn't mind of course. It's a useful trick to have, but some of the tombs and other places we examine have very... intricate defence systems. Some attack your mind and make you hallucinate or plant thoughts in your head that you'd never think off,

Occlumency helps battle all kinds of mental onslaughts so I was happy to learn it." answered Bill.

"Sounds great, when do you want to start?" asked Harry, he was both eager and determined to learn Occlumency, he didn't want to be manipulated by Voldemort again.

"Well, I'm going to try and find a few books that I got from Gringotts that you can read over. We can have as many lessons as you want, I work until the late afternoons most days so say half eight in the evenings?" said Bill.

"Sure, I'm up for every night if your alright with that?" asked Harry.

"That's fine with me, gives me something to do instead of be bored around here." laughed Bill.

"Tell me about it." muttered Harry, a scowl crossing his face. Bill noticed it, he was going to ask but it clicked. This was Sirius's house, Harry must really hate it here. No wonder he was avoiding Ron, Ginny and Hermione.

"Alright then, I'll see you tomorrow? Meet here, we might need to find somewhere more private though." said Bill, looking around at how open the space that they were in now.

"There's loads of unused rooms in this house." replied Harry, still thinking about what Bill had said. He hadn't really thought about it too much, hopefully he could keep his mind off it but he really didn't like being here. Almost trapped.

"I haven't even had a proper look round, we'll sort something out. I'll see you tomorrow, Harry." said Bill, standing up.

"I'll see you tomorrow Bill, and thanks, you know. For doing this." replied Harry, he felt like a child as he said it.

"Don't worry about it, it's not a problem. If we're not careful we might even enjoy it." laughed Bill, talking as he left the room. Harry smiled at Bill's joke, gathering his senses he left the room he was in. He didn't know what he wanted to do, boredom had instantly hit him. He felt tired, but knew if he wouldn't be able to get back to sleep. He sighed and almost resignedly decided to go upstairs and recap on

his notes from Bill and maybe make some new ones from the books in his desk.

(Scene Break)

"Where is he?" ranted Hermione.

"We've looked all over the place, he obviously doesn't want to talk to us." grumbled Ron, sitting down. Himself, Hermione and Ginny had been all around the place looking for Harry, he was tired, a bit dirty from all the dusty places he had been and fed up.

"Doesn't it bother you?" scolded Hermione.

"It does, but I'm not going to drive myself crazy looking for him." replied Ron, annoyed at Hermione thinking he didn't care about his best mate.

"I just want to make sure he's alright, even if he doesn't want to talk to us. I don't know why he wouldn't but still, I just want to make sure he's alright." replied Hermione.

"He's not in any of the room on the third floor, or second floor. Well whichever, because we've searched all of them." said Ginny, collapsing on to the floor.

"Could he have left?" asked Hermione, biting her lip with worry.

"If he'd left, Dumbledore would know in a second. Some of the doors were locked, maybe he locked himself in a room." reasoned Ron, it seemed to satisfy Hermione. At least for the moment.

"What's he doing though? I mean, no offence but I'm bored to hell." said Ginny, looking straight up at the ceiling.

"Me too." muttered Ron.

"We could start studying for next year... it's N.E...." started Hermione.

"Merlin, Hermione. It's the summer, it's supposed to be about having fun." said Ron, looking at her as though she were mad.

"Studying can be fun." mumbled Hermione, tinged red slightly.

"I can't believe how little there is to do in this place." sighed Ginny, still laid on the floor.

"With Fred and George running their shop and Harry missing in the house, there isn't anything to do." replied Ron.

"How much extra fun would there be, with Harry here?" asked Hermione, they were all silent for a few moments as they considered what she said.

"I can't wait till I'm of age." said Ron, thinking aloud.

"What has that got to do with anything?" asked Ginny, exasperatedly.

"Well... I just mean it's going to be better. Be able to do magic and everything." he muttered, reddening slightly.

"Whatever, what can we do?" asked Ginny, wracking her mind for something that might be fun to do, it however was also met with silence.

"Chess?" asked Ron, optimistically. Both girls rolled their eyes.

(Scene Break)

It was several hours later, everyone was either in bed, going to bed or stubbornly staying up for no reason. In Harry's case, he couldn't really go to sleep. Used to staying up at night time however had its advantages, it was quiet, blissfully quiet. Although the odd creak was emitted from the ancient house, it no longer had thudding footsteps or people shouting that seemed to be the usual order of things. A candle was flickering on his desk, the soft light casting long shadows around the room. It was barely light enough to see his book, Satisfying Self-Healing. It was a basic to intermediate guide on healing yourself whilst in the middle of duelling. Although some could apply to be outside of duelling, most of the spells were designed to patch things up as quickly as possible. Whether that meant, temporarily numbing pain, stopping blood, splinting broken bones. They were designed to be done as quickly as possible, so you wouldn't be incapacitated for too long. He doubted Madame Pomfrey would approve of these treatments, as he turned the page.

The spells seemed easy enough to pronounce, and the wand movements were fairly simple. The book described healing magic being a science and more finesse than most spells, these were considered only to be cast as a kind of last resort as the after effects would make the healing progress longer, significantly so in some cases. And if a mistake was made, it could do a lot more harm than the initial injury. Shuddering at some of the injuries, he spent the night reading the book. Committing all the spells to memory. He grew tired in the earlier hours of the morning and fell asleep, and although his nightmares considered of appendages being torn and other body parts exploding. It was a welcome break from his usual pattern of nightmares and so he was content...

(Scene Break)

"They've got to come tomorrow." said Hermione, disappointed as the morning owls resulted in no O.W.L results again.

"I know..." said Ron, sarcastically. Earning him a glare from Hermione.

"Fred, George. When did your results come?" she asked.

"Blimey, I don't remember." replied Fred, turning back to his toast and marmalade.

"George?" asked Hermione, turning to the twin that seemed to be barely awake.

"I think it was around this time, ask Dumbledore next time he's here." said Fred, filling his plate with bacon.

"I can't bother him with something like this." said Hermione, almost blushing at the thought.

"I'll ask him for you dear, you too Ronald." snapped Mrs. Weasley, as she took dishes from the table and with a flick of her wand, they began cleaning themselves.

"Great, thanks mum." said Ron, muttering under his breath.

"Thank you Mrs. Weasley." beamed Hermione.

"Has anyone seen Harry this morning?" asked Ginny, entering the kitchen.

"That depends..." said Fred.

"What are you looking for him for?" finished George.

"Boys!" said Mrs. Weasley, all the Weasley family and Hermione reddened, none more than Ginny.

"Idiots, I just noticed there was no plates on the side like yesterday. Meaning he hasn't come down early, like yesterday." said Ginny, her face significantly red and her eyes glaring at her twin brothers.

"He's probably having a lie in." replied Mrs. Weasley, as she paced more bacon on the centre plate of the table.

"He slept all day yesterday, didn't he?" asked Ginny.

"Give the boy a break, Ginerva. He's been through a lot." said Mrs. Weasley softly.

"If the bloke wants to have lie in, let him. He deserves it." said Fred.

"You boys told him to talk to Bill didn't you?" asked Mrs. Weasley.

"Yes, mum." said the twins, in unison.

"Why does Harry have to talk to, Bill" asked Ron, confused.

"It's Order business." replied Mrs. Weasley.

"Not this again, Bill's my brother and Harry's my best mate. You can tell me." said Ron.

"You know I can't, Ron. It's Order business. And you know you can't know anything." answered Mrs. Weasley, sighing as she readied herself on where the conversation would go.

"In case what? I tell Ginny, or Hermione? Because that's all I'm going to talk to all summer, isn't it? It's not fair, all this top secret,

Order business." shouted Ron, he banged his hands on the table and made the plates and cutlery rattle slightly.

"Not this again." muttered George.

"Ron, you know we'd like to tell you. We were in your position last year remember? You've just got to wait." said Fred, trying to be considerate.

"Shut up, George." snapped Ginny.

"Do you know how boring it is here, doing nothing all day, every day?" asked Ron, pushing his plate away.

"I'm sorry you three, but you know how dangerous it is out there. With... You-Know-Who back. Attacks are happening all the time." said Mrs. Weasley, they all heard the door open and close. Footsteps rushed to the kitchen. It was Professor Dumbledore.

"Morning everyone, have you seen Harry?" he asked, slightly out of breath.

"I think he's asleep, why what's going on Albus?" asked Mrs. Weasley, immediately concerned at the Headmasters demeanour and his apparent urgency.

"It's about Cornelius, I think I know a way to get him out of office." said Dumbledore, a smile breaking out on his old, wise face.

(End Of Chapter - Please Read Below)

A/N (1) - I know this is a really short chapter today, I just wanted to upload something, give some statements and ask some questions.

i) Would you rather have frequent short updates, or longer, less frequent updates?

ii) What are suggestions for new DADA Professor, would you like a new character or somebody who is in the story line. I know fics can fail quite easily, when they introduce new characters.

iii) I'm still deciding whether I should pair on this fic, or just have like one off encounters. Not a multi fic, just like. Harry and Hermione randomly kiss one night at Hogwarts after an argument or something.

4)...(fuck!)

A/N (2) - Some people didn't like the last chapter , basically all I was trying to do was show that Harry is going through some very real emotions, and when you lose someone close, it effects everyone in different ways. Some people it effects their entire lives, in other cases it can be years, months, weeks or days. Harry had had a moping, depressed, sad, stage now and nobody likes them when he's like that all the way through, don't worry, I'm still going to try and keep it as real as I can.

But I'd just like to say, I am going to write him as a bit of a badass, talented, character. The way I see it, he's got to kill a very powerful, talented wizard. He's not going to accomplish this from seven years at Hogwarts, he has to have some sort of extra training and that's what I am planning on doing, both with Bill and some independent study as well. He is not going to be an all powerful, amazing wizard though, he'll get injured, hit with spells, and more. I want this story to stand out.

Also, I've noticed that there are some spelling mistakes on the chapters uploaded, some of these are just glitches from chapters being uploaded because some aren't consistent with my actual documents. But some are human error, so I'll put them through spell checks online as well.

Please Read and Review, it helps me figure out what you guys think of the story. And if you have any other comments or ideas, write them down as well.

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I uploaded this chapter three because I noticed there was no scene breaks, so I apologise if it caused any confusion.

"Does anyone know where he could be?" asked Mrs. Weasley. They had been searching for nearly twenty minutes, Dumbledore had even checked the place where he had talked to Harry a few days ago and found it bare.

"We searched all yesterday for him, and we couldn't find him." said Hermione, frowning as she tried to think where Harry might be.

"Well he hasn't left the premises, I would know." said Dumbledore, a pensive looking expression on his face. Everyone was quiet for a few seconds as they each thought about Harry. All of them turned around as they heard a door slam.

"Who could that be?" asked Mrs. Weasley, her open question was soon answered as a very worn looking Remus Lupin came through the door.

"Remus, I didn't expect to see you for another day at least." said Dumbledore, concern in his voice and face as he observed the appearance of Remus Lupin. His hair was matted and had what looked like small amounts of dirt layered into it. His face had traces of dirt on it also, as well as small cuts dotted around. His robes torn in some places and he had a noticeable limp.

"Well, I was kind of forced to leave." murmured Remus, steadily sitting himself down and rubbing his left leg.

"Forced to leave?" repeated Dumbledore, slightly aghast at what the implications might mean.

"The werewolves, were quite displeased when they found out about my whereabouts of the last couple of years. They felt I somewhat betrayed my kind." said Lupin, bitterly.

"What do you mean?" asked Hermione, confused at what her old Defence Against the Dark Arts professor was talking about.

"Werewolves are feared in the wizarding world, we struggle to find work of any kind. The fact I've been a professor and associated with trying to hide my affliction makes other werewolves think that I'm ashamed to be a werewolf. Which displeased them to say the least." Remus seemed to grimace as he said those words.

"Have they allied themselves?' asked Dumbledore, his face was grave as though he was preparing himself at what Remus might say.

"So far? No, the packs I visited were quite split on the decision on who to side with. But I'm not particularly welcome, I have made some friends and contacts however." replied Remus, taking a deep breath and wincing slightly.

"Are you alright Remus? Would you like some soup?" asked Mrs. Weasley.

"Soup, would be amazing." replied Remus, smile on his face and genuine thanks in his voice. Mrs. Weasley smiled back sympathetically.

"What happened Professor?" asked Ron, looking at some of Lupin's more obvious wounds.

"I'll just say I was chased out when I didn't leave right away." replied Remus, taking his tattered robe off. The three teenagers gasped at what he implied.

"Greyback?" asked Dumbledore, leading to Ron, Hermione and Ginny's faces turning from shocked to confusion.

"No, he's visiting... him. Anyway, what are you doing here Albus?" asked Remus, it was a good question. Albus was rarely at Headquarters outside of Order meetings.

"You remember our conversation about Cornelius, I've thought of a way to oust him from the Ministry. It requires Harry's help, and unfortunately we've been unable to find him so far." replied Dumbledore.

"He's missing? He's still here though?" asked Remus, immediately his face was filled with concern about Harry.

"He's in the house, we just don't know where. It turns out Harry is quite skilled at hiding." smiled Dumbledore, it was reluctant but he had to admire that wherever Harry was, it was a good place to hide.

"And you've tried everywhere?" asked Remus, looking at Ron, Hermione and Ginny.

"Yes, we haven't seen him in ages." replied Ron, thinking about when he had actually last seen Harry. When he had pushed him and left to sleep somewhere else.

"I think I might know where he is." said Remus, taking the soup Mrs. Weasley had just handed to him. It was hot carrot and coriander soup, with sliced, soft bread.

You do? Where?" asked Hermione.

"Thanks Molly, and it's secret, Hermione. Literally, I only know because I helped Sirius design it." replied Remus, his voice strained as he said Sirius's name. He took a slice of bread, tore it and dipped it in the soup. Not waiting for the soup to cool and placed it in his mouth.

"When was the last time you had a hot meal?" asked Dumbledore, concerned and amused at Lupin's eagerness to eat.

"A week, it's been mostly scraps." said Remus, his face sneered at the thought of what he had been eating the last several days. The others around him shuddered at what Remus had said.

"Can you find, Harry?" asked Dumbledore.

"Yes, but I'm not going to drag him down if he doesn't want to come out. And, I want to talk to him first." answered Remus, his eyes watered slightly as the soup hurt his throat as he swallowed the portion.

"Alright then, Remus. I'd be grateful if you could do it as soon as you can. We need a new Minister, and we need one soon." said Dumbledore, leaving the room. His robes sweeping behind him.

"Professor, can you tell us where Harry is?" asked Ginny, softly.

"I can't Ginny, I'm sorry." said Remus, he turned back to his meal. Ron, Hermione and Ginny looked to ask more but a look from Mrs. Weasley stopped them in their tracks.

"Go on you three, leave Remus alone. He's had a rough couple of weeks." said Mrs. Weasley. The three left, all of them sulking slightly as they walked upstairs and back to inevitable boredom.

(Scene Break)

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It was an hour or so later, and after two more portions of Mrs. Weasley's soup, Remus left the kitchen. Thanking Mrs. Weasley as he did. He walked upstairs, he was in desperate need of a shower and a change of clothes. He walked to his room, and after fifteen minutes of bliss as hot water hit his body and washed some of the aches and all of his dirt. He observed himself in the mirror, the small cuts were nothing to worry about, the formidable purple bruise on his left side however was. As was the large wound on his left leg, when he had been thrown through the air, he had been unfortunate enough to land on a sharp tree stump. It had jammed into his leg, and looking at it now he was probably lucky he managed to escape. Running on adrenaline at the time he hadn't really noticed the pain, but just looking at the scarred leg made the pain intensify.

Taking a bandage from a supply kit under his bed, he wrapped his leg tightly. Dressing himself in some of the less worn robes he had in his small wardrobe, he took a cane that had belonged to Sirius's grandfather and used it to help support himself and alleviate some of the pain. It was a fine piece of craftsmanship, blended oak and mahogany, a smooth, sculpted orb like top made it smooth on his hand.

Remus almost felt the need to brace himself as he left his room, talking to Harry would only lead to an eventual conversation about Sirius, he had been busy lately. So it had been far from his mind, he hadn't felt the need to cope with it. He clenched his hand around the cane, tightly. His room was near to Harry's, and to some extent was under the same charms that he and Sirius had placed on Harry's room. Which Sirius had maintained it be next to his room. The extensive Charms meant Harry wouldn't be bothered unless the

person knew where his room was. And only Sirius and he knew... to be accurate, only he actually knew.

Reaching the door, he prepared himself. He wouldn't open the door, since nobody knew his room as here, nobody had knocked before. Taking a deep breath he knocked, hard, three times. There was no immediate answer, waiting for several seconds, there was still no response.

"Harry." said Remus, knocking again. Inside the room, Harry stirred at the noise, groaning quietly, he dug his head under the pillows and buried himself in his duvet.

"Harry!" said Remus, saying his name louder and knocking louder. Waiting to see if he could hear any noise. Harry stirred slightly, he could hear someone calling his name. Grumbling, he opened his eyes. Waiting to see if he was dreaming or it was real.

"Harry!" said the voice again, loudly. The knocking made him jump slightly. He got up, he didn't recognise who the voice was. Quickly, he put on some shorts and a top and walked over to the door. Opening it, the sudden influx of the morning light made him close his bleary eyes. Hopelessly he held his hand up to block the morning sunshine.

"Morning, or should I say afternoon." said Remus.

"Professor Lupin?" asked Harry, his eyes straining to get used to the light.

"Yes, it's me. And please, Harry. Call me Remus, or Lupin. Even Moony." offered Remus, walking into the room. He smiled as he saw his and Sirius's handiwork once again. Even though it was quite dark in the room, as the curtains were closed.

"How... how did you know where I was?" asked Harry, winking and narrowing his eyes as Remus opened his curtains. Harry closed the door, walking to his bed and sitting back on it.

"It was more of a guess, turns out it was a good guess." replied Remus, observing the room quickly, he noticed a letter Sirius had written after completing the room on Harry's desk. He noticed it had not been opened.

"But nobody has been knocked on the door before." said Harry, awkwardly following Lupin's gaze.

"I helped design the room, me and Sirius... we worked for a few days on this. Whilst you were at Hogwarts last year. He was going to offer you a place to stay, permanently. You know, after you became of age." replied Remus, looking at Harry as he seemed to withdraw slightly as he merely mentioned Sirius.

"Oh...right." said Harry, he almost felt ashamed, if this was supposed to be a kind of surprise or present and he had just stumbled across it and moved right in.

"You checked everything out?" asked Remus, looking around the room pointedly.

"Yes, more or less. The books in the desk are great." answered Harry.

"You know, me and Sirius wrote some of those." said Remus, sitting down on the bed with Harry.

"What happened to your leg?" asked Harry, just noticing the cane Remus had in his hands.

"Well, I don't know if you know. But I was asked to find and talk to various wolf packs around the country. I was chased out of the last one, well more threatened." grinned Remus, easing Harry's worried look.

"Threatened?" asked Harry, noticing how Lupin had been tender on his left leg.

"I was beaten up, thrown through the air and landed on something. I'm going to go to Madame Pomfrey later on tonight." said Remus.

"How did it go with the werewolves?" asked Harry, wanting to know more about how it went.

"It went alright, it was the last pack that had a problem with me." replied Remus, disdain in his voice.

"I can see, you think they'll side with Voldemort?" asked Harry.

"I think for now, they're not going to side with anyone. Until someone acts against them." explained Remus, who had his eyes on Harry.

"You haven't read the letter, Sirius wrote?" asked Remus, trying to sound innocent.

"I guess, I just don't want to open it." replied Harry, sounding defeated.

"You think it might not live up to what you think it will be?" asked Remus. Harry merely nodded his head in response.

"Well, I was there when he wrote it. I can tell you it's not a 'goodbye' letter. It's more of a 'welcome to your room' letter." added Remus.

"You know what it says?" asked Harry, this time it was Remus who nodded.

"It's just after everything that's happened, I guess... I'm kind of angry." said Harry, his anger and emotions getting mixed up.

"When your fighting someone like Bellatrix, you can't joke around. Sirius was messing around when he was duelling, and she's the type of opponent you don't do that with." said Remus, anger also riling up inside him.

"I'm going to get her back you know, pay them all back. LeStrange, Pettigrew and Voldemort." spat Harry, his voice deadly.

"They're highly skilled witches and wizards Harry, you'll have to wait I'm afraid." responded Remus, walking over and taking the letter on the desk. He turned around to face Harry.

"And while your waiting, read this. But expect it to give you any answers, don't put any pressure on it." said Remus, throwing the letter to Harry. He snatched it out of the air, his green eyes, vivid with intensity.

"Dumbledore wants to talk to you, says it's urgent." muttered Remus, he opened the door, and lingered for a moment, as if he wanted to

say something else. But he didn't, he closed the door quietly. Leaving, Harry with the letter.

A few seconds later, he tore open the letter. He just wanted to get it over with, unfolding the single piece of parchment, he began reading.

Harry,

I hope you like your room, me and Remus worked our asses off for a few days. It's right next to mine, so whenever you want to talk, I'm not that far away. The children books, were Remus's idea. Said you didn't get much of a childhood, thought you'd like some of the old classics. He spouts all kinds of rubbish, but he's a smart guy. If I'm not around, you can always talk to him.

Chances are, I've probably just told you about this room, and you went running off like a little kid. You've never really been a child, and neither have I really. I think that's why, I can kind of relate to the things you've been through, Harry. And I just want you to know, your never alone. Especially here, the place is always bloody full! But after everything calms down, we can live somewhere else, some place hot. Bahamas, maybe?

We can talk about it downstairs,

Love, Sirius

Harry breathed out deeply, that was it. That was the last thing he would ever hear from, Sirius. He wanted to pretend it wasn't enough, that he deserved more than that. But he couldn't, he almost felt stupid for not reading the letter straight away, he had, subconsciously at least, built it up. As though it would solve everything and make him feel better. But the truth was, Sirius was still gone, and he still missed him. But he wouldn't let it get to him any more. He'd moped around for the last day or so and felt like a right idiot. He would get payback for what Bellatrix LeStrange had took from him, for what Peter Pettigrew had caused and what Voldemort had made his life into.

But for now, he still felt slightly tired. He'd been woken up in the middle of his sleep, and his room was slightly cold. He climbed back in to bed and allowed himself to drift off in to what would turn out to be, quite a peaceful sleep, at by Harry's standards, it was.

(Scene Break)

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"How did it go, Remus?" asked Mrs. Weasley, placing another bowl of soup on the table for him.

"Thanks, Molly. And it went as well as you could expect it." replied Remus, his stomach only welcomed his fifth portion of soup. Having had barely enough to scrape by over the last few days.

"Poor boy, how did he look?" asked Mrs. Weasley, sitting down opposite him.

"Better than me." joked Remus, it earned him a slightly scolding look from Molly, gulping down his soup soaked bread.

"He looked, the same. On the thin side, as usual. He's just upset." said Remus.

"His eyes, yesterday. I've never seem them so lacklustre." hushed Mrs. Weasley, her voice full of concern. Remus thought back to his conversation, the sudden glare that had appeared as he talked about revenge. The fire behind them, he'd never seen Lily's like that.

"If I have to, I'll talk to him again." replied Remus, taking another mouthful of soup.

"Everything does seem to happen to him." sighed Mrs. Weasley.

"He'll pull through, he always does. It's Harry." argued Remus.

"I don't know, Remus. He hasn't been talking to Ron or Hermione. He's missing all the time, how did you find him anyway?" asked Mrs. Weasley, curiously.

"I'm sorry, Molly. But when I said it was a secret, I meant it. I can't tell unless, Harry wants me too." replied Remus, truthfully. This

made Mrs. Weasley frown, which in turn put a small smile on his face. Several seconds later, footsteps were heard, bounding down the staircase. Ron, Hermione and Ginny appeared, looking expectantly at Remus.

"How was, Harry? Is he alright?" gushed Hermione.

"Can we go talk to him now?" asked Ginny. Ron kept quiet, but truthfully he was bored and wanted a break from the girls also.

"Harry is fine, we talked and I'm sorry, but I really can't tell you where he is. I think he may have gone back to sleep anyway." replied Remus, in an almost apologetic tone.

"It's not fair, he's our friend!" argued Ron.

"I'm sorry, Ron. But the charms in place prevent me from telling you. Technically, I'd need Harry's permission, but he's not up to talking much anyway. Leave him alone and he'll come talk to you." offered Remus.

"Why wouldn't he want to talk to us?" asked Ron, slightly hurt and the insinuation.

"We've waited for days now, he's never normally like this." said Hermione, worried about her friend.

"I'm sorry, but I'm sure in time, he'll be fine" said Remus, though deep down, he wasn't so sure himself.

"You sound like, Harry. He always says he's fine." remarked Hermione. Remus shifted uncomfortably in his chair.

"Next time you see him, can you tell him we want to talk to him?" asked Ginny, earnestly.

"I'll make sure to mention him." replied Remus, as he finished his soup.

"Alright you three, Remus has just come back from a very... exhausting trip. For the last time, leave him alone!" snapped Mrs. Weasley, the three teenagers turned around, slightly red at being told off and mumbling under their breaths.

"Sorry about that, Remus. With, Harry not talking to them and having nothing to do around here, do they're quite bored." said Mrs. Weasley, in an apologetic tone.

"It's fine, Molly. You remember the summer holidays. It's exciting at first, because there is no homework. But then you realise that with nothing to do at all, it gets boring with, Voldemort back. They can't even go outside without fear of something happening." replied Remus.

"I remember, I appreciate the chaos Fred and George created. It gave everyone something to do, but with them working in Diagon Alley things are a lot more quiet." said Mrs. Weasley, thoughts of her sons working in a likely target of Death Eaters was not something she approved of. She had pictured a much less threatening job, at the Ministry with their father perhaps. Bill, had at least got a safer job at Gringotts. At least he wasn't running, Merlin knew where, raiding cursed tombs. Some of the letters she had received when he first started, had made her heart leap in distress. There was only, Charlie who remained outside. Though it might be safer being out of the country at this time, he was still around Dragons.

"You all right, Molly?" asked Remus, breaking the silence that had fallen.

"Fine, Remus. Just thinking." smiled Mrs. Weasley, she took his empty bowl and began cleaning it.

"Thanks again, Molly. I'll see you at the next Order meeting." said Remus, turning to leave.

"You're not staying here?" asked Mrs. Weasley, in a surprised tone.

"No, to memories..." said Remus, drifting off mid-sentence. He turned around and walked, Mrs. Weasley was either too shocked or sympathetic to say anything to persuade him to stay.

(Scene Break)

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Harry stirred, almost against his will he opened his eyes. The curtains closed but it was clearly still daylight. He turned over, and for a few seconds allowed himself to fully wake up, stretching his limbs slightly. Emitting a low groan as he did so, which soon developed into a yawn. Groggily, he stood up. He had no idea what time it was, barely remembering what had happened before he fell back asleep. He mulled it over as he walked into the bathroom and showered, the cold water shocking him and waking him up, much quicker than he would have liked to.

Grumbling as he got out of the shower, he dried himself off. His stomach grumbled, eyeing the clock he saw it had just passed tea time. Hoping for some leftovers, he dressed and walked downstairs. In a considerably better mood than he had been in, he felt a pang of guilt as he thought about his treatment of his friends, he didn't want to be close to them in case they became targets, but he didn't have to lash out at them either. He wrenched the thoughts out of his mind as he walked into a near empty kitchen.

"Just woken up dear?" asked Mrs. Weasley, brightly. Harry nodded, and sat down at the table.

"Here, I saved you something." said Mrs. Weasley, handing him a plate.

"Thanks, Mrs Weasley." said Harry, who began eating the food straight away, Mrs. Weasley glanced at him springily as he ate. Pity evident in her eyes. After a few minutes, Bill came in the room.

"Evening, Mum. Harry, see you finally got up. Here." said Bill, sliding over several thin, old looking books.

"If you read those by tomorrow, it'll give you a good head start. Understanding the subject is always better, and although books aren't the greatest way to learn. You can gather some of the theory and put it to practical use." said Bill, thanking his mother as she placed a plate in front of him.

"Thanks, Bill." said Harry, sincerely.

"No problem." replied Bill, it fell quiet and Harry was soon finished with his meal, full, he declined another portion, thanked Bill again and left to study. In his eagerness to study, he didn't see Ron walking downstairs until it was too late.

"Argh! Merlin, Harry" said Ron, picking himself up.

"Sorry, mate." said Harry, who got to his feet also.

"Where've you been the last couple of days? The girls have been driving me mad." said Ron, in hushed tones. As if they might hear him.

"Just been in my room, Sirius and Remus made it for me." said Harry, thinking Ron deserved an explanation.

"Look mate, about what I've done to that room. I'm sorry..." started Ron.

"It's alright, I over reacted. And, I shouldn't have pushed you. It was childish." replied Harry.

"Where you off to now?" asked Ron, glimpsing at the books.

"Just some extra reading, I'm turning in to Hermione" joked Harry, making Ron laugh.

"I know, Hermione can be pushy and everything. But if you do want to talk, you can talk to me. I won't make you, like Hermione. But you know she won't be satisfied till you talk to her, or someone." said Ron, patting Harry on the shoulder.

"Thanks mate, I'll talk to you tomorrow. Lots to read." said Harry, holding the books up. He walked off, sensing Ron might have wanted to say something else. He felt another pang of guilt as he walked on. Leaving Ron standing on the staircase, a concerned look on his face.

(Scene Break)

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It was a few hours later, nearly everybody had gone to bed. Harry was propped up in bed, his head had a dull, pounding ache. He had read the first book, and while struggling to comprehend everything it said. He thought he had a basic understanding of it. At the moment he was reading, 'Starting To Protect Your Mind - Duncan Shields' The book explained everything much better than, Snape ever had. The immediate comparison he drew, was it took clarity and focus to start the path to become a 'fully fledged, accomplished Occlumens' as the book phrased it. The basics seemed fairly simple, calm yourself and try to have no emotions. If it helps, think about a singular image, a meadow, or something peaceful. This was where, Harry struggled. Unable to think of the last time he had been in any kind of peaceful environment, the only one that did was, Christmas with Sirius, but that brought up emotions, which was a bit counter productive as the book said to try and ignore all emotions.

Sighing, he wracked his mind. The hours dwindled by as he sat there, eyes closed, taking the occasional deep breath. Completely clearing his mind, he had gone with being on a broom. Flying through the air, a smile on his face as he imagined the wind whipping through his hair and the tingling feeling he got when he went fast.

It was soon breakfast time, he had read the books. He still had problems with some of the technical aspects, but he felt he had a much better grasp than he would have ever gained under Snape's tutelage. He got to his feet, dizziness washed over him and he felt light headed. He sat back down, taking a deep breath and closed his eyes again. He sat there for a few seconds more, getting up he walked out of his room. Only now realising, how starved he was.

He walked in to the kitchen, a few people were up. Mrs. Weasley greeted him and put a few sausages and strips of bacon on his plate.

"Harry, Professor Dumbledore is coming by soon. He wanted to talk to you." said Mrs. Weasley, smiling as she saw him eat heartily.

"Thanks, Mrs. Weasley." barely managing to speak, his mouth full of food.

"Did you read those books, Bill gave you?" asked Mrs. Weasley.

"I did, they are really helpful." replied Harry, too busy eating to really be paying attention. After more helpings of sausages and bacon, he finished off with some eggs and toast. Just finishing his meal when Dumbledore walked in the kitchen.

"Morning everyone, Harry did Remus talk to you yesterday?" asked the Headmaster.

"He did, would you like to talk now?" asked Harry, more politely than he had intended.

"If now is convenient." replied Dumbledore.

Harry stood up, thanked Mrs. Weasley and followed Dumbledore. Soon finding himself where he had talked to Dumbledore, a few days previously.

"Please, sit Harry." said Dumbledore. Sitting down himself, Harry sat on the chair opposite.

"Harry, I'm sure you are aware of the Ministry of Magic and the position it is in currently." said Dumbledore.

"Tonks, told me about it the other day." replied Harry, confused about where this might be going.

"Well, what she might not have mentioned is that Cornelius Fudge has enough favours in place that it would be difficult to remove him from office. Which is what needs to happen if we are to stand a chance against, Voldemort and his forces." said Dumbledore, waiting to see if Harry might see where he was going with this.

"What do you want?" asked Harry, bluntly.

"Harry, I know you hate, but the stance you have right now is admirable. The Daily Prophet, is on your side, as are most of the wizarding world now that they know the truth about Voldemort. A call for an election, a stand against the Minister from you. Would be the first step, a huge step towards changing the government. And hopefully, there would be no repercussions as you are not a ministry employee and therefore are not under Cornelius's authority. I'm sure

it would be quite amusing." smiled Dumbledore, Harry did also as he thought about how the bowler hatted man would react.

"If you would want, you can write an open letter. Send it to the Daily Prophet. I can help, if you would like." said Dumbledore.

"I don't like it, I don't want to do it. But if it helps get him out of office and someone useful fine. But I want to write it... my way." said Harry, smiling what he would write.

"I'm not saying there will be no repercussions, an abusive message might ignite something more than an election." replied Dumbledore.

"I don't care, it's not like they can kill me." joked Harry, bitterly.

"Quite." muttered Dumbledore, a silence fell upon them for a second.

"The sooner you write the letter, the better." said Dumbledore, Harry nodded.

"What are you thinking off..." started Dumbledore, but he stopped as he heard someone screaming. Harry recognised who it was, quicker than was possible he tore out of the room. His wand in his hand. Sprinting through the house, he could hear Dumbledore behind him by a few seconds.

He ran, not stopping to open the kitchen doors. They crashed as he smashed through them, his wand high. Everyone in the kitchen jumped in fear at the intrusion, half of them began to draw their wands. He surveyed the room, everyone was looking at him.

"I heard screaming." said Harry, taking a breath. His blood pumping fast.

"Bloody hell, Harry. You've knocked the door of its hinges." said Tonks, walking over to the door and pointedly showing how loose it was.

"You scared me half to death, young man!" scolded Mrs. Weasley, her face flushed.

"I heard screaming, who was screaming?" asked Harry. Only then noticing, Hermione. She was pale, and shaking slightly.

"What is it?" asked Harry, concerned at the state she was in.

"It's our O., they're here." said Hermione, her hand shaking as she held hers in her hand. He looked at Ron, he was unusually quiet and pale.

"Oh..." said Harry, putting his wand away. He wasn't really bothered about his results, although a nervousness fluttered through his stomach region. He almost laughed, he was about as scared as his exam results as a flobberworm.

"So, we're just going to ignore the fact that Harry just broke the door?" asked Tonks, in a teasing voice.

"I thought we were under attack." gritted Harry.

"You were very quick to react, Harry." said Dumbledore. Having arrived a few seconds ago, he was out of breath.

"Very, almost feel sorry for those Death Eaters now." joked Fred, making a few people smile.

"Fred!" said Mrs. Weasley, angry at her son for joking about such a thing.

"I said almost." said Fred, making people smile even more.

"You going to open your results or what?" asked George, Ron glared at his brother. Not wanting the additional pressure.

"Or shall we make more doors for, Harry to break?" teased Fred.

"Funny, you two. Come on guys, lets just open them." said Harry, taking his letter, he tore it open.

(Chapter Over)

DUN DUN DUN!

It's going to speed up a bit now, O.W.L results, Occlumency, Harry's Birthday, Diagon Alley, and secretive stuff also.

A/N

I see Ron and Harry's friendship as a see-saw kind of relationship. But you can't deny that they are close friends, after what they have been through together. I think to some degree, Ron admires and is in awe of Harry, and Harry doesn't see that. While Harry just wishes he was like Ron. Over the course of this fix, they'll fall out and such. And I've got something conclusive planned for them at the end.

Harry's relationship with Hermione, it's going to evolve in a kind of rivalry and phases of mis-communication. But again, they are very close friends. And I am toying with the idea of them having some sort of a fling. Not a pairing.

Read And Review!Read And Review!Read And Review!Read And
Review!Read And Review!Read And Review!Read And
Review!Read And Review!

Ordinary Wizarding Level (O.W.L) Results

Harry James Potter, your results are as follows;

Astronomy -

Theory - Not Applicable

Practical - Acceptable (A)

Overall - Acceptable (A)

Care Of Magical Creatures -

Theory - Exceeds Expectations (E)

Practical - Outstanding (O)

Overall - Outstanding (O)

Charms -

Theory - Exceeds Expectations (E)

Practical - Outstanding (O)

Overall - Outstanding (O)

Defence Against The Dark Arts -

Theory - Outstanding (O)

Practical - Outstanding (O)

Overall - Outstanding (O)

Divination -

Theory - Not Applicable

Practical - Dreadful (D)

Overall - Dreadful (D)

Herbology -

Theory - Exceeds Expectations (E)

Practical - Exceeds Expectations (E)

Overall - Exceeds Expectations (E)

History Of Magic -

Theory - Poor ☹

Practical - Not Applicable

Overall - Poor ☹

Potions -

Theory - Outstanding (O)

Practical - Exceeds Expectations (E)

Overall - Exceeds Expectations (E)

Transfiguration -

Theory - Exceeds Expectations (E)

Practical - Outstanding (O)

Overall - Outstanding (O)

A list of courses you are eligible to participate in, will be owled to you along with your annual school letter from your Head of House.

Congratulations on your results,

Griselda Marchbanks.

He sighed, it had been better than he had thought it would have been. A pip of annoyance lay in his mind as he saw the 'E' for Potions, he didn't intend on wanting to become an auror any more

but it would only back up Snape's view on him as a dunderhead. He turned to the others, trying to see the reactions on their faces.

"How did you do, Harry" asked Mrs. Weasley, her eyes flicking between all three of them.

"I did alright, Mrs. Weasley. What about you two?" asked Harry, as they started to withdraw from their results. Ron was the first to recover fully, passing Harry his results.

Ordinary Wizarding Level (O.W.L) Results

Ronald Bilius Weasley, your results are as follows;

Astronomy -

Theory - Not Applicable

Practical - Acceptable (A)

Overall - Acceptable (A)

Care Of Magical Creatures -

Theory - Acceptable (A)

Practical - Outstanding (O)

Overall - Outstanding (O)

Charms -

Theory - Acceptable (A)

Practical - Exceed Expectations (E)

Overall - Acceptable (A)

Defence Against The Dark Arts -

Theory - Exceed Expectations (E)

Practical - Outstanding (O)

Overall - Exceed Expectations (E)

Divination -

Theory - Not Applicable

Practical - Troll (T)

Overall - Troll (T)

Herbology -

Theory - Exceeds Expectations (E)

Practical - Acceptable (A)

Overall - Exceeds Expectations (E)

History Of Magic -

Theory - Poor (P)

Practical - Not Applicable

Overall - Poor (P)

Potions -

Theory - Exceeds Expectations (E)

Practical - Exceeds Expectations (E)

Overall - Exceeds Expectations (E)

Transfiguration -

Theory - Exceeds Expectations (E)

Practical - Acceptable (A)

Overall - Exceeds Expectations (E)

A list of courses you are eligible to participate in, will be owed to you along with your annual school letter from your Head of House.

Congratulations on your results,

Griselda Marchbanks.

"Well done, Ron." said Harry, looking at Ron who seemed to be shocked at his results. Harry just didn't know whether he was happy or not, and the expression his red-headed friends face didn't help either. He handed the letter to Mrs. Weasley who all but snatched it out of his hand.

"Hermione, you alright?" asked Harry, as she placed her letter on the table. Harry was the first one to reach for it, as everyones attention was either on Hermione, Ron or Mrs. Weasley.

Ordinary Wizarding Level (O.W.L) Results

Hermione Jean Granger, your results are as follows;

Arithmancy -

Theory - Outstanding (O)

Practical - Outstanding (O)

Overall - Outstanding (O)

Astronomy -

Theory - Not Applicable

Practical - Exceeds Expectations (E)

Overall - Exceeds Expectations (E)

Care Of Magical Creatures -

Theory - Outstanding (O)

Practical - Exceeds Expectations (E)

Overall - Exceeds Expectations (E)

Charms -

Theory - Outstanding (O)

Practical - Outstanding (O)

Overall - Outstanding (O)

Defence Against The Dark Arts -

Theory - Outstanding (O)

Practical - Outstanding (O)

Overall - Outstanding (O)

Herbology -

Theory - Outstanding (O)

Practical - Exceeds Expectations (E)

Overall - Outstanding (O)

History Of Magic -

Theory - Exceeds Expectations (E)

Practical - Not Applicable

Overall - Exceeds Expectations (E)

Muggle Studies -

Theory - Outstanding (O)

Practical - Outstanding (O)

Overall - Outstanding (O)

Potions -

Theory - Outstanding (O)

Practical - Outstanding (O)

Overall - Outstanding (O)

Study Of Ancient Runes -

Theory - Outstanding (O)

Practical - Outstanding (O)

Overall - Outstanding (O)

Transfiguration -

Theory - Outstanding (O)

Practical - Outstanding (O)

Overall - Outstanding (O)

A list of courses you are eligible to participate in, will be owled to you along with your annual school letter from your Head of House.

Congratulations on your results,

Griselda Marchbanks.

"That's great, Hermione." said Harry, looking up he saw everyone was still pretty much in the same state.

"Well done, Harry." said a voice from behind him, instantly he recognised it as Dumbledore's. He turned to face him.

"Thanks, sir. I'll go and start writing my letter." said Harry, placing Hermione's results back on the table and walked out of the kitchen. He was halfway up the stairs before he heard anyone talk again.

(Scene Break)

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Back in the kitchen...

"Ron, these results are great. I am so proud of you!" gushed Mrs. Weasley, Ron was soon brought out of his comatose like state by a crushing hug from his mother.

"Mum...air." he gasped, making the twins and everyone else laugh, Mrs. Weasley reddened with embarrassment.

"Well, I'm sorry. But it isn't everyday your sons gets results like these." said Mrs. Weasley, almost squealing in excitement at how well her youngest son had done.

"Thanks, mum." said Ron, tinging red significantly, making his brothers laugh.

"I don't know what you two are laughing at, Ron has done better than the both of you put together." retorted Mrs. Weasley, making Ron smile, the twins stuck their tongues out at him.

"Hermione, how did you do?" asked Ron, taking a look at her results, his eyes bulged.

"Bloody hell, Hermione. That's amazing." said Ron, loudly. Who began handing her results around the room, everyone had similar reactions.

"You think so? I mean, I was kind of hoping for all 'O's" muttered Hermione, slightly embarrassed at her own words.

"Hermione, dear. Those are wonderful results, how about tonight I make us all a celebratory meal." said Mrs. Weasley.

"Oh, you don't have to do that Mrs. Weasley..." started Hermione.

"Nonsense, you all deserve it." said Mrs. Weasley, who summoned a cook book and immediately began flicking through the pages.

"Where's Harry gone?" asked Hermione, only just noticing his absence.

"Harry is doing something for myself, rest assured Miss Granger his results are good." stated Dumbledore.

"Oh, Ron I forgot to ask. How did you do?" asked Hermione, taking his letter off the table.

They are great, Ron. What were Harry's results, Professor?" asked Hermione, turning back to her headmaster.

"He left his letter." said Ron, picking it up from the table, he read over his results.

"Whoa, he almost did as well as you Hermione." said Ron, slightly bitter but not enough to make him angry at Harry. He passed the results to Hermione.

"He did do well, didn't he?" said Hermione, sad that she had barely even noticed Harry as she was so anxious about her results. She only then noticed the door.

"What happened?" asked Hermione, making several people laugh.

"You screamed when you saw it was O. , Harry thought you were being attacked and blew the door off it's hinges." said Tonks, making a point to jiggle the door to show how loose it was.

"Oh..." said Hermione, her face even more red than before. She didn't even remember screaming.

"Well, we've got to be off. With all the excitement, we're a little late." said Fred.

"And we wouldn't want to disappoint any future prank artists now would we." laughed George, both standing up.

"Well done baby brother." said Fred, earning him a scowl from Ron. Saying goodbye, they left the kitchen.

"I'll be back later on today, Molly." said Dumbledore. Taking his leave moments later.

"Urgh, Patrol duty today, best get going or Kingsley gets annoyed." said Tonks, taking a piece of toast off the table and leaving. It had been the first bit of excitement the three teenagers all summer, all three sighed as they realised that it had passed as they were again, bored with nothing to do.

"You three want your breakfast now?" asked Mrs. Weasley, they all nodded and sat down.

(Scene Break)

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"Dear... idiots. No, too much... Wizarding world... no, too political." muttered Harry, he was writing his letter, although he resented being asked he decided that it did need doing as soon as possible. But he had no idea on what to write, his instinct was to ask Hermione for help but he didn't want to do that for two reasons. One, she'd take over the entire project. And two, it would sound nothing like he wanted it to sound. He spent the rest of the morning and into the afternoon, writing various introductions and ways to convey his points. He would start to get annoyed but immediately would implement his Occlumency exercises. Sighing he took a break and got a drink of water, he tried to clear his head of every conceivable sentence he had thought of for the last few hours and read what he had already written.

This open letter is for everyone to know exactly what I think about the Ministry of Magic and exactly what is wrong with it. First of all, we have got a useless Minister who obviously thinks that it is a good idea to have more, less trained witches and wizards fighting than properly trained ones. Death Eaters don't care if you haven't been trained, they'll maim you, torture you, and kill you all the same. I haven't been reading the papers this summer partly because I have never once been quoted truthfully and honestly in them, and also because I'm not really interested in what 'The Weird Sisters' are up to.

I will take the first step and call for a vote of no-confidence from the Wizengamot and I call for it to happen as soon as possible. I also request an inquiry into Fudge's Ministry, meaning his supporters, advisors and his secretaries. As I believe that the corruption in this Ministry runs further than those innocent to believe otherwise might think.

He was more or less happy with what he had written to far. He was just trying to think of a way to finish it, he wanted something to shock them and that would cause people to take notice and create unrivalled animosity for Fudge. But he didn't want to use his own experiences as it would just cause him more exposure than the letter already would. It took him a while longer to word anything else before he decided on what to write.

I don't know exactly how many people actually know what I am about to tell you. I have been told that what I am about to say has already been in the news. Basically, I told soon to be ex-Minister Fudge about the presence of Voldemort over a year ago. In that time all Fudge has done is try his best to cover this up and pretend it wasn't happening. In doing so this has allowed Voldemort to strengthen his forces quietly and now that Azkaban has been took over and the Dementors are doing his bidding and he is recruiting even more. Everybody must act together, if we are to fight him. And I believe that the first act is to out Fudge and his friends. Immediately.

Sincerely,

Harry James Potter.

He read over what he had written, and did so several times, checking for spelling mistakes. After all it was pointless trying to start a mini-revolution and getting your words mixed up. Happy with it he carefully wrote it out, and did so two more times before he was happy. His hand was cramped, his head was aching and he felt mentally exhausted. He eyed the clock and realised he only had a few hours until he had his Occlumency with Bill. He yawned, he was tired as hell but knew if he fell asleep he wouldn't wake up in time for his lesson. He dragged himself off his desk and took the clearest and most well-written version he had. Torturing himself, he read it over again one final time. Knowing he wouldn't improve on it he left his room and walked downstairs and as usual in to the kitchen.

Whatever was being cooked smelled amazing and his stomach grumbled. He walked in to the kitchen to find Mrs. Weasley cooking.

"Hello, dear. Looking for Professor Dumbledore?" asked Mrs. Weasley.

"Yes, have you seen him?" replied Harry.

"He said that he'd be back later on today. So he should be here soon. Would you like a snack before the big meal?" asked Mrs. Weasley.

"I'll just make a sandwich or something Mrs. Weasley." said Harry, pocketing his letter he began making a sandwich. Bill walked in just as he finished making his sandwich.

"Alright, Harry. You look tired." said Bill, looking at the shadows under his eyes.

"Thanks, Bill." replied Harry, sarcastically.

"You read those books" asked Bill, sitting down at the table.

"I did, gave me a headache but I think I've got the gist of things." replied Harry, taking a bite of his sandwich.

"Alright then, meet here an hour after whatever mum is cooking up." laughed Bill, looking at the assortment of food that was stacked precariously around the kitchen.

"Your brothers O.W.L results came today, we're celebrating." said Mrs. Weasley, a tone of annoyance in her voice as she waved her wand in what seemed half a dozen paces at once.

"No kidding, how did he do? You get yours too, Harry?" asked Bill.

"Yes, me and Ron did alright, Hermione did ridiculously well but still seemed upset" replied Harry, finishing of his sandwich.

"He did better than Fred and George combined." beamed Mrs. Weasley. Pulling out the results from a pocket in her apron.

"Here are yours to, Harry." said Mrs. Weasley, passing his results over. Bill snatched them both up, before Harry could even reach his.

"What? I want to read them." laughed Bill. Harry rolled his eyes, and waited for Bill to finish reading his results.

"Nice, Harry. A good amount of 'Outstanding' grades" said Bill, handing over his results.

"Thanks." muttered Harry, slightly embarrassed at the praise. Mrs. Weasley and Bill turned as they heard somebody open the front door and come in. Seconds later, Dumbledore walked in to the room.

"Ah, smells lovely, Molly. Harry have you written your letter?" asked Dumbledore, Harry simply held the letter out in response.

"Thankyou, may I read it first?" asked Dumbledore.

"If you want to, Headmaster. But I'm not changing a word of it." replied Harry.

"Very well, you and Bill have your first Occlumency lesson tonight? Correct?" asked Dumbledore, looking expectantly at Bill.

"Yes, Headmaster." confirmed Bill.

"Good, I hope all goes well, Harry. Have a good evening everyone." said Dumbledore, leaving the kitchen and exiting quite abruptly.

"Think I'm going to go read those books again." said Harry, leaving the room before anyone could reply.

(Scene Break)

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It was a few hours later, everyone had eaten and thanked Mrs. Weasley for an amazing job which embarrassed and put a smile on her face. Harry and Bill were idly chatting, waiting for their meals to

settle down. Not noticing the looks that they were attracting from Ron, Hermione and Ginny.

"What are they talking about?" asked Ron, looking at his brother and best friend talking.

"I don't know, why don't you go over and ask?" suggested Ginny.

"Because it looks important." muttered Ron, not wanting anyone to overhear him. It was true, they appeared to be discussing something important.

"Well why is he talking to Bill about it, why not us?" asked Hermione, a hurt tone in her voice.

"Let's go ask." said Ginny, earnestly as she bound to her feet.

"No, Ginny... Ginny." hissed Ron, but she was already walking over.

"Bill... Harry, what are you two talking about?" asked Ginny, Harry and Bill looked at each other, unsure of what to say.

"We can't say." said Harry, slowly.

"Yes... it's something to do with the Order." said Bill, both of them nodding along.

"Your in the Order, Harry?" asked Ron, who had come over to get Ginny and overheard what Bill had said.

"No, it's just something the Order have asked me and Bill to do." said Harry, annoyed that his friends had come over and interrupted what had been an interesting conversation about the more technical aspects of Occlumency.

"So, it's something for the Order. And you and Bill have been asked to do it?" asked Hermione, confused.

"No, it's something the Order have asked me to do with Harry. It's not a mission or anything." said Bill, quickly seeing what might develop.

"Sounds like an Order mission to me." argued Ron.

"It's not..." started Harry.

"Why does he get to be in the Order and we don't?" asked Ron, turning to his mother and father.

"Harry's not in the Order." said Tonks, straight away. Having been oblivious to what had been going on.

"Well he and Bill are doing something for the Order." said Ron.

"No we're not." argued Harry and Bill in unison.

"Well that's what you said." burst Ginny.

"That's not what we said, Ginny..." started Bill.

"I want to be in the Order, if Harry can, why can't I?" asked Ron.

"I'm not in the Order, Ron. And I don't want to talk about it." said Harry, as calm as he could.

"You haven't wanted to talk about anything, we haven't even seen you the last few days." said Hermione.

"Hermione don't start." groaned Harry.

"She's right Harry, we've barely seen you." said Ginny.

"Give the guy a break, Ginny." said Ron, who saw Harry's eyes light up in anger and knew that he could blast at any second.

"I've been dealing with some things, and just because I don't talk about it with you doesn't mean I haven't talked about it. It doesn't mean I have to talk about it." growled Harry, suppressing his anger, his fist were clenched and as he breathed deeply and calmed himself down.

"You can talk to us, Harry." said Hermione, earnestly.

"Look, can we just do this some other time." said Harry, suddenly aware of everyone looking at what was going on between them.

"Yes, we can." said Ron, interrupting Hermione who was about to argue.

"And I'm not in the Order." said Harry, repeating what he had said earlier as he got his point across.

"Honest?" asked Ron. Harry nodded.

"Fine, but we'll talk later." said Ron, his eyebrows raised and waiting for Harry to agree.

"Tomorrow morning, I'll wake you up before breakfast." said Harry.

"That's another thing where have you..." started Ginny but she was dragged out by Ron, Hermione lingered, obvious she wanted to argue but left after a few seconds of fidgeting.

"Want to go do our lesson?" asked Bill.

"Yes." answered Harry, who stood up and near enough fled the room. They walked for a few seconds.

"Where do you want to do this?" asked Harry, turning and waiting for Bill.

"I've got a place in mind, nobody really goes there, that or they don't know about it." said Bill, taking the lead and walking up the stairs.

They walked up where Harry had walked a few days previously, right to the top of the stairs and to the dusty top floor.

"Here." said Bill, indicating to the room on the left hand side. Harry walked in the room, and Bill swiftly followed. It was quite a large, deserted room. Carpeted floors, painted walls and that was about it.

"Nice." remarked Harry, making Bill laugh.

"It's far away from everyone and it's spacious so it's good enough." replied Bill. They turned to face each other.

"Alright, we've talked a bit about it and you've read the books. You want to just for it?" asked Bill.

"Let's do it." said Harry. Looking in Bill's eyes, he prepared himself and held his breath. His mind was blank except for the feeling of soaring through the air.

"Alright, Legilimens!" said Bill. They stared at each other, and Harry felt the spell hit him. Bracing himself, he focused even more.

"Fuck!" shouted Bill, stumbling backwards.

"What? You alright?" asked Harry, suddenly concerned for Bill.

"What are you thinking of? I was blown right back out." said Bill, holding his head as pain ebbed slightly.

"I just think about flying, you sure your alright?" asked Harry, as Bill rubbed his head.

"I'm fine, my head hurts but I'm fine. Alright I'm going to try a little harder, so just re-focus." said Bill, Harry nodded and braced himself again, the spell hit him and he could sense that there was more force behind the spell. Concentrating on his memories of flying even more. After a few seconds he felt the spell break.

"That's good, that's really good. Better than I expected anyway." said Bill, breathing slightly quicker than usual.

"Thanks, this is way easier than it was with, Snape." said Harry.

"Well from what you've told me I'm not surprised. Let's have a break for a second." said Bill, rubbing his head. The pair of them sat down.

"Why is it easier?" asked Harry, after a few seconds of silence.

"Snape's a good wizard, no he's a great wizard. He might be an arse, but he's a bloody good dueller, and he is probably an even better Occlumens. Like I said, I'm pretty good and I can hold my own but Snape is one of the best in the country. And if he was going full strength, I'm not surprised you didn't have much luck." said Bill, rubbing his temple.

"How strong were you trying against me?" asked Harry, wanting to know how strong he was at Occlumency.

"Quite strong, about half. I started of low because I didn't know what to expect." replied Bill.

"Go stronger next time." said Harry, in a determined voice.

"I don't think so, Harry. It's a big step up, your doing alright now but full strength might be too much." replied Bill.

"It can't be worse than, Snape. Come on just try." urged Harry. Getting to his feet.

"Alright, but just brace yourself. If I break through, I'll pull out as quickly as I can." said Bill, twirling his wand and getting to his feet.

"Alright." gritted Harry, mentally preparing himself as much as he could.

"Ready?" asked Bill, slightly tense. Harry merely nodded and breathed in again.

"Legilimens!" shouted Bill, the force hit him hard. His mind instantly began to ache as the memories of the spell hitting him flowed through his mind. He felt himself struggling and cleared his mind and adjusted himself. Pushing back as hard as he could, he felt Bill trying the same thing. Harry clenched his jaw and felt his fingernails were digging into his palms. Bill surged as much as he could and Harry nearly faltered, he pushed back as hard as he could and felt Bill rip from his mind. His head pounded slightly, but soon began to soothe.

"Crap!" groaned Bill, it was slightly muffled and Harry looked up. He saw Bill, laid down on the floor, his head in his hands.

"You alright?" gritted Harry, rubbing his head and blinking a few times.

"I will be... when you pushed me out. It hurt." moaned Bill, one eye closed and his hands rubbing both temples.

"Sorry, I just felt you getting through." said Harry. Sighing slightly as the pain washed away.

"I felt me getting through too." said Bill, panting.

"It's tired me out though." replied Harry, sitting down on the floor.

"It will do the first few times, then you build a resistance to it. It's like being mentally fatigued." explained Bill, sitting up slightly. Silence fell between the pair.

"Harry, why does Dumbledore want you to learn Occlumency?" asked Bill, breaking the silence. Harry fell silent, he didn't really know what to say even how to even explain it.

"It's like a connection with, Voldemort. My scar, it hurts sometimes when he feels happy, or angry. Sometimes I can get in his mind, sometimes he can get in mine." replied Harry.

"Merlin, that's rough. Having a connection with him of all people." grimaced Bill.

"It's been fine this summer, he hasn't tried anything since he tried possessing me at the Ministry." said Harry, bitterly.

"Dumbledore told us about that." replied Bill, Harry flared his nostrils, anger coursing through his body. Dumbledore had just gone and told the Order, without even telling him?

"I think that's it for today, we can go again tomorrow. Get you used to it, but as far as that is. I can't really do much more." said Bill, groaning as he tried to stand up, he collapsed back down which made Harry laugh. It fell quiet between them again.

"Could you teach me more curses?" asked Harry, instantly he felt vulnerable and tried to hide it.

"I could, I will. Might as well, we've only been here for five minutes. I could tell you some now if you want?" said Bill, sitting back up.

"If you don't mind." replied Harry, also sitting back up.

"Don't mind at all, let's see... one of the first curses I learnt was how to deal with enchanted bodies that were used to guard tombs and relics. It's like a string of fire, you can whip it and it slices them in two. It's pronounced..." and Bill began listing curses for the next few hours. Harry tried to memorise all of them but soon excused himself

and grabbed some parchment, ink and quill. They discussed the first six months that Bill had done at Gringotts and all the curses that was involved in those six months. They soon mixed in storied about tombs and then the additional spells he used whilst on location. Harry seeped in all the knowledge and they kept on talking as they had done the first night, way in to the early hours of the morning.

Perfectly oblivious, to the chaos that would ensue tomorrow.

(End Of Chapter)

A/N - For those telling me about my grammar, I hope that this is an improvement. I'm not going to do get a Beta, because I want to upload it as it's written and quickly.

Thank you for those who have reviewed, I can only ask for more and I hope the constant updates are keeping you happy.

Read & Review! Read & Review! Read & Review! Read & Review!
Read & Review! Read & Review! Read & Review! Read & Review!
Read & Review! Read & Review!

Harry Potter Speaks Out!

The Daily Prophet has received an exclusive letter from Harry Potter that we think is the first step to dismantling Minister For Magic - Cornelius Fudge. As readers know, The Daily Prophet has been asking for the exposing the Minister and his faults for several weeks now. Ever since the return of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Names was confirmed the Wizarding World has been in outrage, as we learnt Harry Potter (currently waiting to go into his Sixth Year at Hogwarts) HAD been telling the truth all of last year. It brings Fudge under even more scrutiny as Harry says in his open letter 'I will take the first step and call for a vote of no-confidence from the Wizengamot and I call for it to happen as soon as possible' Harry goes on to request an inquiry of Fudge's government, specifically his 'supporters, advisors and his secretaries' This may be a slight at Senior Undersecretary and Professor of Defence Against The Dark Arts - Dolores Umbridge, who was rumoured to have animosity to Harry Potter and unfairly gave him several weeks worth of detention whilst he was only trying to help classmates and tell them about the return He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named.

The prominence and public sway that Harry carries is inevitably commendable and as such has been wielded to demand a new Minister of Magic. He states no preference in his letter on who he would like to stand, but it is understood he would prefer a Minister who's priority is focus on capturing Death Eaters and You-Know-Who. As we reported earlier in the summer, it was confirmed that Harry Potter, along with five of his school friends FLEW on Thestrals from Hogwarts all the way to the Ministry of Magic to battle Death Eaters, it was even rumoured Harry Potter and You-Know-Who battled once again.

Minister Fudge was available to comment and stated "The hostility from Harry Potter is simply misunderstood and mis-directed anger, his enthusiasm for a new Ministry at such a volatile time shows that he still has much to learn about how the Ministry and the Magical Government works. His rivalry last year with Madam Umbridge is well documented however I can report that it was a record breaking year for Defence Against The Dark Arts which Madam Umbridge taught, with a unprecedented amount of pupils passing their O. with high grades. I am hoping that I can meet with Harry, so that we can discuss the issues that plight our society and can work past our

differences. I invite, Harry to a private meeting at the Ministry today and hope that he attends."

It is unknown if Harry Potter has decided to accept this invitation, all we can say is he had our full support.

For a full details of the letter, turn to page 2.

For more coverage, turn to page 3,4,5

For details about, Harry Potter, turn to page 6,7

Harry put the paper down, he didn't think it would have been in the news that quickly. He hadn't had much sleep and to be honest was really tired, but he couldn't for the life of him get any sleep for some reason. It was still quite early in the morning and he was the first in the kitchen, The Daily Prophet has just been on the table when he walked in and it had caught his eye. He was a bit sleep deprived to grasp the entire column but what did stick in his mind Fudge's statement. About Umbridge, the slight about him having 'much to learn about how the Ministry and the Magical Government works' like it was his fault he was forced to live at the Dursleys, and now he was being forced to live here. He slammed his fists down on the table, trying to force himself to calm down. He walked upstairs before anyone else could come down and ask him anything, he was in no mood to talk to anyone about the article or his letter. He walked to his room and collapsed on his bed, he began recalling as many curses as he could from memory eventually falling into what would be a restless sleep.

(Scene Break)

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"I told you, Hermione. He didn't come, why would I lie?" moaned Ron, they were walking downstairs for breakfast. Hermione seemed to have the impression that Harry been and talked to Ron that morning, and she had been left to sleep while they talked.

"I don't know, Ronald. Why would you lie?" replied Hermione, her tone sharp.

"I'm not lying, maybe he forgot." suggested Ron, though it slightly hurt to say. They heard someone walking from the kitchen, and saw Ginny hurrying towards them.

"There you are, I was just coming to get you. Get in the kitchen, quick!" whispered Ginny, not waiting for a reply and nearly running back in to the kitchen. Ron and Hermione looked at each other, confused and frantically rushed to see what was going on.

"...idiotic moron. Only Potter would be arrogant enough to publicly do something as stupid as this." sniped the voice of Severus Snape.

"Actually, Severus. I asked Harry to do this." said Dumbledore, a slight smile visible through his beard.

"It's a big responsibility, Albus. You think Potter's up to it?" growled Mad-Eye.

"I think, Harry is capable of much more than most people think. Just look at what happened at Privet Drive, and the Ministry." replied Dumbledore.

"What about this meeting, are you going to let him go?" asked Mrs. Weasley, in a concerned tone.

"I don't know, I'll have to talk to him about that. Has anyone seen him by the way?" asked Dumbledore, looking at everyone.

"Ron, wasn't he supposed to meet you this morning?" asked Arthur Weasley, noticing his son, Hermione and Ginny in the doorway. They all reddened as everyone in the kitchen turned to stare at them.

"He was, but he didn't" stuttered Ron.

"I'll ask, Remus to fetch him. He should be here soon." said Dumbledore.

"You've got to admit, it's pretty hard hitting." said Tonks, putting the paper down.

"While Potter lacks the finesse and aptitude of a real academic, it has caused displeasure amongst the Death Eaters and the Dark Lord." remarked Snape, his face twisted into a grimace.

"Why would they be bothered?" asked Fred.

"Because, Cornelius is almost paving a road for him and his forces. The suggestions of lowering MLE and Auror standards mean it will only be easier for them to be successful in raids or battles." answered Dumbledore.

"So, so someone who dedicated more training and funding to the Aurors and Magical Law Enforcement was in power. It would be more difficult for You-Know-Who and the Death Eaters." added Bill Weasley, rubbing his eyes. Tired as he had also got little sleep.

"Ah, Bill. I didn't see you there, how did...it go?" asked Dumbledore, picking his words carefully as he pointedly looked at Ron, Hermione and Ginny.

"You three. Out." said Mrs. Weasley, rushing over to them.

"But, you've let us listen so far." protested Ron, as he was ushered from the room.

"Mrs. Weasley, can't we just st..." started Hermione, but the door was closed before she finished her sentence. Frowning, she stormed off with a fresh determination to find Harry.

Back inside the kitchen...

"So, how was Harry's lesson?" asked Dumbledore.

"He managed to completely block me out, I even used full strength. I nearly got through but he threw me out." said Bill, rubbing his head as the memory of his headache returned.

"Potter managed to do Occlumency?" sneered Snape, a look of disbelief on his face.

"Yes, and well. He told me a bit about your methods as well. Full strength and no instructions? Great way to teach." replied Bill, his tone full of sarcasm.

"The brat was incapable of basic instructions, it's not my fault. Probably expected it to be treated as the golden boy as he always is." spat Snape.

"Severus." cautioned Dumbledore. Snape reclined in his seat, attracting multiple amount of contemptuous stares.

"Is that all?" asked Dumbledore, looking at Bill expectantly.

"It's all me and Harry agreed would be said, he said of you wanted to know more to ask him directly. And I'm not about to break his trust." said Bill, folding his arms. Snape bit back a remark and Dumbledore leaned forward, resting his head on his hands.

"Bill, the Headmaster asked you to report about, Harry. It's only in his interest." said Mrs. Weasley, looking at her eldest son. Silently imploring him to tell Dumbledore more.

"Mum, Occlumency has a certain amount of trust involved. It would be disrespectful of me to openly tell all of you and while there isn't much to tell, I think it isn't really anyone's business about the progress Harry makes in Occlumency besides, myself and Harry. Professor Dumbledore, if you want to know more about our lesson. You'll have to ask, Harry." said Bill, standing firmly by his decision.

"I believe, Remus is here." said Dumbledore, changing the subject as everyone turned as they heard the front door open. Remus walked in a few seconds later.

"You've seen the article?" asked Dumbledore as Remus sat down in a vacant chair.

"Couldn't exactly ignore it could I? Plastered across the first half dozen pages. All over the Wizarding Wireless Network, it's a bit brash don't you think?" asked Remus, taking a cup of tea from Mrs. Weasley.

"Harry said, if he wrote the letter he wanted it to be unedited. You can see why, it certainly gets his point across doesn't it?" chuckled Dumbledore.

"Albus, it's nothing to laugh about." scolded McGonagall.

"Sorry, Minerva." said Dumbledore, apologetically. Silently laughing to himself.

"Let us assume that this does spark a vote of no-confidence which it is likely to do. Who are the candidates?" asked Bill, looking around the table.

"Scrimgeour will put his name forward." said Tonks, straight away.

"That idiot." grumbled Mad-Eye.

"Amos Diggory, perhaps?" suggested Arthur Weasley.

"Likely, maybe Madam Bones. She has a lot of support in the Magical Law Enforcement." said Kingsley Shacklebolt.

"Those seem likely contenders, I feel confident someone sympathetic to Voldemort may run, though their chances of winning are practically non-existent. I think we should approach a candidate that will support us and our endeavours. Kingsley, do you think Madam Bones would be approachable?" asked Dumbledore.

"I think any attempt to approach her wouldn't be very successful, though she may listen she will want to run things her own way." replied Kingsley.

"I'm friendly with Amos, I think he would be open to talk and discuss with you Albus." said Arthur.

"Amos is a nice fellow, though I think his chances would be slim against Bones and Scrimgeour." sighed Dumbledore.

"That leaves, Scrimgeour." growled Mad-Eye.

"I know you have had your differences in the past Alastor, I myself have no ill regard toward the man. Although that said, I have never

really talked to the man after he graduated." said Dumbledore, his mind calculating what was the best option.

"He has got mixed support in the Auror Division, if it came down to it I think Bones would win an election." remarked Tonks.

"She's the best candidate, has the most support, brilliant in politics. Yes... Madam Bones does seem the likely winner." said Dumbledore, slowly.

"The Dark Lord has no real potential candidates, he has begun challenging those who agree with his cause to follow him outright. I think the most likely would be an Imperious Curse on a candidate. Of the ones listed, I'd favour Diggory. He is the most magically inept of the bunch." remarked Snape.

"I will arrange a meet with Madam Bones for tomorrow, Remus could you retrieve Harry in an hour or so. I think we should get this over with as quickly as possible, no matter how public it becomes." said Dumbledore, standing and walking from the kitchen, leaving the others to murmur amongst themselves.

(Scene Break)

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"Why wouldn't Harry want to talk to me?" asked Ron, thinking aloud. Hermione had returned after a few minutes and it had been silent ever since.

"I don't know, Ron. Maybe he just forgot." said Ginny, she was bored out her mind for the umpteenth time that summer.

"What do you think he's doing with, Bill?" asked Hermione, a cocktail of emotion running through her mind. Confused at Harry's behaviour lately though the rational side of her brain told her he was just coping with Sirius. She was angry at him also, hiding himself away. She was also bored, Harry certainly did spice things up around here. Things just sort of happened around him, she was sure it would

have been a bit more exciting these last couple of days, if he was around.

"I don't know, Bill works at Gringotts. It could be something to do with that?" offered Ron.

"Maybe it's something to do with Sirius, maybe he left something to Harry." said Ginny.

"Sounds about right." replied Ron, nodding along. But Hermione had a niggling feeling it was something more than that. They all heard the kitchen door open and came out just as Dumbledore walked out of the house.

"...Bill, I can't believe you didn't tell the Headmaster about your lesson with Harry." scolded Mrs. Weasley, the three teenagers all hunkered down and hid so they might hear more.

"I told you mum, I can't just up and tell him everything. Harry has a right to some privacy." retorted Bill.

"I know dear, but this was supposed to be something for the Order." replied Mrs. Weasley, chastising her eldest.

"Well I think it's more than that, I think he should be doing this anyway. You've seen what the papers are printing, what if they're right. What if Harry does have to kill Voldemort." whispered Bill. The three teenagers all gasped in shock, at the idea of Harry having to do something so inconceivable.

"Don't be silly, Bill. He's just a boy, leave it to Dumbledore. He'll figure something out." said Mrs. Weasley, all to jauntily back at her son.

"We both know that Harry will not stand on the sidelines, and after what he did at Privet Drive I think he can do more than hold his own..." said Bill, but he was cut off by his mother.

"Bill! Stop right there. Just because you have spent the last few years gallivanting around the world on adventures, risking your life for a few treasures does not mean everyone has that same daring streak." said Mrs. Weasley in a tone Ron and Ginny had very rarely heard. Ron, Hermione and Ginny heard no more as they heard Bill

walk off and out of the door and Mrs. Weasley back in to the kitchen. The three were quiet for a few seconds.

"Blimey, haven't heard mum like that for a while." said Ron, shivering at the thought the last time she had used that tone with him.

"I didn't know The Daily Prophet were saying... that about Harry." said Hermione, noticing her hands were shaking.

"It's rubbish, how is a sixteen year old going to battle You-Know-Who. I mean he's just passed his O.!" remarked Ginny. The three of them fell silent, and it was Ron who picked himself up off the floor first.

"Come on, let's go somewhere. We get caught here, mum will go mad at us." said Ron, in hushed tones. The others agreed and got up, walking to Hermione and Ginny's room.

"Do you think Bill could be right?" asked Hermione, closing the door behind herself and sitting down on her bed.

"Come on Hermione, I mean we did alright at the Ministry but this his You-Know-Who. The only wizard he's scared of is Dumbledore, and look at how brilliant he is." replied Ron, sitting on the floor.

"I think it's because... well Harry defeated him when he was a baby. Maybe he just wants him out of the way." said Ginny.

"Ginny!" shrieked Hermione.

"I didn't mean it like that, but... well you know what I mean." finished Ginny, laying on her bed. They fell quiet once again, each thinking about Harry and Voldemort.

(Scene Break)

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Remus made his way to Harry's room, unsure whether he would be asleep or awake. He knocked gently on the door.

"Harry." he said, knocking on the door again. He could hear grumbling and a loud noise.

"Fuck..." he heard Harry's muffled voice and guessed he fell out of bed. A few seconds later, the door opened.

"You look...great." said Remus, observing Harry's appearance, his hair was sticking out all over the place, his face looked worn and he appeared to be generally unrested.

"What's up?" he croaked, rubbing his eyes as he got used to the sunlight.

"Well it's early afternoon and Dumbledore thinks you should go meet the Minister of Magic. You've seen the article?" asked Remus.

"Yes, I saw it this morning. I was up half the night talking to Bill and I was already sleep deprived. I feel like hell." moaned Harry, narrowing his eyes as they adjusted to the sunlight.

"Where are your glasses?" noticing the imprint on Harry's nose.

"I keep falling asleep with them on, I can see alright out of them. Can't remember the least time I went to the... eye doctor, person." finished Harry, quite ungracefully.

"Optometrist?" teased Remus.

"Big words, can I go back to sleep now?" asked Harry, half closing the door.

"You don't want to go to the Ministry? You could get out of here for a start?" said Remus, stopping the door and looking at Harry.

"How did you know?" asked Harry, returning the gaze.

"I can't stand to be here, I can't say you do to. Especially from your peculiar sleep pattern and generally being anti-social." replied Remus.

"I'm not being anti-social, I've just got other things going on." retorted Harry.

"Harry... you've got to get back to normality. Sirius is..." started Remus but Harry cut him off.

"Sirius is gone, I know. Believe me, I know. And I know hiding myself away isn't going to solve anything, but I've lost people all my life. I have quite a good coping system." said Harry, coolly. Trying to shut out his emotions.

"I lost him too, and I lost your parents..." started Remus.

"But you knew them, I didn't. And Sirius, I had only known for two years. And he was the only person who felt like family. I've never really had a family, but I guess that's what it felt like. And now he's gone, and I miss him. Sure I do, and I curse my own damn luck that it has to be me that everything happens to, that it has to be me who is told where I have to be, where I have to go, what I should do. Everything! So fine, I'll go to meet Fudge and then I'll be brought right back to this... this place that Sirius was forced to stay in and now I'm being forced to stay here. And neither of us liked it here, so why should I have to come back?" shouted Harry, his anger boiling up inside him as he vented at Remus.

"Because Dumbledore knows what's best." said Remus, after a length pause. Harry suppressed a scoff of laughter.

"Fine, I'll be down in ten. Just let me shower." muttered Harry, he left the door open which Remus indicated as a sign to come inside.

"I'm sorry I shouted at you, it's just... I don't know." said Harry, taking off his shirt. He shouldn't have shouted at Remus, but he felt a bit better about doing so.

"You've not really been talking to anyone else." offered Remus, opening the wardrobe and flicking through the robes.

"Maybe, I would have only yelled at Hermione or Ron... What are you doing?" asked Harry, perplexed at Remus's actions.

"Picking out a decent robe for you." replied Remus, concentrating on the choices in front of him.

"Your offering me, fashion advice?" quipped Harry, before he could stop himself.

"Ironical, huh? I think you've grown more than you realise. Your nearly as tall as me, just need to fill out more." said Remus, eyeing Harry's thin posture.

"Whatever, I'm going for my shower." said Harry, walking in to the bathroom.

Remus looked over at the shockingly few amount of decent clothes he had in the wardrobe, most of them seemed to be fairly worn and oversized. Frowning, he took the best looking robe and closed the wardrobe and waited.

A few minutes later, Harry entered with a towel wrapped around him.

"You need some new clothes." commented Remus, as he looked out of the window.

"I've never had the time to get some." muttered Harry.

"Dursley's never buy you anything?" pushed Remus, looking at the scars on Harry's chest.

"The Dursley's never bought me any clothes apart from the ones I needed for primary school. The ones I have, are just old things from Dudley." replied Harry, walking over to the wardrobe.

"I can take you clothes shopping, you know when you go for your school things. If you want." offered Remus, he felt awkward asking, it was something Sirius should be doing. But he wasn't here. Harry froze for a second as he picked out something to wear.

"That would be great... as long as you don't pick anything out for me." laughed Harry, putting back the robe Remus offered.

"I'm not dressing up for this, it's nothing special." explained Harry. He picked out the casual clothing that best fit him and opened the door to his room, Remus walked out first then he followed, walking down towards the kitchen.

"Harry!" said a voice behind him, he turned around knowing who it was before.

"Hi, Hermione. Look, I'm sorry I've really got to get going." said Harry, turning to leave.

"Oh no you don't. Professor, can I borrow Harry for one minute?" asked Hermione. Harry looked at Remus his eyes begging.

"Thanks Professor." said Hermione, not waiting for an answer, she began dragging Harry.

"Hermione, I can't... I'm busy..." gritted Harry. But he was dragged in to her room, Ron and Ginny were inside also, he turned to leave but Hermione stood in front of the door.

"What?" asked Harry, his temper flaring.

"You said you'd see Ron this morning." stated Hermione, looking at Harry.

"Oh, sorry Ron. But with the Daily Prophet this morning and everything..." said Harry, drifting off mid-sentence.

"We haven't seen the article, but Ginny told us what you've done. Why did you do it?" asked Hermione, imploring him to talk.

"Dumbledore asked me and I thought it would be a good idea. Can I go now?" asked Harry, going to open the door but Hermione blocked him.

"No, why have you been avoiding us? Where have you been?" asked Hermione, pushing him further in to the room.

"I haven't been avoiding you and I've been busy." said Harry, trying to get past Hermione but then Ginny stood up and got in the way also.

"Busy doing what?" asked Ginny.

"It's none of your business." gritted Harry, he breathed deep and tried to clear his mind.

"Is it a secret, like what you've been doing with Bill?" probed Hermione.

"Yes it's a secret. Happy?" said Harry sarcastically, trying to walk past again.

"Just talk to us, Harry. Is it about Sirius?" questioned Hermione, Harry's eyes flashed dangerously.

"No, it's not and I really have to go." said Harry, trying to push past.

"It's like you don't even want to be here." said Ron, finally joining in the conversation and standing up.

"Want to be here? Of course I don't want to be here." spat Harry, with venom in his voice.

"Why not?" asked Ginny.

"Because this is the place that Sirius was trapped in, he hated it here and I hate it here." muttered Harry, his tone completely dead. It sounded so cold and callous, unlike anything they had ever heard Harry say.

"Harry, you have to talk to us. Please..." started Hermione, pulling him back as he walked past them.

"I don't have to talk to anyone, especially someone who can't appreciate the fact that somebody might want to be left alone for just a couple of days." seethed Harry, glaring at each of them individually.

"Now, I have to go and get Fudge thrown out of the Ministry. Can I leave without being harassed?" ask Harry. The three merely nodded, and Harry turned opened the door and left them in a stunned silence.

"Your back." quipped Remus.

"Not in the mood." snarled Harry, walking straight past Remus he turned and at the bottom of the stairs saw Dumbledore waiting for him, dressed in midnight blue robes.

"Ah, Harry. Nice to see you dressed for the occasion." joked Dumbledore, Harry rolled his eyes at the obvious joke which just made Dumbledore smile even more.

"Are you ready?" asked Dumbledore.

"Yes." replied Harry, shortly. Still angry about what had just happened. Dumbledore put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a lemon drop wrapper.

"We're portkeying right to the Ministers office to avoid the reporters. He's expecting us." said Dumbledore, offering the Portkey out. Harry reached out and grabbed the Portkey and felt the familiar tug behind his navel. A few dizzying seconds went by and his feet slammed against the ground. Landing almost graciously, he focused his eyes and adjusted himself. The faces of Cornelius Fudge, Umbridge and Percy Weasley greeted him, the latter two stood behind Fudge who was sat at a desk. To the left he saw that there was a lady he didn't recognise with a quill and pad of parchment.

"Ah, Harry, Albus. You've arrived." said Fudge warmly, Harry noticed his face was in a forced smile, Harry smiled to himself.

"Cornelius." replied Dumbledore, shaking the Minsters hand which was then offered to Harry which he begrudgingly accepted but said nothing. He noticed Percy and Umbridge fight to say something. Looked like they were under orders to say as little as possible, thought Harry. Taking a seat indicated by Fudge.

"Now, Harry. I would just like to start of by welcoming you to the Ministry and thank you for agreeing to meet with me and talk things over." said Fudge, eyeing the lady with the quill and parchment who began writing.

"I'm not here to talk things over." said Harry, sharply. The smile on Fudge's face faltered.

"The Minister of Magic would just like to talk things over, Mr. Potter." said Umbridge, her voice sickly sweet as it always was when she was angry.

"Shut up." gritted Harry, his eyes narrowing the moment she started talking.

"Now see here, Harry. That is the Senior Undersecretary to the Minister of Magic." said Percy, irate and his face flushed.

"You shut up too." snarled Harry, making Percy's eyes widen in shock.

"Harry..." said Dumbledore, warningly.

"Now, Harry. All we want to do is to smooth things over and right some wrongs that may have occurred in the past." said Fudge, trying to get things back on track.

"Alright." said Harry, playing along.

"Is it true that Lucius Malfoy, a convicted Death Eater was one of your main supporters for the last few years?" asked Harry, taking pleasure in seeing Fudge falter under his question.

"And is it also true, I told you about Voldemort returning just over a year ago?" said Harry, preparing to go on and list his grievances.

"I couldn't have just willingly accepted the tales of a fourteen year old now could I?" argued Fudge, his temper also getting the better of him.

"I also supported, Harry in this matter." said Dumbledore, interrupting the pair of them.

"Yes, Headmaster. but your ongoing support for Mr. Potter is undeniable." said Umbridge.

"Like your O.W.L results?" asked Harry, wanting to get this off his chest.

"Well, as a matter of fact. Yes, my pupils O.W.L results are the best in years." said Umbridge, ending in a high pitch laugh that only angered Harry.

"What about the N.E.? Are they as conclusive?" asked Harry.

"The... N.E.W.T year as a whole did not reflect as well as the O." stuttered Umbridge.

"Funny that, what about the O.... how did the Slytherin House do?" asked Harry, almost laughing at the faltering figure of Umbridge.

"The...the Slytherin House... also did not" mumbled Umbridge but Harry cut her off.

"The Slytherin House did rubbish, you know for a fact I held meetings where we discussed and actually practiced magic, instead of just reading books." spat Harry.

"Now see here, you can't possibly be claiming you were responsible for those test scores." argued Percy, his face red with anger.

"Of course not, everyone was responsible for their own grade. I just found a place to help teach certain students. Ask Umbridge if she did, or did not discover our group towards the end of the year." said Harry, looking at a now furious Umbridge.

"Dolores?" asked Fudge, turning around to see Umbridge shaking in anger.

"I found Potter and a bunch of his friends but it was never clear what they were actually doing there." she seethed.

"Now ask her if she forced me to write lines that used my own blood as ink, if she sent the Dementors to Little Whinging last year, if she threatened to use the Cruciatus Curse on me." shouted Harry, getting louder and louder with each word. Umbridge paled suddenly, and her eyes were full of fear and looking to the left of Harry. He looked to his left and saw Dumbledore, positively quivering in anger. His eyes normally a twinkling blue were cold and hard like ice.

"You used illegal punishment methods... on my students?" bellowed Dumbledore, the air crackling, Umbridge began cowering backwards against the wall.

"You sent Dememtors to suck the soul out of Harry, just so you could silence him? You threatened to use the Cruciatus Curse against him." said Dumbledore, in a tone that Harry had never heard before.

"Albus, before you ..." started Fudge, but he was silenced before he could get another word out.

"I'm going to call a press conference myself, in one hour. I will give my support to Harry. As I always will, and I will demand a vote of no-confidence, effective immediately. You know the sway I carry Cornelius, and your incompetence has gone to far. I expect Dolores to turn herself in to the proper authority before the day is out. I suggest you write a letter of resignation so you may still leave the Ministry with some dignity." said Dumbledore, coldly. He stood up and left the office, Harry stood up also. Shocked at Dumbledore's words, he begrudgingly respected and found himself in awe at the man.

"I'll say hello to your mother, shall I?" said Harry, smiling at the shocked and defeated look on Percy's face, Harry turned and left the office also. He found Dumbledore right outside, waiting for him.

"Thank you for the support, sir." said Harry, looking at Dumbledore.

"Your most welcome, Harry. I shall escort you back to Grimmauld Place, I doubt you want to attend the press conference?" said Dumbledore, his voice now even and calm.

"Not particularly... you can say I support you, if it helps." said Harry, it felt really awkward to say.

"Your support is all I need, Harry." said Dumbledore, taking another wrapper from his pocket, Harry touched it and soon found himself back at Grimmauld Place. His mood darkened as he realised where he was.

"Goodbye, Harry." said Dumbledore, who was gone before Harry could turn around.

(Scene Break)

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It was the next day, Harry had caught up on all his sleep but was still unrested. The nightmares had plagued him once again, he had woke up in a cold sweat more than once. His eyes had dark shadows underneath, he looked in the mirror as he analysed his appearance. He wasn't wearing his glasses so maybe that's why he looked exhausted, his hair was as usual all over the place. It seemed longer than he thought it might have been, rubbing his chin he could feel the stubble that was barely visible. He kind of like it, he looked at his body. Remus was right, he was on the thin side. Not as thin as he usually appeared to be, it looked like he was slightly taller too. Shaking his head, he closed his eyes and rubbed them.

His lesson with Bill had gone the same as before, blocking all of Bill's attempts of Legilimency. He had felt quite proud of himself until Bill had surprised him and attacked his mind. It was several seconds before he forced Bill out, which resulted in Bill holding his head for several minutes. From then, they had gone on to discuss more curses. One in particular stood out in his mind as he decided it was a very effective curse. Bill nicknamed it a Severing Ribbon though it's actual title was far to complicated to write out, let alone pronounce. The wand movements were simple, as was the incantation.

"Sevorio" mumbled Harry, imagining he was holding a wand. The wand movements were to simply point at the object, and depending on the power a dark pink ribbon would hurtle out of your wand and hit a target. It could be through tree trunks, or stone. Or be used to incapacitate an opponent, it could be fatal if it hit someones chest or head.

He had purposefully kept himself out of everyones way, and had been quite successful. He had no idea what was going on with the Ministry but if he was needed he was sure Remus would come and find him. He only came out of his room for food and to meet Bill, making his own meals much to Mrs. Weasley's displeasure. But he had evaded pretty much everyone, it was the late in the morning now. Everyone would have either gone to their jobs or come back upstairs, planning on when exactly he should go down he was interrupted from his thoughts when a knock came on the door.

"Come in, Remus." said Harry, loudly. The door opened and Remus poked his head around the corner.

"Just thought you should know, school letters came today." said Remus, throwing a letter over to Harry.

"Thanks, Remus. Come in if you want." said Harry, turning away from his desk.

"You still look like hell." said Remus, looking at Harry's dishevelled appearance.

"Well that's strange, because I feel like crap." replied Harry, half-joking.

"Fudge resigned, a vote is being called for as soon as all candidates put their names forward." said Remus, walking in to the room and leaning against the wall.

"Don't suppose you want to tell me what happened?" asked Remus.

"Dumbledore not said anything?" said Harry, twirling his wand in his fingers.

"Not much, said you did well." remarked Remus.

"I did what he asked me to do, what did the papers think of it?" asked Harry in a bored tone, casually throwing his wand up in the air and catching it again.

"What do you expect? Various plays on the words 'Potter' and 'Politics' come to mind. But again not much detail, a few slips about your grievances towards Umbridge came to light. Did she really threaten with the Cruciatus?" asked Remus, not knowing whether to believe everything that he had read. Harry just nodded in answer.

"Blimey, she was arrested. Caught trying to flee the country." said Remus, smiling as Harry did so as well.

"Good, bitch deserves it." said Harry, before he could stop himself.

"And I don't know what you said to Ron, Hermione and Ginny but they said they want to talk to you." informed Remus.

"Figures." muttered Harry.

"Harry, you know what your doing isn't healthy. Locking yourself up, irregular sleeping pattern, I don't know what your eating but Molly doesn't seem happy." said Remus, looking at the stack of books Harry had on the desk.

"She isn't happy because she isn't the one making me food." replied Harry, looking at Remus.

"I guess... we can go to an optometrist tomorrow. Get your eyes checked out, how are they?" asked Remus, deciding to switch topics.

"Things are still blurred, but only slightly. I can read, write, your Remus right?" teased Harry, rubbing his tired eyes.

"Right, but they're just blurred? Might be able to get them sorted out permanently, I know Bill is having words with the goblins to fast track your withdrawals." said Remus.

"He said yesterday, asked him to get me a big one. I want to get a few extra things, you know clothes and stuff." replied Harry, nonchalantly.

"Right, well I'll leave you to open your letter. By the way, you might want to try 'Sixth Year Spells' It's a basic breakdown of all spells in the core subjects, you know. Charms, Transfiguration and Defence Against The Dark Arts. Might give you a head start to next year. But by the looks of things, you might not need it." joked Remus, pointedly looking at the ones Harry had evidently already read.

"Bill has been teaching me more stuff than that lot, they are good though. My head hurts just thinking about them all though." replied Harry, looking up to see Remus smiling. He looked at his letter and heard the door close, he felt a spurt of energy as he felt relieved and excited to get out of Grimmauld Place again.

(End Of Chapter)

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Should Harry be able to take Potions? I want him to, and I have a good reason for him getting into the class 'Snape having to lower his 'O' standard to 'E' otherwise it would only be Hermione and Malfoy in the class.

There will be a bit more action coming up in the next few chapters, but I don't want to spoil anything.

And as always...

Read & Review! Read & Review! Read & Review! Read & Review!
Read & Review! Read & Review! Read & Review! Read & Review!
Read & Review! Read & Review! Read & Review!

It was the middle of the night, and again Harry was up reading by candlelight. His letter from his Head of House, Professor McGonagall had arrived earlier and it lay crumpled slightly amongst the many different parchments on his desk. Sidetracking himself from the book he was reading 'Sixth Year Spells' that Remus had suggested, Harry reached for the letter and read it for what must have been the seventh time.

Mr. Potter

Congratulations on your remarkable O.W.L scores, needless to say that I was personally quite proud of your scores. The classes you are eligible to take in the upcoming year are:

Care Of Magical Creatures

Charms

Defence Against The Dark Arts

Herbology

Potions

Transfiguration

You must select as least four and up to six subjects that you want to take for your upcoming N.E., here is a list of the books required for your sixth year and for the subjects you might want to take:

Care Of Magical Creatures

Belligerent Beasts and Chilling Creatures - Petr. Gassu

Charms

Quintessence: A Quest - Galatea. Sheaben

Defence Against The Dark Arts

Confrontational Curses And Counters - Qunitin. Trimble

Herbology

Magical Plants And Their Properties - Herbert. Virdit

Potions

Advanced Potion Making - Libatius. Borage

Transfiguration

Advanced Transfigurations And Transformations - Pacque.
Wolfenstein

A list of uniform requirements are also included.

Sincerely Professor Minerva McGonagall.

P.S Your Quidditch ban has been revoked, and I am instating you as Quidditch Captain. Congratulations, and I hope to see the cup in my office the same time next year Mr. Potter.

Harry smiled to himself, happy at the news of being able to play Quidditch again next year and the fact he was Quidditch Captain. He returned to the book Remus had suggested and wearily began reading again, his head ached slightly as he tried to concentrate on the words. The only reason he was reading so much was because he had nothing better to do, he had no idea how Hermione was able to read hours on end because his eyes and brain hurt after just a day of it all. Standing up, he walked over to his bathroom and splashed some water in his face in an effort to wake him up.

He walked back over to his desk and sat down, putting his head on the desk and on to the open pages of the book he was reading. He just wanted to rest his eyes for a minute or so, but was soon fast asleep.

(Scene Break)

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"Fuck! Son of a bitch!" hissed Harry, rubbing his neck as a harp pain went through it. No matter how much he had practiced Occlumency he still kept having the recurring nightmares, his mothers scream, Cedric's lifeless body, Sirius flaying backwards. He winced, shaking his head as he wrenched his thoughts to something else. He looked at the curtains, the orange glow that seeped through the curtains told him it was at least morning.

"Harry!" came the loud but muffled voice of Remus, knocking on the door hard.

"Come in, come in..." said Harry wearily, standing up. He had fallen asleep at his desk and was still in his clothes, he stretched and immediately regretted it as his back was stiff. The door opened and Remus walked in.

"I said we'd meet the Weasley's there, they left thirty minutes ago." said Remus, looking at his watch.

"Oh right, it's Diagon Alley today. I forgot." said Harry, wincing as Remus wrenched the curtains open. He hazily remembered his conversation with Remus yesterday.

"Did I wake you up? Your wearing clothes." remarked Remus, looking at Harry.

"Yes, I fell asleep on the desk." said Harry. Remus wanted to say something but didn't fancy a repeat of yesterdays rant.

"We can go another time..." offered Remus, observing Harry as he woke up.

"I'm fine... it just... give me twenty minutes and I'll be ready." grumbled Harry.

"Alright, I'll leave your Gringotts money on your bed. Your optometry appointment is first, we were supposed to go clothe shopping before but I guess we can do it after. Just have to make something up." yelled Remus, as Harry walked into the bathroom to shower.

"Tell them I overslept, I don't care." shouted Harry, the sound of running water started. Remus pulled out a bag from his robe, it was charmed to be internally expanded and featherlight by Bill and

Remus had no idea how much was in there. Placing it on the bed though he heard coins rattle around loudly.

Harry walked down just under twenty minutes later, his hair still wet and a sudden eagerness to leave as soon as he could, a quick portkey later and he found himself in an unfamiliar looking, dust, near abandoned tavern. A portly man stood behind the bar, wiping a glass. He looked up and gave them a stiff nod. Harry eyed a lime green looking beverage that appeared to be smouldering slightly, his grimace was caught by the drinker who sneered at Harry in return.

"Uh... Remus, where are we exactly?" muttered Harry, looking at the other patrons.

"It's called The Hole, used to come here a lot when I was younger. And we might not exactly be in Diagon Alley." replied Remus, his voice equally low.

"Knockturn?" queried Harry, looking at Remus who just nodded in reply.

"Ah, explains it." muttered Harry, watching an hunched over figure approach the bar.

"Come on, the optician's place isn't to far. Then we can go, don't tell anyone I brought you here. They don't exactly approve, especially now with...him back." said Remus, in a low voice. They walked out of the bar and took a left, Harry kind of recognised this place. He got lost here in the summer after his third year.

"Harry!" hissed Remus, Harry snapped out of his thoughts, realising he had stopped still.

"Calm down, Remus. Not like anythings going to happen." replied Harry, cockily. He caught up to Remus and walked along side him, after a few minutes walking they stopped in of a shop.

"Looks like it's closed." joked Harry, the window was covered by some curtains and the door looked like it would fall off if they even knocked.

"Iverson's always looks like this." said Remus, slowly opening the door. Harry rolled his eyes and followed in behind him.

"I've?" said Remus, the inside was empty. A mirror on one wall, a potted plant on the other and a counter. That was about it.

"I've? You know this guy?" asked Harry.

"Was a few years below me at Hogwarts, Ravenclaw. Smart as hell." replied Harry. They heard footsteps and turned to see a small, thin man come out of a doorway.

"Remus, how are you doing? Who've you brought with you?" asked the man, his voice was lower than what Harry expected.

"I've, this is Harry. Harry, this is I've." said Remus, they shook hands and Iverson laughed nervously.

"Harry Potter huh? Suppose you hear this all the time but you've got your mothers eyes." said the man, looking at Harry.

"They do." replied Harry, shortly.

"I've, Harry here needs his eyes looking at. You got my owl?" asked Remus.

"Of course, let me just have a look. Have you brought your glasses with you?" asked Iverson, walking up to Harry.

"Yes, but they don't exactly work now. I've had them for a few years." said Harry, handing the man his glasses from his pocket.

"When was the last time you had a check up?" asked Iverson, taking the glasses and inspecting them.

"A few years, at least." muttered Harry, not wanting to tell this relative stranger as much as he had to.

"Crickey, no wonder they aren't working. Come on in the back, I'll find something." said Iverson, walking off in to the back. Harry and Remus followed.

"Alastor is still using that...thing you made him." remarked Remus, walking behind Harry.

"That thing, took a month of work." said Iverson, his head buried in a cabinet.

"Whatever, did you have to make it so...creepy?" replied Remus.

"I charmed it the way Alastor wanted me to, he's had no complaints. Has he?" stated Iverson, withdrawing himself. He now held several various sized bottles and a stack of glasses cases.

"First thing I want to do, is examine your eyes. Check the sensitivity to light..." murmured Iverson, withdrawing his wand.

"Alright." said Harry, wearily. Not liking the face the tip of a wand would be so close to his eyes. After just a few minutes or so, Harry was blinking rapidly and seeing spots from the amount of 'Lumos' spells that had been cast near his eyes.

"Everything seems fine, I think what would be best, in these times at least would be to eliminate the need for glasses completely. A few drops of Focus Faucet, some eyedrops to take with you and your eyesight should be fine by this time next week. That is, if you want?" asked Iverson, putting some of the bottles he had away. Harry glanced at Remus and then back at Iverson.

"How much will it cost?" asked Harry.

"Well... with the old friend discount. Call it seventy galleons." said Iverson. Harry nodded, and after being sat down in a chair held his head back and waited for the drops.

"Now, this may sting a pinch. One in each eye, then some Clearing Solution. Ready?" Harry didn't have a time to respond as the first drop hit his left eye. It did sting, it stung like hell. Like lemon juice. Biting back an insult he waited for the other, his left eye still burning slightly when the drop hit his right eye.

"Alright, that's the unpleasantness out of the way. Now, for the Clearing Solution. This is much soother." said Iverson, waiting for Harry to adjust himself. After the Clearing Solution hit, his eyes still burned slightly. And everything was blurry, really blurry.

"You'll have to wear these, to protect your eyes from light sensitivity for the next few hours. And here are some Dilution Drops, you will

need to use those, one drop, four times a day with roughly three hours in-between." said Iverson, handing them to Harry who promptly dropped them.

"Maybe, Remus should hold on to these." muttered Iverson, picking them up and passing them to Remus.

"Remus, can you count out the money please." said Harry, retrieving his money pouch and handing it out in to thin air.

"I can, maybe we should just get your books today. No point in buying clothes if you can't see what your getting." said Remus, taking the pouch.

"Maybe, but can we at least stay in Diagon Alley, or Knockturn Alley. Just for a while?" asked Harry.

"I guess so. Here, I'll put these glasses on you. It's bright out so you'll need them." said Remus, placing the glasses on Harry's head who promptly flushed from embarrassment at being treated like a child.

Remus counted out the money, Harry thanked the man and followed Remus. He could just about see where he was going, but everything was really blurry.

"Crap, I said we'd meet Molly ten minutes ago." said Remus, walking quickly.

"Where are we meeting them?" asked Harry, barely able to keep up.

"Flourish And Blotts, sorry I'm walking so fast. We're not far away." said Remus.

Even Harry's blurred vision for didn't stop the fact from him noticing that things were different in Diagon Alley, it was quiet than he'd ever seen it. The whole place was quieter and seemed to be less colourful, the atmosphere was eerie as though everyone was on alert and being cautious. He saw the blurred outlines of three redheaded people a few dozen yards in front of him.

"Where have you been Remus?" scolded Mrs. Weasley.

"Why are you wearing sunglasses Harry? It's not even that sunny." said Hermione, quietly.

"He's just had a opticians appointment." said Remus, having the decency to look embarrassed at being told off from Molly.

"An optishi-what?" said Ron, confused.

"An optician, Ron. Eye healers." said Mrs. Weasley, they all turned to go inside Flourish And Blotts.

"Oh right, what happened?" asked Ron.

"I just got some eye drops, have to wear these glasses and take some more drops at home. Then hopefully I won't have to wear glasses again." said Harry cheerfully.

"What did they do, Harry? Did they use spells?" asked Hermione, eager learn about the wizarding side of healing eyes.

"They just used drops." replied Harry, slightly miffed at the questions.

"Did it hurt?" asked Ginny.

"A bit, now come on. Lets just get our books." said Harry. He walked slowly, trying to avoid bumping in to anyone, or a bookcase.

"Here, I'll get your books. What do you want?" asked Remus.

"Just get me all of them." said Harry.

"Alright, just stay here and try not to knock anything over" joked Remus, guiding Harry to an empty isle.

"Funny." replied Harry, his tone full of sarcasm. He was alone for half a minute before someone came and talked to him.

"Harry, can you help. I don't know what subjects to take." said the voice of Ron.

"What did you pass for?" sighed Harry.

"Care Of Magical Creatures, Defence Against The Dark Arts, Herbology, Potions and Transfiguration." listed Ron.

"Just take those five." replied Harry.

"You nuts? We only have to take four." whispered Ron, looking around in case Hermione heard him.

"Well, you hate Potions so just drop that." said Harry, as though it were obvious.

"I want to be an auror though, your taking it aren't you?" asked Ron, quickly.

"Maybe, I don't know yet. Remus is just getting me the books for everything and I'll decide later." said Harry.

"What? I thought you wanted to be an auror?" said Ron, frantically.

"I don't know, look just do all five. If you don't like one you can drop it like Hermione did Divination." said Harry trying to change the topic of conversation.

"Sounds like a good idea..." mumbled Ron and Harry saw the Ron's blurry image walk off. He sighed to himself, cursing the current state of his eyesight. He would have like to look around for some extra books.

"Harry, what are you doing the the Ancient Runes section?" asked Hermione as she walked in to the aisle.

"I can barely see Hermione, I have no idea where I am." replied Harry.

"Oh right, how are your eyes? Do they hurt?" asked Hermione, tentatively.

"A bit... Hermione what exactly is Ancient Runes?" asked Harry, feeling a bit stupid as he asked it.

"It's the study of runic scriptures and translating them, it's mostly theoretical. It's fun." said Hermione brightly, as she picked up a book and read the back of it.

Harry was fortunate that his glasses were so dark as he rolled his eyes, it sounded quite boring to him.

"Here, I've got your books." said Remus, Harry turned to look at the blurred outline of Remus.

"Cheers, Remus.... Um could you..." said Harry, drifting off mid-sentence.

"Pay for them? Here, give me your money bag again. Stay here, I'll be back in a second and then we can go get a drink or something." said Remus, taking the money bag in Harry's out reached hand.

"Your leaving, Harry? But you've only just got here?" said Hermione.

"I can't see Hermione, can't exactly get my robes and everything can I?" said Harry, exasperated.

"Fine." replied Hermione, hotly. He heard her stomp off. It was quiet for a few seconds before he heard someone walk into the aisle.

"Nice sunglasses, Potter." drawled the familiar face of Draco Malfoy.

"Nice hair." retorted Harry, he slowly put his hand behind him and ran it down his back until it reached his wand.

"Whatever, looks like you've been busy lately. With the Ministry and everything, must be fun toppling a government with a letter." growled Malfoy, Harry's grip on his wand tightened.

"Not as fun as it was beating your dad in a duel" snarled Harry. Unable to see the look of surprise on Malfoy's face.

"You have no idea, Potter. He'll kill you and all your blood traitor fiends." spat Malfoy.

"We'll see, Malfoy." replied Harry, his tone even.

"Oi! What are you doing here ferret!" shouted the voice of Ron Weasley.

"So much for intellectual verbal jousting." muttered Malfoy, Harry actually had to suppress a snort of laughter.

"Shut up Weasel, my and Potty were just talking." sneered Malfoy.

"Ron, just leave it. Malfoy was just leaving." said Harry, suggestively.

"Fine, beginning to stink around here anyway." remarked Malfoy, his tone sharp.

"What a prat!" whispered Ron, getting embarrassed at everybody looking at him.

"I was handling it." said Harry in a low tone. Wishing he had his sight so he could have walked off without barging in to anything.

"No matter mate, Malfoy is an idiot picking on you because you've just got your eyes fixed... I think Remus has got your books." said Ron, Harry carefully turned around.

"Alright, Harry. Saw you had a bit of bother with that Malfoy kid. Didn't say anything to you did he?" asked Remus, carefully passing Harry his moneybag back to him.

"No, everything was fine Remus. Can we go?" asked Harry, slightly impatient.

"Go? Go where? You've only just got here, we've got to go to Fred and George's shop yet." said Ron.

"There isn't much point of me going, they'll probably prank me." replied Harry.

"Oh... alright." muttered Ron.

"Come on, Molly we're leaving." said Remus to Molly, trying to get out before Molly argued with him.

"Wait a minute Remus, you've only just been here for a few minutes. Have you got your books, Harry?" asked Mrs Weasley.

"Yes, Mrs Weasley." replied Harry, quid agitated at the repeated delays.

"You haven't even got your robes, or school supplies. Actually, we need to get parchment, ink and quills." said Mrs. Weasley, more to herself than anyone else. She looked around to see where everyone was.

"That's fine Mrs. Weasley really. We'll get it ourselves." said Harry, having enough and turning to walk out, his shoulder hitting the doorway as he walked out.

"Bastard!" hissed Harry to himself, making Remus grin.

"I'll stay with Harry, Molly. You and everyone else just keep shopping and we'll meet you back at... well you know. We'll meet you." said Remus, picking his words carefully he turned and walked after Harry before anybody could argue with him.

Harry noticed that they were walking back in the general direction of Knockturn Alley, where they would eventually spend the next several hours drinking butterbeer at a much more pleasant bar than the one they had arrived in. This one at least looked clean, and they were the only ones in.

(Scene Break)

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"So you just spent the day drinking butterbeer?" asked Bill, as he dropped his bag and sat down. They had brought up chairs this time, the comfortable ones to. It had almost turned into a kind of hideout for them.

"Yes, that stuff gets sickly after the seventh bottle." grimaced Harry, he could still taste it at the back of his throat.

"So, you wouldn't want a bottle?" said Bill, smiling as he pulled out a bottle from his bag.

"Urgh, no..." said Harry. His sunglasses were now off as the faint light and the half drawn curtains were easy on his eyes which were still quite blurred.

"Gutted, Only other thing I've got is a half bottle of mead I got for christmas last year." said Bill.

"I'd have anything over Butterbeer." moaned Harry.

"Such a baby..." laughed Bill.

"Urgh, shut up. Let's do this" said Harry, getting to his feet.

"Harry, I think we'll have to give Occlumency a miss for the next couple of nights. You won't even be able to look into my eyes." replied Bill, who had stayed sat down.

"Fine, I'll just do the exercises more often." grumbled Harry, carefully sitting back down.

"How many times are you doing them now?" asked Bill, Harry was quiet for a second as he mentally counted how many times actually was doing them.

"I don't know, about six or seven. I do it when I'm on a break from reading or I feel a headache coming on. Which is normally from all the reading." said Harry.

"Blimey, no wonder your so good at it so quickly. I only did it twice a day, you've really come up fast." commented Bill, as he poured the drinks.

"I guess... Bill did you do Ancient Runes at Hogwarts?" asked Harry, as he took the blurred outline of a cup.

"I did, why?" asked Bill, holding on to the drink he passed Harry until he had a proper grasp.

"Hermione told me a bit about it today and it seemed boring. I thought it was about wards and everything." said Harry, as he took a sip of his drink. Smiling as the taste of butterbeer was replaced with a tangent almost smoky taste. He looked at the amber liquid in his glass.

"Like it?" asked Bill.

"Better than butterbeer" quipped Harry.

"Well, Runes is a part of wards. What did you do again?" asked Bill, taking a sip of his drink.

"Care Of Magical Creatures and Divination." replied Harry.

"Divination?" laughed Bill, it took him a few seconds to stop laughing.

"Oh man, Divination. Serves you right for trying to wing it." joked Bill.

"I know, hated that class." said Harry, darkly. Memories about all the predictions of his death oddly seemed quite plausible to him now.

"You should have taken Arithmancy, I did that and Ancient Runes. You should have done Muggle Studies. At least you would have got a guaranteed 'O'" said Bill, taking another drink.

"Maybe... what was your Sixth Year like. What's different?" asked Harry, taking a sip of his Mead.

"Well... the biggest difference I guess is the demand it takes on you. You have free periods but trust me, you'll want to do your homework in them so you get free time at night. Classes get harder, the spells get more complicated. You'll have to do spells non-verbally, that's frustrating for the first couple of weeks, and the teachers get a bit stricter because they'll want you to stay on top of all your work. Otherwise it's easy to fall behind." said Bill, thinking back to his Hogwarts years.

"I read about non-verbal spells, they seem pretty much straight forward. It's how I memorise all the spells you've told me and what I'm reading about. I pretend I'm holding a wand and think about the spell." said Harry, stretching his right hand and clenching it in a fist.

"You might want to be careful, sometimes you can still cast magic without a wand. Not accidental, it's called wandless magic. A few people can do it but it takes a bit of power, obviously you can't do anything extreme but some people can summon and banish things, use the 'Lumos' spell. It's handy stuff." replied Bill, finishing his drink.

"I did the Lumos spell last year..." said Harry, the memory of that night coming back to him.

"You did? When?" asked Bill, he was astonished that Harry would have been able to do it now, never mind a year ago.

"When I was being chased by Dementors last year, I fell over and dropped my wand. I couldn't find it so I just said 'Lumos' and my wand lit up a few feet away from me." said Harry, remembering it well.

"Wow, well Wandless Magic can't be detected because your not using a wand so it can't register. Tell you what..." said Bill, suddenly having an idea. He pulled out his wand and slid it across the floor.

"Try and summon my wand." said Bill, looking at Harry intently.

"Alright...: said Harry. Playing along.

"Accio Wand!" shouted Harry. The wand merely rolled over.

"It rolled towards you slightly. Don't worry, I wasn't exactly expecting you to get it right first it again." urged Bill. And so Harry did, repeating the spell over and over again with similar results. Bill had to slide it back across the room twice.

"Great, so if I lose my wand in a duel all I have to do is hope my opponent will let me wandlessly summon my wand twenty times." said Harry sarcastically as the spell failed to work again.

"Just really try to focus, why did your wand light up first time that night?" asked Bill.

"Because I needed it to." replied Harry, hotly.

"Well pretend you 'need' to get this wand. Pretend it's your wand, your going to be cursed any second. Go!" said Bill, attempting to psyche Harry up.

"Accio Wand!" said Harry, loudly. The wand soared towards him, Bill was speechless and Harry, having no idea it had worked was caught by surprise when a blurry thin object hit him in the nose. The

surprise and force caught him unaware and he tumbled backward into his chair which promptly broke. Bill nearly fell over laughing, wishing he had a camera. He walked over to him and helped up a hugely embarrassed and angry Harry.

"Could have told me it had worked." muttered Harry, sending Bill in to another fit of laughter.

If the last couple of days had been boring, the next few were frustratingly so. His blurred vision did give him an excuse to stay up in his room all the time, but unable to read anything meant he had nothing to do. It was four days when he was barely able to read again, at this stage though his eyes were like they had been before going to Iverson. The drops felt really cold and soothing so he had no problem doing so. Bill had kept quiet about the whole 'wandless summoning fiasco' as he liked to put it, and as Remus was bringing him his meals it meant nobody would see the slight bruise on the centre of his nose until it was fully gone. Remus had questioned it but Harry had passed it off as walking into his bathroom door.

He had pretty much spent the entire time trying all manner of wandless spells, trying to recall everything from his first year. He had made little success with them, the key ones he was able to do was the 'Lumos' spell and the Summoning and Banishing Spell. Though he still had near misses where the summoned wand would nearly hit him, he had taken to holding a pillow over his head whenever he attempted it so it would cause no more facial damage.

"You know, Ron, Hermione and Ginny keep asking about you. Want to know if your alright." said Remus, it was the fifth day. Harry could see a better than he ever could but was still milking his alone time for as long as he could.

"I'll go talk to them later today." sighed Harry, rubbing his eyes gently.

"We can go to Diagon Alley in two days if you want." said Remus, carefully handing him a tray that had hot soup on it. Mrs. Weasley had seemed to confuse his eyes with a poor throat and kept on making him food that you didn't have to chew on.

"Sounds good." replied Harry, who began eating. He looked up at Remus who was looking at him slightly incredulously.

"What?" asked Harry.

"It's your birthday in two days." said Remus, frowning at Harry.

"Well I didn't know, don't exactly keep track of the dates in this place do I?" replied Harry, having never really celebrated his birthday he didn't really see it as a big deal.

"Right, well just to let you know that you will be expected to attend and you know see people." said Remus.

"Great..." muttered Harry, Remus closed the door as he left. He didn't even know it was his birthday, and he didn't seem to excited.

"Bloody Muggles..." said Remus under his breath.

(End Of Chapter)

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Hope you all enjoyed this, don't worry it isn't going to be a Harry/Bill Story,

No Slash

NPP

What did you think of the Harry and Draco scene?

I've got the next few chapters all planned out, I could either write them as two long chapters or four short ones. Either way, hopefully they will all be up this week.

As always, a review would be fantastic :)

Abolished Penguin Writer

"Madam Bones, if elected. What will be your main priority?" asked the bespectacled reporter.

"I think the main priority is an obvious one, to battle You-Know-Who." replied Madam Bones shortly.

"And how do you plan to do that?" asked the same reporter.

"First of all I think we should concentrate on reducing You-Know-Who's followers, primarily the Death Eaters. It isn't exactly a secret that Azkaban has been overpowered and is now what some might phrase as a 'hideout' for Death Eaters and such. I wouldn't call it a hideout at all, it is a base, you could almost call it headquarters. This is where they co-ordinate and plan attacks, where a contingent of Death Eaters will be using as their homes now that they are known to the wizarding public, maybe even where He-Who-Must-Not-Be-named is staying. Along with the Dementors, the number one priority for me and for any candidate should be fighting to eradicate the support he has and track Death Eaters and capture them." said Madam Bones, her voice filled with confidence. Cheers came from those that had come to watch the press conference.

"Rufus, what is your take on what Madam Bones statement?" asked one journalist.

"I think Madam Bones makes some very valid points, and as Head of the Magical Law Enforcement we have worked closely together. However, as Amelia already has a seat on the Wizengamot and I feel that this is not the time to sit around and discuss what to do whilst our enemies are attacking. This is a time to act, and to fight. I have been an Auror for over twenty years, I fought in the First War, I know what it is like and what is coming. I feel my personal experiences while greatly help us as he battle the inevitable war that will rise against us." said Scrimgeour, by the end he was shouting. Those watching the conference shouted in agreement as they had done with Madam Bones.

"Rufus, I think you are forgetting that I to, fought in the First War and that I to know what it is like. I've been in the Ministry of Magic for over twenty-five years, working in the Magical Law Enforcement Office and I have also fought on the front lines, and I believe I too have a good understanding on how to work with both the MLE and Auror Departments whereas you Rufus, have a history of ignoring

the MLE completely and solely using the Auror Office." retorted Madam Bones.

"Who do you think is going to win?" muttered Tonks, she had just finished her shift and walked in to the Atrium where the conference was being held when all of this had started. Standing next to her was Kingsley Shacklebolt on one side and Mad-Eye Moody on the other.

"It doesn't make a difference, they'll be dead by next year anyway." said Mad-Eye roughly, glaring at a man who turned to shush him.

"Well that's a positive outlook, Mad-Eye." replied Tonks.

"Why didn't Diggory run?" said Kingsley out of the corner of his mouth.

"He knew he didn't have a chance of winning, he will end up supporting whoever comes out as the favourite and kiss up to them so they can get a promotion." remarked Mad-Eye.

"Off this basis, it could be either one of them." said Kingsley as another cheer went up for something Scrimgeour had said.

"Scrimgeour is a fool, like Amelia said. He'll try to win this war single-handedly and when it doesn't go his way. He'll be begging for support." said Mad-Eye in a low tone.

"Why don't you like Scrimgeour, Mad-Eye." asked Tonks, watching the proceedings carefully.

"He beat him in a practice duel once." said Kingsley, before Mad-Eye could answer. Earning him an angry stare from the old Auror.

"Once, and he cheated. Casting a Slipping Hex on the floor...prat" growled Mad-Eye. Making Tonks and Kingsley laugh.

"Who do you want to win, Tonks?" asked Mad-Eye, his eye whizzing round for and abnormal activity.

"I don't know, probably Madam Bones but if Scrimgeour won it would get him out of the office. You'd be a good candidate to

become Head of the Department, Kingsley." said Tonks, looking at Kingsley.

"Not yet, I've not got enough experience. In a few year, perhaps." mused Kingsley.

"It's not the time to argue about experience Kingsley, if you're the best man for the job then you go for it. Better you than some idiot...like Proudfoot." said Mad-Eye.

"Mad-Eye, check out the hooded figure, just come through the Muggle entrance." muttered Kingsley, eyeing the man himself. Both of Moody's eyes whizzed on the man.

"He's clean, think it might be Dawlish. He's on night shift tonight, right?" asked Mad-Eye, keeping his eye on the man.

"You sure he's clean Mad-Eye, looks suspicious enough." said Kingsley, looking at the man, wearily.

"This eye sees through all enchantments, Charms, Transfiguration spells.... see it is Dawlish." snapped Mad-Eye.

"He's on night shift, fell right down the pecking order since he being fired as Fudge's bodyguard." said Tonks. They kept on watching and listening for the next few minutes.

"Kingsley, isn't Floo Two broken?" asked Tonks, noticing that the fire had just lit.

"It is, why?" said Kingsley, not taking his eyes of the podium.

"Well it's just been lit." said Tonks, the three of them span around as the fire turned green. Tonks and Kingsley had their hands on their wands but Mad-Eyes was already out. A small blue firework came out of the, instantly it lit and exploded loudly, it multiplied in number as it flashed, sparks flying high. Everybody turned around, a few dozen screaming at the loud noise or in panic. Aurors came from nowhere as they ran over and tried to stop the firework.

"Isn't that a Weasley product?" muttered Tonks.

"I don't like this, come on. Circle around to the back of the podium, Mad-Eye can you go to the Order?" asked Kingsley.

"That's why you'd make a great Head of Department, Kingsley." smiled Mad-Eye, apparating away. He saw Madam Bones being escorted to safety and Scrimgeour arguing being escorted to safety. There was bright flash and then a huge explosion, instinctively diving to the side. He turned, the dozen or so aurors at the scene were all either covering their eyes or ears. Picking himself up, he knew something was wrong.

"Aurors and MLE to the back of the podium! Everyone else, get out now!" shouted Kingsley, hearing Tonks give the same order. People started to scream as a few apparated away. He saw Scrimgeour now not putting up a fight and walking with two aurors either side. Running round to the back of the podium, Tonks was there as was a few MLE Officers and Aurors already.

"What happened?" asked one panicked MLE Officer.

"Floo Two was lit, something came through. It doesn't matter, we've got a dozen aurors down, let's go get them and meet back here. Go!" said Kingsley, running back out from the cover of the podium. The place was quite bare now and the aurors were recovering.

"Maybe it was just a hoax." shouted one Auror, as they reached an Auror. Hearing multiple cracks of apparition, over twenty Death Eaters apparated in to the foyer.

"Don't think it was!" yelled Tonks, running for cover.

"Crucio!" shouted one Death Eater at an Auror on the floor, it hit them and they screamed in agony. The other Death Eaters caught up and send curses or Unforgivables at the now exposed Aurors and MLE Officers. Howls of pain echoed around the foyer, with some being hit and just slumping over unconscious or worse.

A flurry of spells were sent back to the Death Eaters with around five of them dropping.

"Again!" shouted Kingsley, sending a Blasting Hex and seeing it connect to a downed Death Eater who was sent flying through the air. Three more Death Eaters dropped, but they returned fire and

dropped another six aurors. More pops of apparition sounded as Moody, Dumbledore, Lupin, McGonagall and Arthur Weasley came in to the battle. Within seconds the Death Eaters still stood up had been caught as Dumbledore fired a thick rope that circled and bundled them all together tightly so they couldn't move their arms. They had been disarmed and the ones on the floor were to.

"That was too easy." said Moody, looking around for anymore activity. Kingsley walked up to the Death Eaters that had been restrained by the ropes and unmasked them one by one.

"They're Imperiused." said Kingsley, noting the blank expressions, lack of eye focus and pale expressions.

"All of them?" asked Moody, kicking a person on the ground over and removing their mask, he saw that they showed the same symptoms.

(Scene Break)

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"Why?" that was all Tonks could think to say. It was a few hours later, and the Order were meeting to discuss the attack, if it could be even be called an attack, that had happened earlier.

"To show that they could?" offered Lupin.

"If they wanted to show they could attack, why not do it themselves? Why go through the trouble of Imperiusing people to attack for them?" asked Fred Weasley.

"Was there any reports of attacks, anywhere else throughout the country?" asked Dumbledore rubbing his head. Everyone stayed quiet, they at least had heard nothing.

"Maybe it was to just disrupt the press conference." said McGonagall, crossing her arms.

"Maybe they aren't as strong as people think so they get someone else to do it for them." said George Weasley, the two ideas made sense.

"It was neither." said Snape, he looked tired and worn out.

"Severus?" said Dumbledore, he had trouble thinking of a plausible reason for the attack.

"The Death Eaters are not weak, Weasley. It was to show that things are going to go back to how they were. The Imperius Curse was heavily used in the First War, so much that it was difficult to accuse anyone of being a Death Eater because the Imperius Curse leaves the person with no recollection so it was difficult to tell who was lying and who was telling the truth." said Snape, collapsing on a chair.

"So, they did that to show that things are going back to how they were?" asked Kingsley. Snape only nodded in response.

"Back to the old ways, huh? Can expect a call up of old Aurors pretty soon then." grinned Mad-Eye.

"What can we expect then, Snape?" asked Tonks, she had heard about 'the old days' and they sounded horrible.

"The Dark Lord is never to open about his plans, he isn't a predictable moronic Ministry employee" sneered Snape, angering those who worked for the Ministry at the insult.

"Severus." warned Dumbledore.

"Fine, some followers say that he is obsessed with Potter. He's regained some of his strength but is not strong enough to orchestrate any attack." said Snape.

"Why is he so obsessed with, Harry?" asked George, unable to comprehend what Harry had ever done.

"He's a mark of Voldemort's failure." replied Dumbledore.

"What do you mean?" asked Fred, puzzled at what the old Headmaster had said.

"Everyone who ever faced Voldemort, everyone who fought him...died. Harry is a symbol of Voldemort's failure, a symbol that he is not infallible." said Dumbledore, softly. It was almost eerie as he talked.

"And the Dark Lord wants to eradicate that by killing him, to show he is infallible." remarked Snape.

"Then protecting Potter, is our number one priority." stated Mad-Eye. Snape rolled his eyes at this, but it went unnoticed.

"Harry is soon going to be a sixteen year old boy, we can't just lock him away and hope Voldemort will go away." argued Remus.

"But we can't leave him unprotected either." retorted Mad-Eye.

"You underestimate him Mad-Eye!" bellowed Remus.

"And you overestimate him, Remus." roared back Mad-Eye.

"Enough!" said Dumbledore, his voice barely raised.

"Your both right, Harry does need protecting, but he is still a teenager." he added.

"He doesn't like it here, he hates it. Just like Sirius." muttered Remus.

"No wonder, he locks himself up in his room. Only you can go talk to him. Can't you at least tell the children, Remus?" urged Mrs. Weasley.

"I can't tell anyone where his room is unless he wants them to know anyway." replied Remus.

"It's not healthy, being on his own all the time." sighed Mrs. Weasley.

"Bill sees him every night , but apart from that nothing." said Fred Weasley.

"How is Mr. Potter doing, Bill?" asked Dumbledore, looking over to Bill.

"He's doing alright, we haven't really done Occlumency this week because of his eyes." replied Bill.

"His eyes? What about his eyes?" queried Dumbledore. Everyone was either silent because they did not know or looked to Remus.

"I took him to get his eyes healed, permanently. They were bothering him because his glasses weren't working properly. Not unusual seeing he hadn't had his eyes tested in so long." seethed Remus.

"And where did you take him?" pressed Dumbledore.

"An old school friend runs a Wizarding Optometrist, I took Harry before we went to get his books." answered Remus. It seemed to satisfy Dumbledore, who turned back to Bill.

"So...if you and Harry aren't studying Occlumency. What are you doing?" asked Dumbledore. Bill shifted in his seat, he didn't really know how to answer that.

"We just sit and...talk." replied Bill, after an uncomfortable silence.

"You sit and talk... About what?" questioned Dumbledore.

"I don't know, anything. We talk about what's going on in the news, or the upcoming school year. Career choices, anything really. Why?" asked Bill, wondering if and why it might be a problem.

"Well, it's just if he was going to talk to anyone. Shouldn't he be talking to Ron, Hermione or Ginny." said Fred.

"It's not my fault he doesn't talk to them, at least he's talking to someone." argued Bill.

"What does he tell you?" asked Dumbledore, quickly.

"I'm not going to tell you the private conversations of myself and Harry. Because with all due respect, Albus. It isn't any of your business." replied Bill, angrily.

"Bill! Don't speak to the Headmaster that way, this is important. You should tell Albus everything he needs to know." burst Mrs. Weasley.

"It's fine, Molly. Is that all your going to tell us Bill?" asked Dumbledore.

"Yes." gritted Bill.

"Fine, tell Mr. Potter tonight that I'd like to speak with him. Tomorrow morning if that's alright with him." said Dumbledore.

(Scene Break)

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It was a few hours later and Bill was sitting with Harry upstairs, getting a demonstration of his wand being slung around the room by Harry.

"Nice!" said Bill, as Harry caught the wand as it span around from the constant Banishing and Summoning Charms."

"Thanks." gasped Harry, breathing deeply. The constant use was quite tiring.

"Can you do anything else?" asked Bill.

"Just the 'Lumos' spell, I've tried others but those three are the ones I can do like all the time." replied Harry, sitting down and ruffling his hair.

"Alright, you feel up to trying Occlumency again?" asked Bill.

"If you feel like getting a headache again." replied Harry, looking at Bill.

"Legilimens!" shouted Bill, slightly unprepared Harry threw his shields up and cleared his mind.

"Whoa, quick reflexes. Come on...again." said Bill. They practiced for half an hour, but Harry's shields stood strong.

"You've got a decent shield now Harry, just how good it is I don't know how good it is" said Bill, rubbing a Butterbeer which had a cooling charm in place on it, against his head.

"So, up to the point of the Death Eaters, who would you say was winning the debate?" asked Harry, taking a drink from Bill.

"I only heard it on the Wizarding Wireless Network, but from what I heard it was pretty even." said Bill, taking a sip from his bottle.

"Why did he do it though? People are already scared." stated Harry.

"I don't know, to show them that they're back. Snape says its to show people that it's going to become like it used to be. You know when the First War was going, the attacks, the Imperius Curse. It's like a warning, I guess." Bill shivered at the thought of life turning into how people had described how it was like back then. Before Voldemort was defeated by the young man sat beside him.

"No, he doesn't warn people... It's a fear tactic, to get people hysterical and scared." said Harry, thoughtfully.

"How do you face him, Harry? I mean, weren't you scared when you faced him at the Ministry, and at the graveyard?" asked Bill, almost in awe as he thought about it.

"You are forgetting first year and second year." replied Harry, dryly. Taking a sip of his drink, Bill laughed at how normal Harry made it sound.

"You see, how can you do that?" asked Bill, genuinely inquisitive about the whole thing. It was quiet for a few seconds before, Harry answered.

"I guess I don't really think about it. I just do what I have to do, nothing really more to it than that." said Harry, almost laughing at himself as he said so.

"Does it not scare you though? I mean if it was me I'd be shitting my pants." laughed Bill, but his voice had an edge of seriousness to it.

"He doesn't scare me now, he used to. But when I think about it, he's just angry at me. Like what you told me about the Order meeting, I'm a mark of his failure. It's a mark on his record that he can be beaten." said Harry, taking a drink of his Butterbeer. Bill had to stop himself from looking gobsmacked, You-Know-Who didn't scare him? The idea of him being angry at Bill made him want to wet himself and leave the country. And he didn't know which would happen first.

"By the way, Dumbledore wants to talk to you tomorrow morning." said Bill, he hadn't mentioned to Harry about the argument towards the end or what it was about.

"I thought he would, it's been a while since we talked. Almost a week." replied Harry, sarcastically.

(Scene Break)

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It was the next day and Harry dragged himself down to talk to Dumbledore, he had no idea what it was about. The best guess that he could come up with was that Dumbledore wanted to tell him something else that he had kept from him. He really hoped that wasn't the case as he was hardly on the best terms with him at the moment. It was still quite early so he wasn't surprised when he walked in to the kitchen, that it was empty. He walked over to the counter and started making himself some pancakes, he was chopping some bananas when he heard somebody walk through the door. He turned around and saw the familiar, bearded face of Dumbledore.

"Good morning, Harry. You're up early." said Dumbledore, sitting down.

"I'm always up early, Professor." replied Harry, stiffly. As he returned to cutting bananas.

"Trouble sleeping?" pressed Dumbledore.

"Not really, I just don't sleep much." said Harry, nonchalantly.

"How is your Occlumency going?" asked Dumbledore.

"Better than, Snape." said Harry, rushing over to a burning pancake.

"Can you expand on that?" asked Dumbledore, observing Harry.

"I can block him, I could first try. It's getting easier the more I practice." replied Harry, adding the pancake to the pile he had. Retrieving to plates, he put one in front of Dumbledore and one in front of himself. Handing his Headmaster a small bowl of chopped bananas, syrup and sugar.

"Where did you learn to cook like this, Harry?" asked Dumbledore, slightly surprised at Harry's cooking skills.

"At the Dursley's, I had to make them meals regularly." replied Harry, monotonously. Taking a mouthful of pancake, he didn't see the sad expression on the face of the Supreme Mugwump.

"What were your thoughts on yesterdays activities, at the Ministry?" asked Dumbledore, taking bite of his pancake.

Harry thought about what he wanted to say, this had started off as though it was just a normal, everyday conversation. It was strange and pleasant at the same time, maybe Dumbledore did just want to talk. He swallowed his mouthful of pancake and bananas.

"I think Voldemort just wants to scare people, it's pathetic but it seems to be working." answered Harry. The comment surprised Dumbledore, but he moved on.

"Bill Weasley told me yesterday, that you and him discuss more about Occlumency." said Dumbledore, trying to make the comment as though it was a passing one. Harry stopped eating, he had an immediate feeling about what this might now be about.

"I was just wondering, if you had perhaps mentioned the Prophecy to him?" asked Dumbledore, looking at Harry.

"I haven't mentioned the Prophecy to anyone, sir." replied Harry.

"Not even Mr. Weasley or Miss. Granger, even Miss. Weasley?" queried Dumbledore, trying to make it sound un-important.

"No, and I think you know I haven't" replied Harry, looking at Dumbledore who seemed to be all too occupied with the appearance of his pancake.

"I'm not going to tell anyone about the Prophecy, because it's not their business and I don't want them to." said Harry, hotly.

"I'm just saying Harry, that it might make it easier on yourself if you tell your friends. They'll support you." remarked Dumbledore.

"So, telling Ron and Hermione that I have to kill someone will make me feel better about it, but wait it's not just 'someone' it only happens to be, Voldemort." whispered Harry, careful not to raise his voice in case anyone was listening.

"I think that telling them, will make it easier on yourself." said Dumbledore, simply.

"I don't have a problem with knowing I have to kill someone, because I know by killing that 'someone' it will stop all the murders and torturing that 'someone' might do in the future. So don't think that I am morally incapable of murdering someone. Because I killed Quirrell and I dealt with that just fine." replied Harry, his voice in a low tone.

"Why haven't you been talking to your friends Harry, I know you don't enjoy being here and you don't want them to get hurt. But that is no reason to distance yourself from them." stated Dumbledore, looking in to the eyes of Harry, they seemed quite cold, yet vibrant and focused.

"Headmaster, who I am friends with and how often I talk to them is none of your business. If that is all then I'm going back upstairs." said Harry, finishing his breakfast and standing up and began to walk out of the kitchen.

"I'm worried about you Harry, and after all you've been through and all that faces you...I cannot be blamed for that." said Dumbledore,

sadly. His expression softened. Harry stopped in the doorway, his sigh audible and his sagging posture visible.

"I know you can't, sir." replied Harry, he carried on walking upstairs and to his room.

Dumbledore sat at the table until the next person came down, which happened to be Remus Lupin.

"Good morning, Albus. Here to talk to Harry?" asked Remus, as he busied himself and made some coffee.

"I already have done, Remus." said Dumbledore, putting on a false tone of cheer.

"Really? How did it go?" questioned Remus, turning to face Dumbledore as he waited for the water to boil.

"Better than what I feared and worse than what I had hoped for." said Dumbledore, rubbing his temple.

"Oh... sorry to hear that. I planned on taking him to Diagon Alley, you know he did not even know it was his birthday." remarked Remus, turning to make his coffee. He didn't see Dumbledore's face sadden at the comment.

"Really?... Be careful where you take him Remus, and don't let Molly and the other children know. They might get jealous." quipped Dumbledore, as he stood to leave.

"It's mine and Harry's fault I guess, he was late waking up and I didn't think his eye appointment would have left him with such bad eye-sight" joked Remus.

"Just make sure that you are both safe." smiled Dumbledore, taking his leave.

(Scene Break)

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"Madam Malkins first? Get your school stuff out-of-the-way?" asked Remus as they arrived by Portkey in the much more friendlier neighbour of Diagon Alley. Harry opened his eyes, slightly dizzy from the Portkey. If what Iverson said was true, then his eyes were had perfect vision. But he had to rub them and blink a few times to believe what he was seeing. He had seen the blurred outline of a dismal Diagon Alley little over a week ago, but he was not prepared for the drab, desolate almost reclusive scene that was before him.

The shops either appeared closed or were closed. Boarded up or old, yellowing pages of the Daily Prophet covering them up. Posters of known and at large Death Eaters were at the forefront of most doors. The cackling face of Bellatrix LeStrange, the arrogant face of Lucius Malfoy, the sneering face of Antonin Dolohov and many others all in the shop windows. Also what appeared to be bad clones of Mundungus Fletcher littered the street, stood by nearby makeshift stalls.

"Bunch of rubbish." Harry heard Remus say under his breath as he turned to Harry.

"Come on, let's go get stuff for Hogwarts." muttered Remus, eyeing one of the merchants ten yards away. They walked the short distance, pointedly ignoring the men who were trying to sell them all manner of items.

"Hello dears, for Hogwarts is it Mr. Potter?" asked Madam Malkin, the shop was empty for the first time Harry could remember. He nodded in response, near speechless at the unoccupied store.

"Alright, come this way." smiled Madam Malkin, leading them towards the mirror, the measuring tape floating behind them and measuring all kinds of different things.

Twenty minutes later, he left with quite sizeable packages. More than enough robes, trousers and shirts for the year, all fitted with Anti-Crease and Potion-Resistant Charms on them as a bonus.

"Think that cheered her up? The place was dead!" said Harry, finally able to voice his concerns.

"It was like this last time, it's like this everywhere now." commented Remus, looking around the Alley.

"Bloody miserable, looks like Voldemort's fear strategies are working then." replied Harry.

"Come on, I'll shrink those and we can go to Wiseacre's to get you a trunk." said Remus, shrinking the bags Harry had in his hands and pocketing them. They set off for Wiseacre's.

"Do you even know what subjects you're doing." asked Remus as they walked past Slug & Jiggers Apothecary.

"I think I'm taking Potions, I don't know why I'm eligible to take it. Snape has a flat 'O' standard." said Harry, eyeing a set of silver scales as they walked past.

"I'll make sure to ask him at the next meeting." joked Remus, to an unamused Harry.

"Prat." breathed Harry, making them both laugh.

They entered Wiseacre's, having lived next to Diagon Alley for half of a summer he knew it pretty well. This place had about everything you could need if you were a wizard.

"Ah, hello!" said an old man, he a short, balding man who wore quite thick glasses.

"Hello, Mr. Wiseacre." replied Harry loudly, as he remembered the man was quite hard of hearing, but he didn't know if the man remembered who he was.

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked Wiseacre, as he looked around his shop.

"Just a trunk today, Mr. Wiseacre. Something that can store quite a bit if you have it." said Harry, near shouting. It had Remus looking at him as though he was mad.

"Let me see, I think I have something around here. I have a Kippers King Size Trunk, over there." wheezed Wiseacre, pointing to a crate sized trunk that Harry would be able fit in to comfortably.

"Looking for something a bit smaller Mr. Wiseacre, it's for school." replied Harry.

"For school, well you won't want that. I'm sure I had something around here." coughed the man. They pottered around the store as Wiseacre tried to find, whatever it was he was trying to find.

"Here it is!" exclaimed the man, having now circled the store they were more or less back where they had started.

"It's a four compartment trunk, one is for books and potion ingredients, the other is for robes and other clothes, one is for parchments, you know school work and bottles of in and such, and the last is, what does that say...expanded for anything else. Fifty Eight galleons it says here." said Wiseacre, reading off a label that was tied to the trunk.

"Sounds perfect, I'll take it!" said Harry, counting out galleons.

"Good, good." said Wiseacre, hauling it above his head with ease and settling it down on a counter. Harry passed the galleons over to Wiseacre whilst Remus cleverly took off the Shrinking Charm on the packages from Madam Malkin's and put them inside the trunk's expanded compartment and then shrunk the trunk and put a Featherlight Charm on it.

"To, Slug And Jiggers." announced Harry. They left for the apothecary and twenty minutes later, had a healthy amount of all manner of Potion's ingredients, the silver scales he had looked at when walking past, a new cauldron and a new set of knives. After putting them in the expanded compartment of the Harry's trunk and shrinking it again. They left to buy muggle clothes that would actually fit Harry, buying a dozen of tops and jumpers, a few casual shirts and skinny ties, a pair of trousers, three pairs of jeans, two pairs of chinos, several jackets varying between zip up and a black leather one, dozens of socks and a heck of a lot of underwear.

They had just settled down at a small cafe in Muggle London where they had gone to do some of the shopping, ordering a sandwich and a drink each before going back to Grimmauld Place.

"I am exhausted!" said Remus, sighing as he sat down.

"I love that we got the trunk, I have to unpack everything when we get back to Grimmauld Place." replied Harry, rubbing his eyes. It was quite a nice day today, and the dark appearance of Diagon Alley was quite different compared to the brightness of Muggle London.

"Sucks to be you." teased Remus, thanking the person who brought his sandwich.

"Thanks for today Remus, really. It means a lot." groaned Harry, as he stretched his tired limbs.

"Don't mention it." yawned Remus, taking a bite out of his sandwich. They ate quietly, making idle conversation before they belatedly set off for Grimmauld Place. They had been out for quite a while, and Harry felt quite tired as they used a Portkey to return to Grimmauld Place.

Entering it they heard low conversations in the kitchen, Harry walked in, quite thirsty and was met with a very solemn looking Tonks, with Mrs. Weasley, Bill, Ron, Hermione and Ginny all sat around. Looking equally distraught.

"What's happened?" asked Harry, his slightly good mood dropping completely. Remus walked in behind him, equally perplexed

"St Mungos has been attacked, they saved as many as they could but two dozen people died, including Frank And Alice Longbottom." said Tonks, tearfully. To an astonished Harry and Remus.

(End Of Chapter)

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Authour Notes!

Now be honest, who saw that coming!

Two updates in one day, and character deaths. Below are just a few comments about some of the reviews :)

Alright, this might just be me. But when I read stories on this website I don't moan about grammar and spelling mistakes. Partially because I can get what the author was trying to say and understand it even if they have made a mistake. Another reason is I know that what I type and what is uploaded can be different. Because sometimes in the uploading process things go missing. I've checked my work on the actual site and I've seen O. turn in to O. and if it has done it for this sentence I mean that is has turned owls (as in the wizarding exams) into os.

The human brain can read sentences where if just the first letter and last letter are the same, it can still process the information and read it so it makes sense.

Hree is an eplaxme so that it can etearrgaxe the point that I am tying to make.

So if your going to pick up on the fact that I occasionally misspell a word, use your instead of you're or there instead of their, or of instead of off, or to instead of too, then please try to understand that the software I am using to write this -

a) doesn't pick up on these

b) the grammar and spell check I use on the internet, doesn't pick up on these.

c) and that I, when I read them before I upload them, do not pick up on the mistakes.

and to timber - I'm pretty sure sticking my wand up Harry's bum would be both illegal as he is a minor at this age, and not mine or his particular cup of yorkshire tea.

And please don't take this as an insult or me lashing out, it is merely a response to your response. why not let me know what you think about my response, or questions.

And I'm sorry if I keep pestering you to reviews, but I'll be honest. It does help my abnormally large ego. You can leave one if you want, if you don't that's fine. Smiley Face! I'll just keep writing.

Harry didn't know which he felt more, angry or sick. Attacking a hospital that was already full of sick and injured people brought out both emotions in him, he was still stood in the kitchen out of disbelief. He didn't know how to respond, how to react to this. He had only really gotten to know Neville in the last year, despite the fact that he had been room mates with him for five years. He had always thought that he would have traded his life with anyone, because nobody could have suffered as much as he has, but now Harry realised... how selfish that was.

It was one thing to have grown up with no parents, but he thought back to the day he had found out about Neville's parents, they were tortured until rendered insane, they couldn't communicate with their son, maybe didn't even recognise him. He internally grimaced at the very idea of visiting his parents in that state, and now they were gone. Harry had felt that nobody could relate to his experiences but if anybody could, it would be Neville. Especially now, that they had been taken from them in such a horrific and ghastly fashion.

"I think I need to sit down." said Remus, his legs giving way as he sat down.

"I...I don't believe it." whispered Harry, unable to think about anything.

"It was awful... I've never seen anything..." Tonks shivered, unable to finish her sentence.

"Dumbledore is talking to Augusta and her grandson, he thinks it is best if they stay here now on. Thinks they might be a target." said Mrs. Weasley, hoarsely.

"Where... where have you been?" asked Ginny, tears in her eyes about what the boy who had taken her to the Yule Ball, was going through.

"It doesn't matter." replied Harry, leaning against the door frame.

"Just tell us..." said Hermione.

"It doesn't matter, especially now." gritted Harry, silencing her with a look. He almost felt guilty, his entire body felt heavy as he thought about the significance of what Tonks had said. Twenty four people

had been killed, needlessly, in the most gut wrenching circumstances. They were helpless, innocent people and they had been killed. He felt angry, so angry at how pathetic the entire thing was.

His day had gone from being one of the best of the summer to the worst.

(Scene Break)

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"The confirmed casualties of St Mungos, stands at twenty-four deaths. Seven are on immediate intensive care so the number may rise." said Dumbledore, solemnly.

"Low life scum." spat Mad-Eye.

"Why would they do this? I mean...why?" asked Tonks, unable to think of any logical reasoning behind the attack.

"To show they have no morals? No qualms about killing people who are already sick and injured." replied Bill, bitterly.

"Where is Snape?" asked Arthur Weasley.

"Severus was supposed to report here before the meeting...ah I believe that might be him." said Dumbledore, the Potions Master walked in. His expression was pale and his eyes lacked the usual distaste that they normally held.

"What the hell happened, Snape? Couldn't you have given a warning" snarled Mad-Eye.

"The Dark Lord did not give me any warning because he did not tell me. I only found out when they returned." spat Snape, sitting down.

"You think he mistrusts you?" asked Dumbledore, looking at Snape in wonderment.

"No, if The Dark Lord mistrusted me, he would have me tortured until I told him so." grimaced Snape.

"So why didn't he tell you?" blurted Fred Weasley.

"Because...he holds my position at Hogwarts and closeness to Albus in such a high regard, that he doesn't want me to risk being captured." replied Snape, his answer was missing the usual sneers that accompanied them. His black eyes looked around the room for anyone else who might question what he had to say.

"You spoke to Augusta?" asked McGonagoll.

"I did, and she is considering my suggestion of moving here with her grandson, Neville. She told me she would let me know by the end of the week." sighed Dumbledore, he had expected an attack of some kind but nothing like this. No matter what, he had never thought Voldemort would have sunk this low.

"Well, there is plenty of room here for them." said Mrs. Weasley, as brightly as she could.

"It's just sick." exclaimed McGonagall, nods and murmurs of agreement went around the room.

"We can't do anything about it now, all we can do is pay our respects and move on." replied Dumbledore sagely, stroking his beard. There was a pause of silence before anyone else talked.

"Amos Diggory is deciding on how to support" said Arthur Weasley.

"Think you could influence him at all?" asked Tonks, grateful at the change of subject.

"I don't think so, he's taking it really seriously as you might expect. Scrimgeour would be more likely to promote him, but I think his preference is Madam Bones. It's just a matter of what wins out, his greed for personal gain or his morals." replied Arthur, ending with a sigh.

"Personal greed every time." muttered Mad-Eye, a few people smiled at the remark.

"With the latest...attack. It's really going to be close, I think Scrimgeour might edge it though." said Kingsley, speaking for the first time.

"What makes you say that, Kingsley?" asked Dumbledore.

"His regimes and sentences for and Death Eater affiliation will come across as much stricter as Madam Bones. And I think after today , everybody wants to see those bastards dead or rotting in a hell hole." muttered Kingsley, his words tasted bitter in his own mouth.

"I think I agree with you Kingsley." sighed Dumbledore.

"I think that's all we've got to talk about." said Snape, standing up.

"It's Harry's birthday tomorrow." remarked Mrs. Weasley.

"Correction, that's all that is important we've got to talk about." giving his usual sneer, Snape walked out of the kitchen.

"I don't think he will feel like celebrating." stated Remus, as a few member left the kitchen.

"How was today, Remus?" asked Dumbledore.

"It was great, I think we were both having fun for the first time all summer. Then, we came back to the news about Frank and Alice." muttered Remus, of all the days for it to happen it was a day where he almost felt as though life had maybe gone back to as normal as it could, at least for him.

"Well, maybe tomorrow might cheer everybody up." sighed Dumbledore.

(Scene Break)

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"Incendio!" said Harry, the candle sparked alight and Harry smiled. He had not bothered unpacking anything and instead, as an attempt to side-track himself had thrown himself into attempting as successfully casting as much wandless magic as possible. His anger still ebbed through at the thought of what had happened at St Mungos, which might have helped him as he repeatedly cast the simple fire spell at the candles around his room.

Now he could consistently cast the 'Lumos' and it's counter 'Nox', Summoning and Banishing Charms, The Severing Charm 'Diffindo', The Repairing Charm 'Reparo and now the Fire Charm 'Incendio'.

Eyeing the clock he saw he still had a few hours until he was due to meet Bill, he flicked through the books he had yet to read. Deciding he wanted to learn something other than what he would be learning at school in the upcoming year. It almost felt like it was homework, and deciding he needed a break and to lighten up his day, found the perfect book. The writing on the spine was hand written and he had difficulty reading it.

"Fun, Practical and Basic Spells - Padfoot and Prongs..." gasped Harry, it was a book from Sirius and his Dad. He grinned to himself, wondering what manner of spells might be inside it. He opened the book and saw a small, handwritten statement on the first page.

The following spells are ones that we Marauders consistently used during our time at Hogwarts, some of them are practical and some of them are for pranking. And some of them are to make a certain greasy gits life miserable. If you are reading this, then it is up to you to begin pranking the hallowed halls of Hogwarts once again. And these spells will help you all the way, whether you want to use an old classic like hit someone in the face with a pie or something more skilful and technical like charm the Slytherin House so they can't talk for a week. This book can help you, it has everything we used to do at school and I'm sure after a week or two you'll here mutterings about Marauders from some of the older professors.

Have fun! Padfoot and Prongs

Harry laughed at the written words from both his father and godfather. He flicked through the book, looking for the easier spells tottry to do wandlessly.

Settling on the Pie Flinging Curse as it seemed to be one of the more basic ones. He looked at the pronunciation, checking he had it right and pointing a finger against the wall was ready.

"Cruscae" he said confidently, a small pie appeared from nowhere and hurtled against the wall, thudding on impact it slid down the wall slowly. He was happy that he had got it right but immediately realised he had to clean up, using one of his smaller robes to clean up the mess he looked for a less, messy spell to try out.

Flicking through all manner of spells, he saw some that made him chuckle. The Water Balloon Hex, that would cause a water balloon to appear over the targets head and burst and one he planned to try out, some were slightly more practical. Such as the Diversion Ding Jinx, which described here caused more of a large bang than a ding. They wrote that it was used to divert attention whilst you did something else entirely. Some of the spells were even duel worthy, such as the 'Levicorpus' spell. 'If the opponent is hit, they are dangled upside down from either of their ankles'. A dark shadow crossed his face as he remembered something very similar, Snape's pensive when his father had used it on Snape.

He closed the book and put it on his desk, the memory of that coming back to him. How vindictive his father had seen, and whilst Snape had technically provoked the duel and drawn blood. His father had still tormented and carried on, even after Snape was defeated. Frowning he returned to spells he had learnt in school. Not even smiling when the Levitating Charm he used on his wand worked first time.

(Scene Break)

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"Poor Neville, can you imagine?" sighed Hermione.

"Uncle Gideon and Fabian were in the Order with Neville's parents weren't they?" asked Ginny to Ron.

"I think so, poor bloke. I hope he does come here, maybe we can cheer him up." said Ron brightly.

"Maybe Harry might come out more." muttered Hermione.

"Did you see Harry's face when we told him. I thought he was going to explode." stated Ginny. Hermione shivered as she remembered the cold glare that Harry had given her.

"Can imagine Neville having more fun here, than wherever he is now." huffed Ron.

"We've got a month left, there has to be something that we can do..." said Ginny.

"Maybe we can ask Bill to teach us whatever he is teaching Harry." replied Ron, perking up at the thought.

"I think Harry just wants to be alone, I mean he's quite uncomfortable when he's around us as it is. Maybe if we just left him alone, he might come and talk to us." remarked Ginny.

"It's his birthday tomorrow, we can't ignore him then." said Ron.

"Alright, well after tomorrow. We just won't talk to him, see how he likes it." retorted Hermione, maybe Ginny was right. If they didn't talk to Harry then he would eventually have to come and talk to them.

"Fine... but I'm not happy about it. I'm going to bed." yawned Ron, it was still quite early but with nothing else to do He might as well get an early night before what would hopefully a fun day.

"Night" said the girls in unison.

(Scene Break)

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"Damn it!" exclaimed Bill, his head throbbing.

"Sorry Bill." muttered Harry, walking over to the older wizard.

"It's alright, I think I'm going to start bringing a Headache Solution with me." joked Bill, his eyes closed.

"Might be a good idea." laughed Harry.

"Alright, we've done that for half an hour. What do you want to do next, got any more wandless tricks down?" Bill winced as he opened his eyes, slowly getting to his feet.

"A few, here. Wingardium Leviosa!" said Harry, levitating Bill's bag to him.

"Nice!" replied Bill, taking his bag and withdrawing two bottles from it.

"Accio." muttered Harry, holding out his hand as one of the bottles flew in to his hand.

"Show off." mumbled Bill, making Harry laugh.

"I learned something from a book I've got." exclaimed Harry as he opened his bottle, he didn't want to tell Bill it was something that Sirius and his dad had written.

"Cruscae" said Harry, a pie appeared and flew towards an old, worn painting. The occupier of which ran out of the frame.

"Whoa, that's quite advanced Harry. It's a basic conjuring spell but still it's impressive." remarked Bill, impressed at Harry's wandless ability.

"You mind vanishing that for me." asked Harry, taking a mouthful of his drink.

"Sure." said Bill, brandishing his wand and vanishing the pile.

"Harry, why don't you try disarming me?" suggested Bill, looking at the wand in his hand.

"I don't know Bill, it's a second year spell but it's kind of a duelling spell." replied Harry.

"Come on, just try it." Bill stood up and faced Harry.

"Fine." sighed Harry, standing up and walking a few yards away.

"Alright...focus..." whispered Harry, to himself. Taking a breath he reached out his hand.

"Expelliarmus!" he shouted, Bill jerked slightly, his arm jolting upwards but he managed to keep hold of his wand.

"Expelliarmus." repeated Harry, it drew the same effects.

"Come on Harry, I could cursed you half a dozen times already." mocked Bill, swirling his wand around.

"Expelliarmus!" hissed Harry, Bill's wand span out of his hand, unable to keep a hold of his wand. Harry smiled in victory as he caught the wand.

"Damn!" sighed Bill, smiling at Harry who was personally thrilled that he had learnt a useful spell.

As they talked more about N.E., Harry made sure to avoid the St Mungos incident as it only angered him. He hoped that Neville would come to Grimmauld Place, maybe he could talk to him about it. The shy boy had come out of his shell a bit last year and it made Harry feel quite proud that Dumbledore's Army had helped Neville so much.

As Harry was walking back to his room, he felt a headache coming on. Not surprising as he had worn himself out today with all the wandless magic. Wincing slightly as it pulsed and seemed to hurt more, closing the door of his bedroom he walked over to his bed. His head pounded and he staggered, going down on one knee he went to stand up again when his scar felt like it had been split open. Knowing it was Voldemort he desperately tried to clear his mind and use Occlumency but the pain was becoming too much, biting his tongue he tried with all his might. The pain vanished, and Harry very light-headed got to his feet, a wave of dizziness overwhelmed him as suddenly the pain returned threefold. The unexpected onslaught was all too much as he fell over and succumbed to the growing darkness.

'Happy Birthday, Harry Potter' hissed voice in his head, in a cackling, all to familiar voice.

(Scene Break)

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"I was surprised at your sudden agreement, Augusta." said Dumbledore, as they walked into the main entrance. Neville followed behind, nervously walking in the wake of his grandmother, his headmaster and two of his old Defence Against The Dark Arts teachers, Mad-Eye Moody and Remus Lupin.

"My grandsons safety is my priority, Albus. I won't pretend your cause doesn't peak my interest however." drawled the elderly lady.

"Professor Lupin...isn't it Harry's birthday today?" asked Neville, wary of the green painted walls that he was used to seeing on Slytherin robes.

"It is Neville, and I said that you could call me Remus." replied Remus, soothingly. Offering the boy a smile. They walked in to the kitchen, where quite a few people had collected in the kitchen.

"Hi, Neville." said Ron meekly.

"Hi guys, where's Harry?" asked Neville, it was unusual to see Ron and Hermione without Harry.

"He's not up yet." responded Hermione, a slight frown on her face.

"Or maybe he is, we don't really know." joked Ron, earning him a disapproving look from his sister and Hermione.

"Oh..." said Neville, drifting off.

"Remus, could you go get Harry. It is his birthday after all." smiled Dumbledore.

"Sure, Albus." muttered Remus, walking out of the kitchen. He walked to Harry's room, wondering how today might actually sit with Harry.

"Harry." said Remus, knocking on the door. There was no answer.

"Harry!" Remus said it a bit louder, knocking on the door with more force. Again, no answer.

"Harry!" shouted Remus, banging on the door loudly.

"Alright, I'm coming in. Hope your decent!" laughed Remus, opening the door. The curtains were closed and it was quite dark in the room.

"Come on, Harry. It's your birthday." said Remus, walking over to the curtains, he wrenched them open. His eyes darted to the bed, it was empty. He looked around and his puzzled look immediately became one of concern, as he saw Harry was laid, face down on the floor.

"Harry!" cried Remus, rushing over to Harry, turning him over. He noticed he was quite pale, sweating slightly and breathing lightly.

"Harry, can you hear me?" yelled Remus. Harry began to stir slightly as Remus went over to his bathroom and filled up a glass of water. Running back over to a now slowly moving Harry, he poured the cup of cold water over him.

"Argh! Dammit!" cursed Harry, spluttering slightly as he rubbed the water of his face. His head ached slightly and he felt quite tired.

"Idiot, I thought you were sick!" scolded Remus.

"Urgh, I feel sick." coughed Harry, holding his head. He closed his eyes again as the light caused him to wince and his headache to flare.

"Why were you on the floor?" asked Remus, still quite nervous. Harry stirred, shaking his head slightly. Trying to remember what happened, then it came to him. The headache, his scar, Voldemort's message.

"I...It was Voldemort." replied Harry, abruptly. Leaving Remus in a stunned silence.

"I think he attacked me, through my link. I tried to hold him off and I thought that I had fought him off at one point but then he tried again. And it was harder and I couldn't do anything, then I fainted." explained Harry, recalling the previous nights events.

"Are you alright, I mean... well do you feel alright?" asked Remus, as he handed Harry a glass of water.

"I feel fine, headache and a bit tired but more or less alright." surmised Harry, gulping down the water.

"Did he try to send you another vision or anything?" queried Remus.

"He said....Happy Birthday, Harry Potter." muttered Harry, clenching his jaw in anger at the message. Remus shuddered involuntary.

"Harry, I think you have to tell Dumbledore. He needs to know what happened." urged Remus.

(Scene Break)

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"Albus, can I talk to you." mumbled Snape, Dumbledore hadn't seen him come in never mind walk over to him.

"Is it important Severus, we're expecting Harry any moment." whispered Dumbledore.

"Yes, this is more important than the Golden Boys birthday." growled Snape, his voice maintained sincere.

"Alright." replied Dumbledore, following Snape out of the kitchen. Nobody noticed as they were all chattering among themselves and making Neville feel welcome. Snape and Dumbledore walked for a

few seconds before stopping, Snape casting Privacy Charms to make sure the conversation stayed private.

"This really is serious." said Dumbledore, wondering what on earth it could be.

"Albus, he tried to attack Potter last night. Through... this link that they have." stated Snape.

"Are you sure? Was he successful?" asked Dumbledore, his mind whirring. It would account for Harry's absent if he wasn't always locking himself away in his room.

"Not as successful as he would have liked, his aim was to torment the boy. Showcase him through his parents death, the Diggoryboys death in fourth year and Black's death. But Potter must actually be learning something from Bill Weasley as he couldn't initially break through the Occlumency defences. He was actually pushed out, which I think hurt him more than he let on. Then he just tried to break in to Potter's mind which I think might have been successful otherwise we would have all been cursed afterwards." shuddered Snape.

"What do you think he did when he broke in to Harry's mind?" asked Dumbledore, his eyes urgent for information.

"He wished Potter, Happy Birthday." said Snape.

(Scene Break)

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"Just help me up, and we'll talk about it." grumbled Harry, offering his hand.

"Harry, you said that you would tell Dumbledore if Voldemort did anything." replied Remus, helping Harry up.

"Well, I lied." quipped Harry, making it sound more dramatic than he meant.

"He needs to know." urged Remus.

"Well I don't want him to know. I don't want to have to rely on going to Dumbledore because a day will come when he isn't there and you won't know what to do because you spent your life, going to Dumbledore and letting him tell you what to do." shouted Harry.

"Just because he wasn't there about Sirius..." started Remus.

"This is nothing to do with Sirius, this is about me not needing or wanting Dumbledores help. He's a headmaster at my school, that's it." retorted Harry.

"We both know, that he is more than that Harry." argued Remus.

"Well I don't want him to be!" roared Harry, Remus was shocked by the outburst. He wasn't expecting Harry to be so hostile atDumbledore, he knew that they had been at odds lately but he had no idea why Harry, who had held Dumbledore in such high esteem in the past was so reluctant to even talk to Dumbledore about it.

"What happened between you and Dumbledore?" asked Remus, wanting to know what had caused this rift.

"Nothing, look... I know I can't stay up here today of all days so just let me shower and I'll be down to see whoever is here in a few minutes." replied Harry, calming down.

"Alright...Neville is here by the way." said Remus.

"I thought they were going to take longer to decide whether they wanted to move than that," replied Harry, walking over to the bathroom.

"Neville's grandmother said she just wanted him to be safe, that's probably why." suggested Remus. Harry merely nodded as he went to shower.

He looked at himself in the mirror, visible stubble on his cheeks, chin and neck. It looked quite rough but he kind of like it. He was quite

tall now, and although his irregular sleep pattern didn't help his weight issues, he at least looked to be at a healthy weight, a bit on the thin side perhaps but not as bad as he used to be. Ruffling his now, rather long hair he noticed that his scar appeared to be slightly brighter. Stepping in the shower, the hot water felt good on his skin, closing his eyes and letting the water hit his body as he breathed in slowly, knowing that this was probably the most alone and relaxed he would feel today.

Opening his trunk, he picked out one of his new tops, a zip up jacket to go over the top and a pair of chinos. Finally having clothes that actually fit him he walked downstairs, preparing himself for all the needless interactions that would come. He wasn't disappointed as he entered the kitchen.

"Happy birthday, Harry." stated Mrs. Weasley, as she was the first one to see him. Everyone else turned and announced their birthday greetings.

"Thanks everyone." smiled Harry, noticing Neville he walked over to him straight away.

"Alright, Neville." said Harry tentatively.

"Hi, Harry. Happy birthday." replied Neville.

"Happy birthday to you, it was yesterday wasn't it?" queried Harry, putting some toast on his plate.

"It was, how did you know?" asked Neville. Harry was stopped from answering as Dumbledore came over.

"Hello, Harry. Can we talk?" asked Dumbledore.

"Actually, Professor. I'm talking to Nev..." but Dumbledore cut him off.

"I'm sure Mr. Longbottom won't mind." said Dumbledore, steering Harry out of the room.

"Harry, Professor Snape has just told me about what happened last night, are you alright?" asked Dumbledore.

"Wh...How did he know?" replied Harry, angry at what had just happened.

"He was present whilst Voldemort attacked." answered Dumbledore.

"I'm fine, thanks for asking Professor." answered Harry, gritting his teeth.

"Why didn't you tell me about the attack?" queried Dumbledore, looking at Harry.

"Because I didn't think it was necessary, nothing happened." said Harry, defensively.

"I'm sorry, Harry. But Voldemort attacking your mind is hardly 'nothing'" joked Dumbledore.

"It is when all he accomplished was causing me to have a rough night sleep on the floor." argued Harry.

"This is just like Privet Drive, Harry. You can't honestly think a Legilimency attack that was severe enough to make you faint is not worth mentioning." replied Dumbledore.

"This is like Privet Drive, because I am fine. I didn't die then, and I'm not dead now." retorted Harry.

"What do you mean?" came a voice from behind Dumbledore, Harry peered around the Headmaster and saw Ron, Hermione and Ginny peering around the doorway.

"Oh, crap..." muttered Harry, he was furious with himself for saying what he had but even more so at Ron, Hermione and Ginny for eavesdropping in on his conversation to Dumbledore.

"Nothing, I was just talking to Professor Dumbledore." said Harry, trying to think of a way to pass it off.

"No, you were talking about Privet Drive and how you didn't die then. What are you talking about?" asked Hermione.

"It's nothing, honestly..." replied Harry.

"Earlier in the summer, Death Eaters managed to find out the information about Harry's location and due to a technicality in the protections, they found him and attempted to capture him." said Dumbledore, simply. Harry's eyes intensified at the betrayal of Dumbledore.

"You duelled Death Eaters!" shrieked Hermione, causing a few people to drift out of the kitchen as they wondered what was going on.

"Why didn't you tell us?" asked Ginny, looking hurt.

"Yes, Potter. Why didn't you tell them, thought you would have loved the chance to be in the spotlight, as if you haven't been in it enough already." sneered Snape. Harry seethed with anger at Snape's remarks.

"Shut up, Snape." it was Remus who had snapped at the Potions Master, earning him a glare and saving Harry from telling him to shut up himself.

"Is that why you came here, were you hurt?" asked Ron, wondering why Harry hadn't told him about this.

"He was dead." spat Snape, before Harry could answer. Ron was in shock at what to say, whereas Hermione and Ginny screamed.

"That's enough, Severus." said Dumbledore, with authority.

"Git." muttered Harry, earning him a hateful gaze from the Potions Master which he met. He felt Snape trying to use break his mind, in anger he raised his shields with all his might. Causing the Potions Master to wince as he was thrown out with such force, it gave him a headache.

"What do you mean, he was dead. Harry did you die?" asked Hermione, tearfully.

"Alright, fine. I was duelling some Death Eaters with Tonks, we had just beaten whoever we were fighting. One was Bellatrix and the other was some masked guy, and somebody cast a Killing Curse at Tonks. I jumped in the way and it hit me. Happy?" said Harry sarcastically.

"You got hit with the Killing Curse?" gasped Hermione.

"But your...alive." stated Ron, unable to compute what Harry had said.

"Which is why it's not a big deal." replied Harry, trying to re-iterate what had been his point all along.

"Right, because surviving the Killing Curse is happens everyday." joked Fred.

"I think Harry thought that once isn't enough of a statement, he had to do it twice just to show You-Know-Who 'it's no big deal'" laughed George, making a few Order member smile.

"You know if we manufactured miniature Harry Potter dolls, could we record you saying 'It's not a big deal' laughed Fred.

"Oh, that and 'I'm fine'" gasped George, laughing so hard he was getting red in the face.

"This isn't funny!" snapped Hermione.

"Hermione, just drop it. You wanted to find out what happened, well congratulations you have. Regardless of how you actually did it, now can we just move on?" asked Harry, looking around at everyone. His eyes settling on Snape who was looking at him intently.

"Fine." huffed Hermione, walking back in to the kitchen. Everyone slowly walked back into the kitchen as things settled down.

"So, happy birthday again." remarked Bill, making a few people laugh.

"Thanks." muttered Harry, in reply.

"No birthday is complete without a cake, here." said Mrs. Weasley, putting a large, chocolate cake in front of him.

"Thanks, Mrs. Weasley. You didn't have to go through any trouble." mumbled Harry, taking a deep breath he blew out all the candles.

"Here, Harry. This is from us." said Fred and George, handing over a small, wrapped box.

"Is it safe?" asked Harry, eyeing the package suspiciously.

"Of course." replied Fred, a perfectly straight look on his face. Tentatively, Harry unwrapped the box, it expanded as he put his hands on the box and opened the lid.

"It's filled with our products." smiled George, ignoring the disapproving looks from his mother and McGonagall.

"Thanks guys, obviously I can't use them at Hogwarts though." winked Harry, earning him a scowl from his Head Of House.

"Here, Harry. This is from me and Arthur." smiled Mrs. Weasley. He opened the small box and inside was an expensive looking razor set, the entire thing was made from brushed aluminium.

"You do need a shave, dear." laughed Mrs. Weasley, looking at his stubble.

"The small bottle has an Everlasting Charm so it doesn't run out of shaving foam. The heads have an Self-Sharpening charm on them so they don't go blunt, and it has interchangeable heads on it so you can shave at different lengths." explained Arthur.

"It's brilliant." replied Harry, in genuine awe at the gift, much to the pleasure of Mrs. Weasley.

"Here, I didn't really know what to get you and I was going to give it you later. But seeing as everyone knows now..." laughed Tonks, taking out a book titled 'Seventy Different Shields - G. Weld' this too earned her several scolding looks from around the table.

"Thanks, Tonks." replied Harry, appreciating both the humour and practicality in the gift.

"Here, Harry. I said earlier in the summer you might need one." said Dumbledore, pulling out an extravagantly wrapped item.

"Thank you, Headmaster." replied Harry, politely. Guessing what it was from Dumbledore's hints and the general shape of the item.

Unwrapping it revealed a holster for his wand that would go around his wrist.

"It cannot be summoned whilst in the holster, also it can flick into your hand if you practice it enough." smiled Dumbledore.

"Here, Mr. Potter. You were going to get it at Hogwarts but I guess there is no harm in giving it you now." said Professor McGonagall, handing him a small shiny gold badge.

"What is it?" asked Ron, trying to steal a glance. Harry was saved from answering as his Head of House did so for him.

"Mr. Potter has been re-instated in to the Quidditch team, he is the captain. Your captain, might I add." said McGonagall, Harry didn't miss the angry glance on Ron's face as it quickly melded into disbelief. Everyone else was too busy cheering to really notice.

"I want that cup next year, Potter. I have a special place for it in my office, it would be a shame to move it." teased McGonagall, pointedly looking at Snape, who in return sneered back at her.

"Well that really is a call for a celebration, let's cut the cake and see what we can do in here." said Mrs. Weasley cheerfully, everyone began talking to one another but Harry noticed Ron excuse himself to go to the toilet. Knowing he was lying Harry went to follow him.

"Ron...Ron... RON!" shouted Harry, following him out of the kitchen and up the stairs.

"What?" replied Ron, angrily. Turning around to look at Harry.

"Are you upset that I was made captain?" asked Harry, already knowing the answer.

"Of course not, I mean... it's just... alright I am!" argued Ron.

"Why? I mean you were only on the team for a year. Did you really expect to be made captain?" asked Harry, almost incredulously.

"The Captain is normally a Keeper, and I didn't even know you were back on the team. I thought I had a good chance." retorted Ron, his face tingeing red.

"No offence Ron, but the way you let pressure get to you last year didn't exactly show you were ready to lead the team. Maybe next year you can be Captain." offered Harry.

"No thanks." snarled Ron.

"Your jealous!" stated Harry.

"I'm not, well I am but it's not that... Look don't tell anyone but I'm not going to be Prefect next year... I haven't told anyone, I got it in my letter from McGonagall and kept quiet. Mum would just be disappointed and Hermione would just talk me to death about it... I don't suppose you got the job?" asked Ron, hesitantly. Harry shook his head.

"Hmmm, wonder who did?" asked Ron, trying to change the topic.

"Are you going to be alright Ron?" asked Harry, finding he wasn't particularly bothered if Ron did have a problem with him being Quidditch Captain.

"I will, it's just... I thought it might have been me you know. I just want to be on my own for a while." replied Ron.

"Alright then." said Harry, letting Ron walk away, he turned around and walked back in to the kitchen.

(End Of Chapter)

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A/N - Hope you all enjoyed that, I like writing the dark, dreary things. But I have to remind myself that everything at this stage isn't all bad, and I wanted this to have a bit of humour. I have a few plot twists and turns coming up, the next chapter is more or less done on paper. It's just a matter of typing it up, I'll upload it tomorrow or the day after. Depending whether I want to spoil you all.

"You came." said a voice from behind him. He jumped in his seat, surprised and fearful about who he might turn to see. The person certainly looked dangerous, their face covered by the dark shadows cast across from the hooded robe. He stuttered to respond.

"I...I must admit, I was interested about the note. How did you get it on my desk though?" he asked, fearful that any wrong remark might be his last.

"We have our ways..." said the voice mysteriously.

"What do you want?" he stuttered.

"The question is what do you want? We know you still have connections in the Ministry, and we know you took enough bribe money that you could have disappeared. Yet you are still here." replied the voice, the soft tone sent shivers down his spine. The tavern door slammed shut causing him to spill his drink.

"Why did he have to meet here of all places?" he asked, glancing around for anyone who might recognise him and question it.

"Nobody here cares who you are, much like the wizarding public no longer care who you are. We met here so we can discuss in private with out compromising either of our homes." explained the man, taking the drink the

bartender had placed on the bar. The smouldering concoction smelt revolting, he grimaced as he tried to think of what to say.

"We know what you want, and we can help you. But you have to help... us first." hissed the man, taking a sip of his drink.

"Wh...what do you want m... me to do?" he asked, getting even more scared by the second.

"You will have to set up a meeting where the person of both of our interests will come, then we will take them and we will both have our revenge." muttered the man.

"I can't, I am no longer trusted amongst them...or anyone close to them." he replied, his eyes widened with fear as the figure in front of him stood up.

"You will have to find a way, and be warned... time wasting is not a luxury either of us have. This fails, you will pay the price." spat the robed man, who turned on the spot and left the building before he could argue.

He was left alone at the bar, with all manner of cretins surrounding him. Breathing heavily, he ordered a Firewhiskey to steady his nerves. He held back a gag as he saw the condition of the glass it came in and closing his eyes downed the drink. The alcohol burned and steadied his nerves as he began thinking how in the world he could do, what he had just agreed to.

(Scene Break)

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The kitchen was nearly empty now, most people had left go to work. Leaving just Hermione, Ginny and Harry in the kitchen. The girls were whispering softly to themselves and stealing glances at Harry who was eating eggs and toast, he kept hearing more frantic parts of the conversation.

"It's really annoying when you talk about me, and I'm right in front of you." announced Harry, annoyed at what they were talking about.

"I just think it's ridiculous we had to find out about it this way." sniffed Hermione, not even looking at him.

"You found out by listening on a private conversation, I think that is ridiculous." retorted Harry, satisfied as Hermione stuttered and reddened with embarrassment.

"We had to, we've hardly talked to you at all this summer." argued Ginny, supporting Hermione as she seemed to be unable to think of a comeback.

"Have you given a thought to the fact that it might have nothing to do with you, that I didn't want you to know. That, for some reason I might actually want a private life?" replied Harry, angry at Ginny's comments.

"You've never kept secrets from us before." stated Hermione, trying to come up with a valid excuse.

"That's because your always there to find out, this time you weren't and I don't want you to know." muttered Harry.

"We came to the Ministry with you, we have a right to know what happened." snapped Hermione, indignantly.

"You have no right whatsoever." growled Harry, standing up so quick he sent his chair crashing behind him. Making Hermione and Ginny jump in a mixture of surprise and fright.

He stormed out of the kitchen, he was seething with anger. How dare they say that they had the right to know what went on, he had never had that luxury. Ever. And now Hermione and Ginny thought that they had a right to know everything about him, he lashed out in anger and punched the wall. Biting his lip as he instantly regretted doing so, clenching his fist painfully he ignored the dull throbbing pain that now accompanied his anger as he made his way to his room.

(Scene Break)

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Making his way out of Knockturn Alley, he looked around the Diagon Alley before stepping out. His plan, if you could call it that was quite hastily made although it was the best he could come up with. He wanted to do this as quickly as he could, and steadying his nerves walked in to Weasley Wizarding Wheezes.

The grimace on his face was almost an automatic instinct, frowning at the various pranks that were on sale he made his way to the empty counter and pressed the bell on the desk. Hearing a creaking noise above him he looked up just in time to see a bucket topple over him and shower him in water. Raising his hands above his head in an attempt to protect himself he closed his eyes and waited for the water to hit him. He felt the impact but strangely he did not feel the wetness that would normally arrive with being covered with water, he had remained dry. Puzzled he looked down at the floor for any sign of the water and found none.

"Can I help you?" asked a voice from behind the counter, he looked up.

"You, what are you doing here?" asked Fred, looking at the face of his brother, Percy Weasley. His face remained still despite the fact his estranged brother's hair had been turned a vivid green and had donkey ears on the top of his head, courtesy of the prank alarm him and George had installed.

"I came here, because I wanted to talk to you. And... George." said Percy, his eyes darted to the name badge on his brothers shirt.

"Who is it, Fred?" came a voice from the back room.

"Come on, I'll close the shop up. Not like it will make a difference." muttered Fred, pointing his wand at the front doors he walked in to the back followed by a nervous Percy.

"You!" shouted George, getting to his feet.

"George, if you'll just let me explain..." started Percy, but George had his wand drawn before he could finish.

"George, just let him talk." whispered Fred, he could see George's eyes calculating on what to do. After a few seconds he dropped his wand, but kept it in his hand.

"I just want to see mum and dad, I know I was wrong..." started Percy.

"And a prat." stated the twins in unison. Percy's face reddened.

"And a prat... but all I want it to just make amends and start over. Can you help?" asked Percy, looking at both twins, they looked at each other unsure of what to do.

"We can talk to mum and dad, but we're not promising anything." said George.

"Come back here, this time tomorrow." added Fred.

"Thanks." smiled Percy, taking his leave he rushed out of the shop.

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"Mum, we think you should just think about this." said George.

"There isn't anything to think about George, it's a dangerous world out there and your brother wants to come back and be with his family." replied Mrs. Weasley. It was just before dinner and it was only the twins and their mother in the kitchen.

"Of course he wants to come back, he knows he was wrong." mumbled Fred.

"This isn't a discussion boys, I will talk to your father and Dumbledore so we can arrange Percy to come stay here with the family." declared Mrs. Weasley.

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He had spent all day, either performing Occlumency exercises or wandless magic. He had spent the day freezing and unfreezing parts of his room, using the 'Glacius' to form the ice and 'Icendio' to melt it, he had limited success vanishing the mess of water he had created. He shook his hand slightly, it still ached. Sighing began

practicing his Occlumency once again. But was soon brought out of it by a knocking at the door.

"Come in Remus." shouted Harry, sitting up on his bed. Remus opened the door, holding a package in one hand.

"Quite a birthday." remarked Remus, looking at Harry.

"Beats most I've had, what've you got there?" asked Harry, the wrapped package peaking his interest.

"It's your birthday present from me. I didn't want to give it you this morning with everyone around." replied Remus, passing the package to Harry, who took it and let it through the wrapping.

"It's a book." stated Harry, slightly disappointed.

"Not exactly, just open it." urged Remus, leaning against the wall, smiling as Harry tore open the packaging.

"Padfoot and Prongs Animagus Notes..." muttered Harry in amazement.

"They wrote everything down about the process, I thought you might be interested in reading it." said Remus.

"I... I don't know what to say.... Thanks Remus." muttered Harry.

"Your dad and Sirius... they started the process in third year, I wish I could help you but I had no idea that they were doing it so I can't help out." replied Remus.

"I thought it was hard to become an animagus?" asked Harry, putting the book to one side in an effort to stay polite.

"It takes a degree of skill, but look at Pettigrew. He managed it." spat Remus, noticing Harry's eagerness to start reading the book.

"I'll let you read it, dinner is in an hour or so but if you don't come down I'll make up something." said Remus, laughing as Harry snatched the book up and opened it.

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Harry didn't come down for dinner, much to the displeasure of Mrs. Weasley.

"He's just tired from all the birthday fun" lied Remus, he had always been bad at lying.

"Remus, I want you to go upstairs and bring him down now. I still don't know why you are the only one who can actually go and talk to him." snapped Mrs. Weasley.

"It's part of the charms me and Sirius put on his room. I can't tell anyone unless Harry wants them to know anyway." said Remus, defensively.

"Well I don't think those charms were necessary or smart. What if he hurt himself?" she asked. Remus flinched as he remembered earlier this morning.

"He's not a baby Molly." stated Arthur, cutting in on the conversation.

"He's not been sleeping or eating properly, he looks a mess! Have you seen his hair? I hope our gift comes in to use, all that facial hair. It's scruffy." grumbled Mrs. Weasley.

"I kind of like it." sighed Ginny, immediately tinged from embarrassment, Hermione saved her friend from any further embarrassment.

"I agree with Mrs. Weasley, he shouldn't be locking himself away, he should be with us. His friends." said Hermione, pointedly looking at Remus.

"If Harry wanted you to know where his room was, he'd let you know Hermione. Don't try and guilt me into asking him because it won't work!" retorted Remus, angry at the outlandish statement she had just made. Hermione was shocked into silence, and embarrassed at being told off.

"Hermione makes a valid point Remus, can you just go up and bring him down." asked Mrs. Weasley.

"No I won't, and if you don't mind I have to leave. Thank you for the meal, Molly." replied Remus, in a forced polite tone. Ignoring further comments and arguments he left before anyone could physically stop him from doing so. Wondering how Harry had coped for so long.

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"Alright, now that everyone is here we can start. Severus, if you please." said Dumbledore, all eyes turned to Snape.

"As some of you know, the Dark Lord attacked Potter last night through the connection that they... share." stated Snape.

"How did he attack Harry though? I mean... how?" asked Fred, confused at the whole thing.

"The Dark Lord is a highly skilled Legilimens, which for the dunderheads among you is the art of extracting a persons feelings and memories against their will. It can be used to torment the victim which is what the Dark Lord intended to do last night." replied Snape in a bored tone.

"Like mind reading?" queried George. Snape closed his eyes and exhaled at the term, as if it offended him.

"That is a vulgar oversimplified explanation for Legilimens but if that is the only way you can comprehend it then yes..." hissed Snape, George frowned at the intended insult.

"Severus..." muttered Dumbledore, warningly.

"You said intended, did he not succeed?" asked Mad-Eye, his eye whirring around madly.

"He succeeded up to a point, the Dark Lord's intention was to showcase the most painful moments in Potter's life, to torment and

torture him. Bill Weasley who has been tutoring Potter in Occlumency must have been telling a degree of truth as Potter managed to fight the initial intrusion and throw the Dark Lord out." replied Snape, still unable to register the fact Potter had thrown out a Legilimens with the mastery Voldemort commanded it with.

"But... the Dark Lord managed to re-focus and break into Potter's mind. However due to being thrown out by Potter he was weakened to an extent and only managed to wish Potter a happy birthday." muttered Snape.

"How is Mr. Potter?" asked McGonagall.

"Harry is fine, the ordeal made him faint but apart from that he is in perfect health. For Harry anyway." smiled Dumbledore.

"If that is all, I have some potions that need tending to." mumbled Snape, standing to leave.

"Actually Snape, that isn't everything. There is another debate tomorrow." announced Kingsley.

"Another one, after what happened the last time?" asked Mrs. Weasley, incredulously.

"Well, this is actually the only one. It has been decided due to security threats and the urgency for a Minister Of Magic, this will be the only debate. Voting will happen in four days. We will have a new Minister this time next week." grumbled Kingsley.

"This one is having way more protections and guard duty. Nearly half of the aurors have been asked to supervise, with the other half on standby. And a significant amount of MLE Officers, it's a bit overkill really." added Tonks, thankful she had managed to evade the duty.

"It isn't surprising given the state of affairs. I have yet to approach either candidate and I know Amos hasn't either." mumbled Dumbledore.

"Amos is likely to back Bones now, a distant relative was involved in the St Mungos fiasco. He feels it is necessary for the more competent person to have the job, regardless of personal gain." said

Arthur, surprising many Order members at the revelation Amos had seemed to have.

"At least he has priorities in the right place." grumbled Mad-Eye.

The meeting finished and Mrs. Weasley rushed over to Dumbledore before he could make his usual sweeping exit.

"Albus, before you leave. Can I have a word?" queried a flustered Mrs. Weasley.

"Of course, Molly. What can I do for you?" asked Dumbledore.

"Well, it's just Percy wants to come back and stay with his family while his position in the Ministry is being re-evaluated." replied Mrs. Weasley, in a rushed voice.

"And because you no longer reside at The Burrow you would like him to stay here." said Dumbledore, finishing Mrs. Weasley's questions for her.

"If it isn't too much trouble." replied Mrs. Weasley meekly.

"Of course not Molly, here... have him read this before he comes so he can enter the premises." smiled Dumbledore, brandishing a strip of parchment from his robes.

"Thank you, Albus." gushed Mrs. Weasley.

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"the mental exercises that are supposed to help us find out what our inner animals are keep giving me and Sirius headaches, the book keeps mentioning things about meditations and getting in to a relaxed state of mind but we keep getting so annoyed about getting nothing done we can't stay relaxed..." muttered Harry to himself.

It was the fifth or so time he had read the passage. It seemed to jump from them struggling to finding there forms and they had left

out the part on how they found there forms. Instead writing, 'forms found, I'm a dog and James is a stag'. Closing his eyes he took in deep breaths as he tried to stay relaxed. It was a bit easier for him as he had some practice with Occlumency but after twenty or so minutes of nothing he opened his eyes, a frown on his face.

No wonder it drove them mad, he could see what they were talking about, but with nothing else to do. He tried again...

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"Percy!" shrieked Mrs. Weasley, she had insisted on coming with Fred and George to their shop in anticipation.

"Hello, mother." smiled Percy, accepting the bone crushing hug. The twins merely nodded at him.

"How are you? I haven't told everyone that you are coming back yet so it will be a nice surprise for them." said Mrs. Weasley, not letting go of her son.

"Can't wait..." wheezed Percy, hardly able to breathe.

"Oh... here. You have to read this, it's part of the protection on where we are staying." muttered Mrs. Weasley pulling out the parchment Dumbledore had given her. Percy read it without replying, allowing the information to sink in.

"You can come back now if you like, set up a room for you?" asked Mrs Weasley.

"Now is fine mother, I have a meeting with a friend of mine later on tonight so I won't be able to stay for dinner. I can return at night however." grinned Percy, pleasing his mother.

"That's alright darling, who are you meeting with?" asked Mrs Weasley, questioning her son as they walked out of the store. The twins looked at each other, both with a frown on their face.

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"Good evening..." muttered a voice behind him. It was scary in the light of day, at night time it was positively terrifying.

"Evening." managed Percy, holding back a stutter.

"I take it you have made some headway, given you have contacted me so soon after our last meeting." said the voice in low tones, he raised his hand slightly. Catching the bartender's attention who immediately began serving the robed man.

"I have, I am staying at the same place as ... our intended target." mumbled Percy, looking around in fear of eavesdroppers.

"That is excellent news... what is your plan?" asked the hooded man, his smouldering drink appearing at the bar again.

"Well...

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Harry walked down to the kitchen, it was later than normal but quite early by a normal person's standards. His sleep pattern had seemed to even out and he was adjusting to being up when it was bright, he had gotten used to the peace and quiet that came with being up at night time.

"Morning, Harry dear." smiled Mrs. Weasley, putting a plate on the table for him and piling sausages, bacon and eggs which he began to eat. Having missed dinner yesterday he was starving and gladly accepted seconds and thirds.

"You have a letter." announced Mrs. Weasley, passing it to Harry.

"That's got a Ministry crest on." blurted Tonks, looking at the letter.

"Wonder what they want..." muttered Harry.

Mr. Harry Potter

Your presence is required for an evaluation about the events that transpired on the evening of Voldemort's official return.

This is a compulsory summons and failure to attend may result in result in a fine or imprisonment.

The meeting is to be held today, 10AM

Ministry Of Magic, Department Of Mysteries

The parchment was unsigned, which could be expected as it was from the Department Of Mysteries.

"What does it say?" asked Tonks, interested to know what the Ministry might want with Harry.

"It's a summons, says I have to attend a meeting at the Department Of Mysteries. In...crap. Twenty minutes." replied Harry. Earning him a disapproving look from Mrs. Weasley

"The Department Of Mysteries? What about?" asked Tonks, puzzled to why they would want Harry there.

"It's about what happened, you know... that night." said Harry, lowly.

"Oh...right" muttered Tonks, her face saddened.

"I best get changed, might want to look a bit smart for this." mumbled Harry.

"I'll take you, no chance of getting Dumbledore here on such short notice." shouted Tonks as he left the kitchen.

Rushing to his room, he showered. Deciding not to trim his stubble he put on one of the shirts he had bought, putting a tie on and a pair of trousers. Ruffling his hair he ran back downstairs.

"Come on, we can Floo." said Tonks, walking over to the fireplace.

"Just say, Ministry Of Magic. Floo Number One." said Tonks, repeating her words and stepping in to the huge fireplace. Harry took a pinch of Floo Powder, and taking a deep breath and care not to bang his head, said the address and stepped in to the fireplace.

He'd forgotten how hard it was to keep his eyes open in these things, swirling around he steadied himself as he exited.

"Damn!" spluttered Harry, getting to his feet. His shirt had soot all over.

"Ventus." muttered Tonks, directing her wand on Harry's shirt. It blew off as much soot as it could. They proceeded to walk to the teller that stood looking quite bored. Tonks flashed something on the inside of her jacket and was nodded through.

"Wand... what you here for?" asked the man.

"Erm... Harry Potter. Here for a Department Of Mysteries meeting." replied Harry, unsure of how to phrase it.

"Crikey, pleasure to meet you Mr. Potter. Holly and Phoenix feather, 11 inches?" said the man, handing his wand back to Harry who nodded.

"You know where your going, sir?" asked the man.

"I'm taking him Jefferson." stated Tonks.

They walked in silence as they approached the lift, stepping into it. Three more people came in.

"Level Nine, Department Of Mysteries." announced Tonks, the same three people nervously looked at each other and stepped back out.

"Idiots..." mumbled Tonks, making Harry smile. The lift closed and an awkward silence fell between the pair of them. Harry was just about to talk when the lift announced they had arrived.

The doors opened revealing the long corridor. Harry winced as the memory flashed back to him, Tonks looked at him fearfully.

"I can't come with you, Harry. The door you want straight ahead of you as you close the door and it spins around." said Tonks, smiling at Harry as though to encourage him.

"Thanks, Tonks." replied Harry. He walked ahead and halfway towards the door he heard the lift behind him close. He opened the door that he had dreamt about last year at Hogwarts and stepped into the room. The door closed and the room spun, Harry closed his eyes, not wanting to feel dis-orientated. He opened them as they stopped spinning and walked through the door right in front of him.

It was strange, the room was brightly lit. A counter was on the left hand side as though it was a reception, two doors were in front of him, both rooms had glass walls and were empty. He turned to the reception desk and walked over to it.

"Hello?" asked Harry, there was no response and suddenly he felt quite nervous about the entire situation. He heard a slight hiss and before he could turn around his world was plunged in to darkness.

A/N - Review!

Harry stirred, even though his eyes were closed he felt like his world was spinning. Almost reluctantly he opened his eyes, instantly regretting his decision as the light burned in to his eyes. He winced and closed his eyes again, spots appeared in his vision. He went to take in a deep breath but was stopped as all the air was driven out of his body by something being driven into his stomach. The spots intensified as he gasped for air. He opened his eyes again and fighting against the instinct of closing them this time sat the blurred outline of a figure before them. He blinked rapidly as he tried to focus.

"Potter, your awake." muttered the voice, he instantly knew who it belonged to but was puzzled why he was hearing it.

"Malfoy... what the fuck?..." coughed Harry, his response was met by a swift, hard hit to the face. His head snapped back at the hit, instantly tasting his own blood.

"Language, Potter. But I don't suppose anyone told you to mind your manners did they?" sneered Malfoy.

"Fuck you..." retorted Harry. He was hit in the face again but he didn't let a sound out of his lips.

"I don't know how Muggles fight like this..." whispered Malfoy, rubbing his hands.

"Because Muggles don't spend all day on their hands and knees worshipping a dumb fuck like Voldemort." spat Harry, letting some of the blood out of his mouth.

"Crucio!" hissed Malfoy, pain wracked his body as if hot knives were piercing every part of his figure. He clenched his jaw, refusing to make a noise. The curse was released, panting slightly Harry tried to evaluate the situation he was in. His arms were tied above his head, chains wrapped around them so that they were bound together. He was seated on something and his legs were bound to the chair. He had no idea where he was, or where his wand was and no idea how much time had gone by.

"Maybe that will teach you to hold your tongue." snarled Malfoy.

"I wouldn't count on it..." whispered Harry, smiling to himself as he saw his reply infuriate Malfoy.

"Aren't you curious to how you got here?" asked Malfoy.

"Let me guess, the letter was a fake and you have someone in the Department Of Mysteries. Doesn't take an idiot to figure it out, so stop being so arrogant." replied Harry, breathing deeply. Malfoy's eyes bulged at the intended insult.

"Crucio!" hissed Malfoy, letting the curse die after a few seconds. His master didn't want the boy too beaten up, he would have to restrain himself.

"That one tickled, why don't you put some effort into it Malfoy." grumbled Harry, trying to agitate his captor. He knew the more angry someone got the more likely they would make a mistake.

"Unfortunately, I have been asked to show some self-control. My master wants the honour of killing you himself." smiled Malfoy.

"Thought Voldemort was a powerful wizard, can't be too great if he needs me tied up and wandless to beat me." growled Harry, swallowing some of his own blood.

"The Dark Lord is the most powerful wizard in the world, and you will die at his hands." retorted Malfoy, his fingers twirling around his wand.

"Whatever... so who did you get to plant the letter?" asked Harry, wanting to know so that if he escaped he would know who to kill.

"You mean you don't know?" laughed Malfoy, meeting Harry's glare.

"You don't do you..." stated Malfoy, pacing around the room.

"Stop playing bad wizard and just tell me." spat Harry, his remark earned him another Cruciatus Curse.

"I hate to admit it, but I have to admire your restraint, Potter... the traitor among your blood traitor friends is someone who recently found himself quite low down the pecking order within the Ministry. They knew by associating themselves with us and joining our side,

then their potential would be limitless... And delivering you to us is the perfect way to start." said Malfoy, his tone was soft. He was trying to make Harry scared at how relaxed he was in the situation.

"You might want to think about your last words Potter, they will go down in history after all..." smirked Malfoy, observing Harry.

"There is something I have wanted to ask Malfoy..." mumbled Harry.

"And what's that?" asked Malfoy, curious.

"Well...just between us, how did you get Narcissa to marry you? I mean we both know it wasn't your looks..." started Harry but he was cut off by another curse, a bone breaker to his leg. He heard the distinct crack as it broke and bit his lip, suppressing a grunt of pain.

"And we both know... it isn't the sex" strained Harry, fighting through the pain. Another Cruciatus Curse hit him. He bit the inside of his lip so hard it drew even more blood. Panting as the curse was released, it took him a second to come to his senses.

"Just the money then..." sighed Harry, his head snapping back as he was hit on the jaw.

"Lucius, I see your keeping our guest...entertained." said a voice from the doorway.

"Why are you here, Greyback?" asked Malfoy.

"Just checking your not mistreating our guest, you seem tense..." said Greyback, his voice full of faked concern.

"He's having marital problems..." gasped Harry, breathing heavily. Malfoy went to curse him again but was physically restrained from Greyback.

"Lucius, why don't you let me keep watch for a while." suggested Greyback. Malfoy glared at Harry and then at Greyback before turning and leaving the room.

"You really got to him." laughed Greyback, closing the door and sitting down.

"And who the hell are you?" asked Harry.

"Of course, how rude of me. As you may have heard...I'm Greyback, Fenrir Greyback." said the hulk of a man softly, he walked right up to Harry and kneeled down beside him.

"You say that as if I'm supposed to know who you are, and I know all of Voldemort's most loyal lapdogs so you can't be that important." laughed Harry, taking pleasure at the visible frustration it caused.

"Careful, boy. I play harder than Malfoy." smiling at Harry.

"I suppose I'm supposed to start trembling in fear now?" asked Harry, sarcastically.

"Something like that." snarled Greyback.

"Alright then, I'll start trembling in a minute..." spat Harry, his breath was taken from his body again as Greyback stood up and struck Harry in the chest. He felt dazed as bright lights erupted in his vision, he took in a deep breath but felt a sharp pain, wheezing slightly he took care not to cough and breathed steadily. But each breath was painful.

"I should have mentioned, I'm a werewolf so I tend to hit harder than most." grinned Greyback, enjoying the disorientated look on Potter's face, he silenced the boy and went and sat in the other corner of the room.

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"Morning, Remus." said Mrs. Weasley cheerfully.

"Morning, Molly." replied Remus, still feeling slight tension between them.

"If you're looking for Harry, he is at the Ministry. He received a letter from the Ministry this morning asking for his attendance, Tonks took

him." quipped Mrs. Weasley, as she busied herself by preparing more breakfast for those that were yet to come down.

"The Ministry, what for?" asked Remus, sitting down and pouring himself some juice.

"It was from The Department Of Mysteries, I guess it was something to do with what transpired there earlier in the summer." answered .

"Who's picking him up" queried Remus.

"I don't know... oh! Here is the letter." said Mrs. Weasley, handing him the letter. Remus took it and glanced over the details.

"Molly, this letter doesn't say when to pick him up." stated Remus, his voice deadpan. Something was wrong, he knew it. He had never heard of the Department Of Mysteries to send out an invite. Mrs. Weasley stopped what she was doing and looked at Remus, her eyes were full of worry.

"I'm getting, Albus." muttered Remus, rushing out of the kitchen. Nearly knocking over Ron, Hermione and Ginny.

"Profess..." started Hermione, but Remus had already left.

"Wonder what that's about." remarked Ron, walking on through to the kitchen.

Remus apparated to Hogsmeade, he was filled with dread. He knew in his gut this felt wrong, every instinct told him so. Walking through the main gates he sprint as fast as he could up to Hogwarts and to Dumbledore's office. Instantly remembering that he didn't know the password.

"Crap...erm, Lemon Drops? Bertie Botts Every Flavour Bean, Fizzing Whizzbees, damn it. Can't you just move, this is important!" shouted Remus.

"Problem, Remus?" asked a voice behind him. He turned and saw McGonagall.

"Minerva, please I need to talk to Albus. It's about Harry!" urged Remus.

"Of course, what is it about?" asked the Transfiguration professor. Giving the password and walking up the spiral staircase.

"It's best you hear it when I tell, Albus." sighed Remus, he felt sick at the possibilities. Rushing up the staircase, he burst into the office without knocking.

"Ever heard of manners, Lupin?" sneered Snape. Remus pointedly ignored the snipe and looked at Dumbledore who, like Snape was wondering what could be so urgent.

"Albus, Harry received this letter this morning." said Remus, panting slightly as he was out of breath. He handed the letter over to Dumbledore.

"The golden boy gets a letter, stop the press..." mumbled Snape, his voice filled with sarcasm.

"Severus...read." murmured Dumbledore, sliding the letter over to him, Snape rolled his eyes. Picking up the letter however his bored expression morphed into one of disbelief.

"Albus, Severus. What is it?" snapped McGonagall. Snatching the letter up herself.

"It appears Potter has been tricked...again." whispered Snape, Remus had to fight against every instinct not to start an argument. There were more important things to discuss.

"I'm going to the Ministry, I want the three of you to go to Headquarters immediately. Don't tell anyone about our suspicions, no need to cause anyone to panic if it's nothing." said Dumbledore, his face however showed he doubted his own statement. The other three nodded and fell in silence as Fawkes appeared on Dumbledore's shoulder and with a flash of fire was gone.

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Harry had been staring at the wall opposite him for... well he didn't really know how long it had been. He hadn't even bothered to struggle against the restraints, instead sat there in an almost relaxed posture. He had kept his mouth closed the entire time, he couldn't make a sound anyway but thought it might be something of a statement if he chose not to fight against it. He knew that Greyback had been looking at him the entire time, a feral look had remained in his eyes the entire time.

"You don't seem worried about your current predicament..." stated Greyback, standing up and walking up to Harry.

"You do know why you are here don't you?" asked Greyback, as though speaking to a two-year old. Harry kept on looking straight ahead.

"Of course you do, you've been a thorn for too long Potter. Many of us dream for the honour of killing you, but that is the Dark Lord's decision. I hope he will let us play with you for a while though." smiled Greyback, his breath filled Harry's nostrils and it repulsed him, he pretended to mouth something in response.

"Sorry Potter, didn't quite catch that... Finite Incantatem" muttered the werewolf. Harry mouthed unintelligible words again, pretending that the spell didn't work.

"Finite Incantatem." hissed the man again, Harry repeated his actions as he tried to stop a smile appearing on his face.

"The boy can talk Fenrir, he is just pretending he can't talk." spat a voice behind Greyback, they were hidden from view as Fenrir was so big, but he turned around and Harry saw who it was.

"Rodolphus...what do you want?" growled Fenrir.

"He is here, it is time." replied Rodolphus, simply. Harry knew instantly what Lestrage was talking about but was brought out of his thought from a glancing blow to his face.

"That's for trying to trick me, Potter." snarled Greyback, he heard the metallic click of the chains unwrapping from his arms and legs. He was wrenched from his seat and forcefully dragged along. His mind was raving as he thought of a way to get out, he didn't have any

idea where he was so that made it even more difficult to think of an escape plan. He silently observed where he was being taken from so that if he did escape he would know not to come back this way.

The air seemed to chill slightly as he was pulled along the dark corridor, every so often there was a flamed torch in a bracket on the walls that revealed the passage as a narrow, dingy corridor. It began to get darker as he was hauled along. He heard people talking and craned his neck looking at who they belonged to. He saw that they belonged to more Death Eaters stood around what appeared to be a foyer. He was dumped on the floor and kicked in the stomach, he heard people laughing as he gasped for breath. His chest hurt, specifically his ribs were Greyback had hit him.

He managed to get to his feet after a few seconds, shifting the weight to his working leg. He had almost forgotten about his broken leg, the pain was almost insignificant to the Cruciatus. He felt his scar flare in pain but aryl felt it as he stood upright.

"Crucio!" hissed a voice, he had no idea where it came from but the spell struck him. The pain was agonising, it seemed worse than before as he barely maintained to keep silent. The curse was lifted and he was left panting on the floor, wiping his hair out of his face he saw the reptile like face of Voldemort. He was walking towards him and a quick look around saw that the Death Eaters were closing in as well, surrounding them in a circle. There was no escape.

"Harry Potter... once again you stand before me." hissed Voldemort gently.

"Spare me the lecture you prick." retorted Harry, mutterings erupted around them but they were soon drowned out as Voldemort raised his wand.

"Testy I see, it can hardly be blamed...don't you want to know who it was that betrayed you? I have them here, they wanted to be present at the moment you were killed..." said Voldemort softly, he clicked his fingers but nothing happened.

"I will not ask again..." leered Voldemort, a trembling figure from the right hand side walked forward and stood behind Voldemort. They looked reluctant as they brought their hands to the hood of their robes, stalling for a moment before they revealed themselves.

"Percy... you fucking wanker..." snapped Harry, getting to his knees.

"He played on his doting blood traitor mothers conscience so well, a good apple from a rotten bushel..." sneered Voldemort.

"In case you are wondering, Percy was allowed access to the precious Order Of The Phoenix's headquarters from your esteemed Headmaster without question. I think he's lost his touch Harry, don't you?" laughed Voldemort, revelling in the anger that was showing on Harry's face.

"Feels good doesn't it? The anger, the hatred... coursing through your body. You could have been a valuable asset to my cause, Harry Potter." whispered Voldemort.

"You can shove your cause up your ass." spat Harry.

"Crucio!" growled Voldemort, Harry tasted the metallic taste of his own blood again as he bit his cheek. He didn't know how much time had passed since the curse had started but with every passing second it seemed to get even more painful. It was released, and he collapsed on to the floor. Looking at Voldemort with unrivalled hatred, he got to his feet again.

"Such resilience... but you will learn not to insult me, Harry." smiled Voldemort.

"I doubt it..." muttered Harry, almost smiling as he saw Voldemort's eyes flash in anger.

"You think your powerful don't you...Tom..." leered Harry, but at the mention of Voldemort's birth name he was brought to his knees as Voldemort sliced through the air with his wand and he was hit with an unheard spell, but he felt blood trickling down his side.

"Do not mention that name..." warned Voldemort. Harry coughed, pain erupting around his ribs. He looked to his left and in to the eyes of an unknown Death Eater.

"You know he's a half-blood, don't you..." spluttered Harry, nodding towards Voldemort, who seethed and walked up to Harry, who was getting to his feet.

"You are determined to be a nuisance until I kill you, aren't you?" murmured a livid Voldemort. They were more or less the same height, as Voldemort twirled his wands in his hands. Harry's posture slumped slightly, making Voldemort smile.

"You know you have no chance of escape, Potter. Now why..." but he never finished his sentence as Harry with as much force as he could muster head-butted Voldemort, the force and surprise of it all caught Voldemort completely unawares and fell backwards, his slits for nostrils bleeding profusely.

"My Lord, are you alright?" asked one Death Eater, his question earned him a half a second under the Cruciatus Curse, it was enough to make the Death Eater scream and fall to the ground whimpering.

Harry grinned at Voldemort with a wild look in his eyes, this was not the Harry Potter that Voldemort had expected. Emotional, certainly. Frightened, of course. But to have the audacity to strike him? Realising he was still on the floor he quickly stood up. Brandishing his wand he bound Harry where he was stood.

"Think that was funny, Potter. I was just going to kill you but now I am sorely tempted to have some fun with you." growled Voldemort, slowly raising his arm and with a long, thin finger touching Harry on his scar.

The searing pain made him close his eyes, focusing he tried with all his strength to fight it. To use his Occlumency and battle back, remembering what had beaten Voldemort last time in the Ministry he thought about Sirius, and his parents. The pain stopped and he opened his eyes, seeing Voldemort had a hand on his head now.

"Rookwood, take him back to his room. Mulciber, help him. It seems The-Boy-Who-Lived still has some fight in him. We'll make sure to stomp that out of him, I want him broken and defeated before I kill him..." smirked Voldemort, Harry returned it with a smile.

"If you would like an opportunity to torment and torture the boy, feel free to frequent his... residence." added Voldemort, turning his back on Harry and putting an arm around a wide-eyed Percy.

"You'll die for this, Percy." hissed Harry, as he was dragged away.

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McGonagall, Remus and Snape arrived at Headquarters, and inside they found it was an eerily quiet. Mrs. Weasley had explained to Ron, Hermione and Ginny exactly why Remus had torn out and knocked them over, initially they had woken the entire house up but once everything had been explained, everyone was in a state of shocked silence.

"Someone's here..." they heard someone say in the kitchen. Everyone rushed out to the entrance to see who it was.

"Professor Lupin, what's happening? Is Harry alright?" asked Hermione, fervently.

"Has he been tricked again?" asked Ginny, tearfully. Everyone started asking questions, frantic for news.

"If everyone would calm down and let me answer one at a time... it does seem that Harry has been hoodwinked once more and captured. Though we do not have confirmation, it is extremely likely that Harry has been captured by Death Eaters." replied Remus, solemnly.

"Why didn't you know about this, I thought you were supposed to be a spy for Dumbledore." shouted Ron, looking at Snape.

"Ronald!" scolded Mrs. Weasley.

"If you are quite finished Mr. Weasley, my position within the Dark Lord's ranks does not make me privy to every single plan or preconceived notion that they have." replied Snape, his voice was dangerously calm.

"Do you know where he is, Severus?" asked Remus, his eyes begging for any information.

"I have an idea where he might be located, he thinks I am busy setting the upcoming years classes so has not bothered to call me. I am sure if he planned on killing the boy he would want everyone present." said Snape, coldly. Everyone gasped or screamed at his remark.

"Severus, the children might not want to think about their friend in such a predicament." gritted McGonagall, looking at the shocked and upset expressions of three of her house members.

"I think the best thing to do, it everyone come on sit down in the kitchen. Albus said that he will meet us here." announced Remus.

"He also said not to tell anyone of our suspicions." quipped Snape.

"It was to late for that, Severus. Albus will understand." replied McGonagall. Slowly, Mrs. Weasley, Ron, Hermione, Ginny, Neville, Fred, George, Augusta Longbottom, McGonagall, Remus and Snape made their way in to the kitchen, were Mrs. Weasley immediately busied herself with making everyone a drink and snacks, as they awaited the arrival of Dumbledore.

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Dumbledore appeared in the Ministry in a spurt of fire, he had a few people but at the moment he did not care. Striding across the foyer he walked up to the guard on duty, recognising him as a student ten or so years ago. But he couldn't remember his name.

"Professor Dumbledore, is there something I can do for you?" asked the guard.

"I need to know if Harry Potter came through here at all today." said Dumbledore, simply.

"I don't know, Professor. These records are supposed to be secretive..." argued the guard.

"It's very important." muttered Dumbledore, looking at the man. His piercing blue eyes imploring him to realise his sincerity.

"I suppose, because it's you Professor..." replied the man, he flicked through the parchment that was on his clipboard. It took him several seconds of scrolling through the list.

"Here he is, Harry James Potter. Says he is here for a Department of Mysteries meeting..." stated the man. Dumbledore closed his eyes and thanked the man. Supreme Mugwump or not, he could not storm in to the Department Of Mysteries unless he had good reason. Realising he had to make a decision on which Minister candidate he would have to talk to first and knowing whoever he talked to would be recognised as having his support he made a snap decision and walked in the nearest lift, pressing the button for the Department of Magical Law Enforcement.

A lift had never climbed so slowly, he had it to himself at least. He knew the likelihood that Harry had been taken was high, but he had to stay hopeful. The doors opened and he walked out of the lift, it was very busy. Far more than he had expected, in his haste he had forgotten the debate was today. His presence would certainly make a statement as he walked over to Amelia's office, knocked and walked in without waiting for an answer.

"Who the hell... Albus? What are you doing here?" asked Amelia Bones, she was alone in her office. Sheets of parchment before her as she was obviously revising for the press conference.

"Amelia, I know you and I haven't always seen eye to eye. But what I'm about to tell you needs to stay between you and me, is your office secure?" queried Dumbledore, nervous about how this might go.

"Of course, now what is it?" asked Ameila, curious to what Albus might want.

"Harry Potter came to the Ministry earlier today, under the pretence he was going to a Department of Mysteries meeting about the events a few weeks ago. I would like to use your connections as Head of the MLE and inquire about this." said Dumbledore.

"What do you think has happened?" asked Amelia, scared of what the answer might be.

"I think Harry may have been captured by Death Eaters." replied Dumbledore, gravely. Only he knew the true implications of what this might mean. Madam Bones stopped writing a memo to her contact in the Department Of Mysteries in shock and horror.

"You think Harry Potter has been captured? But... how?" asked Amelia, struggling to understand how it might have happened.

"We both know that there are certain Ministry employees under surveillance for alleged involvement with Voldemort. It could be easy for a member of the Department of Mysteries to have contact with a Death Eater, what I am struggling with is how someone could have got the letter to Mr. Potter, they would have to work in the Ministry..." Dumbledore drifted off as the realisation hit him, and he nearly cursed himself at his own ignorance.

"I'll send this off right away Albus, if he has been captured. What are your plans": asked Amelia, scribbling her note and prodding it with her wand. It folded itself over and took flight. Dumbledore looked at her, the usual twinkle was gone and had been replaced with despair.

"I have no plans, Amelia... By the way, you will make an excellent Minister." smiled Dumbledore, leaving the office with Madam Bones dumbfounded at his statement.

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"Easy Mulciber, the Dark Lord said he wanted him alive..." muttered Rookwood, they had dumped Harry back in the room he had been in. The restraints seemed tighter this time but he wasn't noticing that, it was the tinge of red in his eye as Mulciber had taken a knife and cut down the side of his face, all the way down to his cheek.

"Relax, it's not like he's complaining. You don't mind do you Potter?" said Mulciber, before Harry could even open his mouth to respond he was pinched in the face.

"See?... Come on Rookwood, don't you want in on this?" asked Mulciber, laughing to himself. Circling Harry like an animal. Harry looked at Rookwood, the eyes through his mask showed uncertainty as he got to his feet.

"I've got better things to do than help you beat up a kid." muttered Rookwood, walking out of the room.

"What a bore..." sighed Mulciber, turning his attention back to Harry.

"You know what goes great with open cuts? Lemon juice, I'll be right back" chuckled Mulciber, leaving Harry sat on his own.

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Dumbledore slammed the doors to Headquarters open, making everyone inside jump up at the surprise of it all.

"Molly?" shouted Dumbledore, anger evident in his voice. Mrs. Weasley came rushing out of the kitchen followed closely by everybody else with Snape bringing up the rear.

"What is it Albus, is Harry alright?" asked Mrs. Weasley.

"Molly, where is Percy's room?" asked Dumbledore, ignoring her statement.

"It's upstairs, next to mine and Arthur's...why?" asked Mrs. Weasley, confused at why Albus would want to know.

"Percy is here? When did he..." but Dumbledore was already halfway up the stairs. Everyone looked at each other, puzzled to what was going on and followed. Doors flying open as Dumbledore walked past them until he reached what Molly had said was Percy's. The door shattered into splinters from a wordless spell as Dumbledore entered. A few seconds later everyone had arrived.

"I don't... I don't understand..." said Mrs. Weasley, astonished at the sight before her. Apart from the room being covered in splinters and bits of wood, it was exactly how it had been before Percy had moved in his things. The bed was made, there was no trunk, no sign that anyone had been in the room for the last month.

"I think Percy Weasley was not as keen to come back to his family as you may have thought..." muttered Snape.

"What do you mean, Albus. What is going on?" asked Mrs. Weasley

"The person who sent Harry that letter used a Ministry seal, and the only people that work in the Ministry that have access to this house are, Arthur, Tonks and Kingsley. And now Percy, and as it seems he is no longer here, I think it was him who planted the letter and tricked us all." replied Dumbledore, sitting on the splinter ridden bed.

"You can't possibly think it was Percy, he wouldn't do that. He's my son." cried Mrs. Weasley.

"Professor, I don't think even Percy would do something like that." said Fred, though his voice was doubtful.

"We will find out soon, I am calling a meeting of the Wizengamot tonight and issuing a warrant for the arrest of Percy Weasley. If he comes forward he is innocent, if not then we know it was him. I hope I am wrong, but I know I am not." announced Dumbledore, his voice was toneless. Mrs Weasley gasped at the mention of a warrant for Percy, unable to believe he could have done something like this.

"After the meeting of the Wizengamot, there will be a meeting here tonight. We need to discuss what has happened at what our plan of action will be." said Dumbledore, leaving everyone that had assembled in the room frozen in shock.

(End Of Chapter)

What do you think?

Really big chapter coming up, Wizengamot meeting, Order meeting, and much more.

"I call for order in this establishment at once. I have called an emergency meeting of the Wizengamot to issue of warrant for the immediate arrest of Percival Ignatius Weasley for crimes against the Ministry of Magic." said Dumbledore, his voice was loud and filled with authority.

"What are the charges?" asked a heavily moustached wizard.

"The charges, Smithwell. Are the improper use of Ministry equipment with a use to fraud and highly suspected involvement with Voldemort and his followers." answered Dumbledore, he did not want the story of Harry's abduction widespread, he didn't want half the people that already knew about it to know about it. But it was a bit late to do anything about it now.

"What is the evidence?" asked an elderly witch

"There is no physical evidence to the crimes stated, however I have Arthur Weasley, Percival's son here to confirm my words. As the boy's father, he would only confirm what has been said unless he also believed them." replied Dumbledore, stepping down and allowing Arthur Weasley to stand.

"Member of the Wizengamot, it is with regret that I do believe what Chief Warlock and Head of the Wizengamot has said. I wish I could argue against it but what I have seen... what I have seen settles my doubts. I believe my son Percy, has indeed aided Voldemort and used Ministry equipment with gross negligence." stated Arthur Weasley, his words were toneless as he said them. Part of him wanted to argue against it, but the rational and logical side of his brain knew, what Albus had told him was true.

"As the warrant is purely to arrest the boy, a full vote is not necessary. If this was a matter of capture or kill, then it would be a different kettle of Grindylow altogether. The father of the wanted does add credence as well, I call for a vote. All those that oppose the notion? Nobody against? Fine, the warrant for the arrest of Percival Ignatius Weasley is now active." announced Dumbledore, almost half-heartedly. He looked over to Arthur, only his eyes showed the disbelief of his son's actions. He walked over to the man and placed an arm around him as they walked out of the Wizard's Council, and to an Apparition point.

(Scene Break)

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There was some confusion at Grimmauld Place, those that had gathered had been perplexed by what had been said. Mad-Eye was outright furious that it had been so easy, while Bill was shocked about what to say about his little brother and Harry, who he had slowly come to think as more of a brother than Percy ever was. The reactions paled in comparison however, when Tonks entered the kitchen. She was still unaware of what the meeting was about, and when she was told had repeatedly cursed aloud, furious at her own ignorance at the matter and fought back tears. She had basically sentenced to death a person who had saved her life.

"Tonks, nobody blames you..." whispered Remus, trying to comfort her. She had ben silence ever since and was sat on her own.

"I know they don't, but they should." sniffed Tonks, looking despairingly at Remus.

"It wasn't your fault, that letter was stamped and sealed by a Ministry official. As far as you knew, as far as anyone knew, that was a letter from the Ministry." muttered Remus.

"It was from a Ministry official though wasn't it, Percy bloody Weasley is a Ministry official and he betrayed everyone and for what?" growledTonks, her remarks caught a few people's attention. Primarily Mrs. Weasely's.

"We don't know for sure that it was Percy." argued Mrs. Weasley, she was wearisome after the amount of crying she had done.

"Please, he's here for a night, a night then disappears as though he was never here. Of course it was his fault." snapped Tonks.

"He could have been Imperiused!" exclaimed Ginny, hoping that her brother had been under the influence of Death Eaters and not of his own free will.

"If he was under the Imperius, he should have fought harder against the curse." spat Snape, he disliked Potter sure. But the thoughts of what was being done to him, he wouldn't have wished it on anyone.

"Severus..." said McGonagall, her voice waning.

"I'm sorry Minerva, but it should be said. If he was a strong a wizard as his test scores said he was. He could have at least have put up a fight." hissed Snape, his face missing it's usual smirking or sneering expression.

"Because Death Eaters fight fair, he was probably out numbered five to one. You probably helped attack him, we all know you hate Harry!" shouted Ron, not flinching at being chastised of his mother and Hermione.

"As much as I dislike Potter, I wouldn't want him tortured." said Snape, his tone icy.

"Maybe he did do it of his own will, I mean... wasn't he in the Ministers Office straight out of Hogwarts. After Fudge was kicked out he would have found himself in a boring job, he has the motive." mused Neville, surprising many at the table of his reasoning.

"Whether he did it of his own will or not, the fact is Harry is missing. And we should focus on that." stated Remus.

"Professor, couldn't you go and check if You-Know-Who has Harry?" asked Hermione, meekly.

"If I go to the Dark Lord and ask if he has Potter, not only would he be angry about me asking questions that I shouldn't. But it would make him very suspicious of me, some Death Eaters still doubt my allegiance and doing something like this would only help those doubts strengthen." replied Snape, glaring at Hermione.

"So your worried that if you do ask about Harry, you'll be found out?" asked Ron, incredulously.

"Me being 'found out' as you put it would only end up with me being tortured along side Potter. It would achieve nothing." retorted Snape.

"You think he's being tortured?" asked McGonagall, saying it quietly so only Snape heard.

"You have no idea..." answered Snape, shaking his head trying not to think about it. After a few more minutes of squabbling and chatting amongst themselves, Dumbledore and Arthur walked in to the room.

"The warrant for Percy's arrest is active, at my request he has been put up as far up the list as his crimes could permit him to go." stated Dumbledore, it set Mrs. Weasley on a fresh bout of crying.

"What I have called this meeting for, is to discuss how Harry was taken, where he was taken and how we might try to find him and bring him back." added Dumbledore, sitting down at the table.

"Ron, Hermione, Ginny. Out." said Arthur, simply.

"But Dad..." started Ginny.

"Harry is our friend!" cried Hermione.

"Let us stay!" pleaded Ron.

"I'm sorry you three, but what we are going to talk about will be unpleasant. And you will not want to hear some of the things that will be said." replied Dumbledore, accompanying his words with a stern gaze. The three teenagers knew that there was no arguing and left without another word. Arthur cast the charms to prevent them from overhearing and sat down next to his wife, silently consoling her.

"Firstly, how did Percy manage to do this?" asked Dumbledore, rubbing his head.

"He used his resources at the Ministry to create a fake letter." replied McGonagall, stating it as fact.

"Simple enough, and his motive is clear. From Percy's perspective as far as he is concerned, Harry effectively ruined his career at the Ministry." said Dumbledore.

"And as revenge, turns him over to You-Know-Who." quipped George.

"How do we know that though?" asked Fred, causing many to look at him.

"Well, it's just we don't know that it was You-Know-Who that Percy handed him over to, or handed him over to anyone. Maybe he captured Harry." remarked Fred.

"Harry out duelled some senior Death Eaters at Privet Drive, I can't see him being beaten by Percy." muttered Bill.

"For arguments sake, let us presume Harry has been captured and turned over to Voldemort. Who else in the Ministry would have helped?" queried Dumbledore, looking around the table.

"Rookwood was a member of the Department of Mysteries wasn't he? Maybe he made accomplices over the years." offered Tonks.

"The whole problem with the Department of Mysteries is that nobody knows who they are, I know that it is the entire point of the Department. But without even knowing who works for them, it's near impossible to accuse someone of assisting with Harry's abduction." said Kingsley.

"That's the problem with the entire bloody Department, nobody knows what they do or who's in it." grumbled Moody.

"Severus... what will the Death Eaters be doing to Harry?" asked Dumbledore, unsure whether he wanted to hear the answer.

"The Cruciatus Curse for a start, other than that it depends how badly the Dark Lord wants him to be beaten and tortured." replied Snape, darkly.

"Do you have an idea where he might be being held?" queried Dumbledore, Snape was silent for a moment before he looked up at Dumbledore.

"Azkaban" stated Snape simple, his response making many gasp in horror and Dumbledore close his eyes.

(Scene Break)

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Mulciber had left several minutes ago, the lemon juice was now running down his body and making him his in pain as it hit the cut on his side that Voldemort had caused earlier. His face felt as though it was on fire, as the citrus fruit juice had been rubbed into his already bloodstained face. He closed his eyes as he let out a heavy breath, forcing himself to concentrate at he moved his moved his arms as much as he could. They had wrapped them up in chains again and tied them to the roof, focusing he whispered 'Aguamenti' as softly as he could. He nearly cried out in relief as the water flowed down his arms, positioning his head so it would flow on to his face and down his body, the sudden cold temperature made him breath in and out more quickly than he would have liked as his ribs and side ached painfully. After a few more seconds he stopped the charm as it had washed most of this face and body so it no longer stung. He didn't want to use his limited wandless ability for too long if somebody came in and saw him.

He closed his eyes as he speculated how in the world he was going to get out of this one...

(Scene Break)

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"Hey, Tonks..." muttered Bill, sitting down opposite her. The fireplace was flickering slightly, the flame was not enough to light the room properly, instead it was bathed the room in a dull orange.

"Evening, Bill." she replied, quietly. She had been sat in here on her own since the Order meeting, relishing the quietness of it all.

"How are you doing?" asked Bill, pouring himself a drink.

"Oh...you know... sentenced a wizarding icon to his death so I'm fine and dandy thanks. Yourself?" she said, her attempt at sarcasm failing as she choked with tears slightly.

"Not brilliant, I'm normally upstairs teaching him at this time. Drink?" offered Bill, pulling out the glass he normally kept in his bag for only nodded in response, Bill poured a generous amount of the Oak Matured Mead he and Harry had been drinking lately.

"You teach him until this late?" asked Tonks, gulping half of her drink down in one go.

"Don't tell anyone, as far as anyone else is concerned. It's half an hour of Occlumency and that's it." muttered Bill, cautious for anyone overhearing him.

"So you do teach him more than that..." smiled Tonks, sitting upright.

"Not so much teach, we talk about other stuff as well. He's what... sixteen now? And he's stuck here all day doing nothing, must be boring as hell." mumbled Bill, taking a sip from his glass.

"Better here than where he is now." replied Tonks, shivering at the thought of Azkaban. She had served a few months in her early years, and it had been enough for her to never want to go back. Even the increased pay and time off she got when doing it didn't make it worthwhile.

"I guess... what's it like. Azkaban, I mean." said Bill, he had never been involved on the routine checks on Azkaban wards and from what his colleagues had told him about it, he didn't want to do it either.

"It's awful...it's cold and wet nearly every day. It's so... lacking in life it's haunting, everything seems dark and grey. Thankfully, there isn't much interaction with the Dementor's. You have nothing to do but the occasional patrol around the cells, it's mind-numbing and tedious work. The only reason I did it was because it's recommended you do it straight out of Auror Academy. The instructors say it's a good experience to see what kind of scum we will have to fight and capture and the hell they go through when they get sent there." replied Tonks, her voice was steady all the way through but her eyes were distant as she described the hell on earth that it actually was.

They fell silent for a few seconds after what Tonks had described, both of them taking a mouthful of Mead.

"I can't believe I didn't even think about checking the note, I've never heard the Department of Mysteries sending letters for meetings. Have you?" asked Tonks, tearfully.

"Well...no, but the letter was pretty convincing." replied Bill, trying to cheer Tonks up.

"I was still the one who took him to the Ministry, I walked him to the Department Of Mysteries, if he does...die... How can I live with that on my conscience? If the Daily Prophet got hold of it, I'd have a mob after me" exclaimed Tonks, finishing her drink.

"It could have happened to anyone, don't feel bad about it." said Bill, in what he hoped was a soothing tone.

"Do you...do you think we'll get him out? You know, rescue him?" asked Tonks, helping herself to another drink.

"Honestly? I don't know, it's Azkaban. It's secluded and like you said, it's hell. Gringotts wards the place, or at least they did. Those wards were some of the best weaved we've done. It's not getting in that's the problem, it's getting out. Sirius managed it, did he tell anyone how he managed to do it?" queried Bill, wondering if the answer might be of any help to Harry.

"Well, he was an Animagus so he could switch to his animal form. Said it helped cope with the Dementor's, then Fudge visited one day and left a newspaper at his cell. He saw a picture of Pettigrew as a raw with your family, 'Scabbers' I think your family called him." said Tonks.

"No way! That little rat was Peter Pettigrew?" gasped Bill, astonished and disgusted at the fact that for a time he had lived with wizard impersonating as an innocent pet. Tonks only nodded in response.

"Anyway, he saw him in a photo and transformed into his Animagus form. He was so thin that he could slip through the bars on his cell,

then all there after swimming across the North Sea he reached the Britain." stated Tonks, her tone had hints of pride and sadness in it.

"So all Harry has to do, is to become an Animagus and swim across the North Sea..." joked Bill, it brought a small smile to the pairs faces. But it fell when they realised the magnitude of what they or Harry had to do.

(Scene Break)

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"As we all know, we are here for what will be the final debate between the two candidates before a vote is taken for the position as Minster of Magic, with the Ministry lacking a leader it has certainly worn on the public and lost confidence in the Ministry of Magic as the fine establishment that it is, Madam Bones, Rufus Scrimgeour if you would please take to your podiums." announced a short, heavily bearded man. The two candidates took to the stage behind their respective podiums.

"First of all, can you tell us if you became Minister what would your position be on the losing candidate?" asked one of the half-dozen reporters that had been allowed in to the room. They were using old Courtroom Three for the event, the wall was literally lined with aurors and MLEOfficers. Outside was twenty placed up the entire corridor so that their would be an immediate alert if something happened. All of it was to make sure that if anything were to happen like last time, they are prepared.

"I think I speak for my opponent when I say I respect them a great deal, despite the past which some of you may have heard is full of animosity towards each other. I respect what Madam Bones has done for the Ministry a great deal, I would ask that Madam Bones take a more direct role within the Ministry, and assist me in day to day operations. Because as well as I could do this job, I think that with the assistance of one another it would help us both a great deal." replied Scrimgeour, his yellow eyes looking around the room as he talked.

"So you would ally yourself with Madam Bones if you are Minister?" asked the man, trying to assure what they had heard.

"I would." answered Scrimgeour, shortly.

"Madam Bones, same question..." stated the same reporter.

"I have known Rufus for a long time, and like he said we have had our arguments but at the end of the day we work for the same side. I respect him, his department and what he stands for. And if he were to accept such a role, if I was to be voted in as Minister then I would very much appreciate his help in an advisory role. His experience in the Auror Office is remarkable and I can think of no-one better to head the Department. So if voted in I would like him to stay primarily in that position, but would like to hear his perspective on the important and day-to-day decisions of Minister but without compromising his position as Head of the Auror Office." answered Madam Bones, being careful not to insult Rufus while maintaining a level of control on the situation.

They continued discussing about their position in the Ministry and how it could relevantly relate to the Minister, their stance on the important matters such as Voldemort and Death Eaters, relations with Goblins, their relations with the Heads of Departments in the Ministry and much more until finally they came to what many present and many listening knew would decide the actual vote itself.

"To those present who are not Aurors, MLE Officers or reporters. Who would you say made the best argument and who would you vote for?" asked a journalist. Everyone faced those that had been invited to overwatch proceedings to see who was going to vote for who.

"I think Madam Bones, her views on inter-office relations and relations with the goblins have really swung me in her favour" replied Dirk Cresswell, Head of the Goblin Liaison Office.

"My vote goes to Scrimgeour, I just think he's more battle worn and prepared for what is to come." countered Amos Diggory.

"I also think I shall be voting for Rufus." added Pius Thicknesse, softly.

"While Madam Bones makes a good case, I cannot help but side with Scrimgeour. Like Pius here, I think he will have a more direct approach to battling You-Know-Who and his forces." said Albert Runcorn, his loud thunderous voice echoing around the room. Just as Tiberius Ogden was about to speak, Albus Dumbledore interrupted him.

"My vote will go to Madam Bones." said Dumbledore simply, his remark instantly caused people to start talking. Albus Dumbledore had never in living memory, involved himself in the preference of a Minister candidate, today however he had openly sided with Madam Bones.

"Would you care to explain why?" asked Barnabas Cuffe, editor in chief of The Daily Prophet.

"I feel she would be a great Minister, she has the political experience having been in the Wizengamot for several years whereas Rufus has had next to none. Her skills in co-operation and proposals for the Ministry to work as a unit sounds like it will be the best step forward for the Magical Community." mused Dumbledore, resting his head on his fingertips.

He had openly backed Amelia as he said he would, now it was only a matter of time for the vote. He chanced a look at Scrimgeour who already had a defeated look in his eyes, it was nothing personal. He only hoped Scrimgeour saw it that way. As they had both said, the key to winning this war was to work together, and Harry Potter. But for now at least, his kidnapping had been kept quiet. He only hoped it would stay that way...

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You-Know-Who Claims To Have Captured Harry Potter!

The Daily Prophet has learnt that He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Name has been captured, an anonymous note was sent to our offices earlier this morning that stated the following;

I, Lord Voldemort have captured your precious 'Boy-Who-Lived'. Only he won't be living for much longer, the state that the wizarding world is currently in made it easy for the boy to be captured. With some assistance from the Ministry itself of course. But don't worry, you will have time to be scared and worry about Harry Potter as I intend on torturing him in the most inhumane ways possible. But don't think he is so special, as for anyone who stands in my way will also be met with the same fate. Fear me.

L.V

Whether or not the note is a hoax or it is real is yet unknown, although it seems quite easy to see why it could be after our reporters found the house where Harry Potter is rumoured to stay during his summer holidays. For those who don't know, Harry lives with his Aunt (the late Lily Potter nee Evans, sister) in a Muggle inhabitation in Surrey. Our investigations found no evidence of Harry Potter living at the house, which of course adds credence to the story.

It is also said he sometimes stays with the Weasley family, all members of which were unavailable to comment, as was Headmaster of Hogwarts, Albus Dumbledore, (Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot and Supreme Mugwump.) who Harry Potter is said to have a closer relationship than just pupil and teacher.

We will try as hard as we can to find out if there are any truths to these serious allegations.

William Randolph-Anderson, The Daily Prophet.

This was the headline of the mornings Daily Prophet, immediately causing a outcry and outrage from the public that immediately demanded to know if there was truth behind the article. The Ministry of Magic was inundated with owls, as was Hogwarts and unfortunately the Surrey area. It was speculated disrupted sleep patterns and damaged navigation skills led to the mass amount of nocturnal animals to cause them to circle around Surrey all day.

"I didn't think You-Know-Who would do this..." muttered Tonks, it was the next day and they had all gathered in the kitchen at Grimmauld Place at lunch time after everyone had seen the paper.

"It is clever of him...Severus?" queried Dumbledore, Snape had suddenly winced and held his forearm.

"He's calling." gritted Snape, trying to ignore the mark as it burned painfully.

"Go, I'll let you know what happens." replied Dumbledore, knowing Snape would have to answer.

"Will you let us know how Harry is?" asked Mrs. Weasley, her eyes pleading.

"I'd be a fool to ask to see him, if the Dark Lord allows it he will expect me to torture Potter." replied Snape, monotonously.

"You can't do that to Harry!" cried Mrs. Weasley, shocked at Snape's words.

"If I don't, I give myself away and I'll be the one getting tortured beside him. If I do then at least I stand a chance of getting him out." replied Snape, in a sharp tone. He turned on the spot, his robes billowing behind him and left the Order of the Phoenix in silence.

(Scene Break)

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"You called, my lord?" muttered Snape, bowing his head down and he knelt on one knee. Voldemort was on his own in the chamber, sitting on a throne like seat that Nagini was slithering around and intertwining her body around it. Hissing slightly, whether it was to Voldemort or not he didn't know.

"I did Severus, no doubt you have heard about my capture of Potter in the papers." hissed Voldemort.

"I heard, my lord. Might I be so bold as to congratulate you? queried Snape.

"You may Severus, how are the Order taking the loss of their precious Gryffindor?" mocked Voldemort, preparing to take joy in what Snape was about to say.

"As could be expected, distraught comes to mind, shocked and in horror at the torture that they think he is suffering." answered Snape.

"That he is suffering, the boy has been quite the troublemaker. Potter actually had the audacity to strike me with his head. Pathetic muggle upbringing probably, as you may notice my nose is a little bruised and flat from the exchange..." mumbled Voldemort. Snape didn't know how to reply, he actually had not noticed that Voldemort's nose was damaged at all. They appeared to be the same, inhuman slits they always had been.

"He was punished accordingly of course, and I believe Mulciber had some fun with a knife of his. Would you like to see him Severus?" asked Voldemort, his voice higher than usual.

"If it is what my lord wants, I shall visit the Potter brat and with permission, punish him how I have wanted to all these years." smirked Snape.

"Good, I was hoping you would say that. I shall escort you to his room, I think there might be someone with him currently." smiled Voldemort, standing up. Snape stayed bowed down until Voldemort had passed him so he could walk behind him. They walked down the corridor, the torches on the wall showed old cells that had been emptied.

"Here we are, it's one of the maximum security cells. You know just in case." laughed Voldemort, it sent shivers down his spine as he followed Voldemort in to the room.

"Ah, Macnair. Looks like you have been having fun." stated Voldemort, he stepped out the way to reveal Harry.

Snape's instinct was to gasp, but he suppressed it in to a sneering smile. The boy's face looked slightly bloodstained as it showed

several open cuts, he was shirtless and had an alarming purple and red bruise on his side that looked like it could be bleeding internally. His hair was stuck to his boy, either with sweat or blood he didn't know. His body was littered with lashing marks, some of them looked fresh so it looked as if Macnair had only just stopped. He was panting slightly and shivering even less so, he suspected repeated exposure to the Cruciatus to begin and Merlin knew what else.

"My Lord..." said Macnair, falling to his knees and bowing his head.

"If you could leave myself and Severus alone it would be appreciated." whispered Voldemort, Macnair nodded slightly and backed away still on his knees.

"What's up Tom...Snape..." coughed Harry, wincing slightly at the pain in his side.

"As you can see Severus, the boy has reduced himself to mocking and trying to insult me and everyone who enters the room. No respect!" spat Voldemort, backhanding Harry across the face.

"Careful, might break those skinny wrists of yours." spat Harry, glaring at him. Snape could hardly believe that Harry was not just withstanding all the punishment but openly insulting and aggravating Voldemort.

"Severus, you have always been a loyal follower and while some have their doubts I still remain confident that you have not been drawn the 'Greater Good' side of things..." said Voldemort, looking at Snape intently.

"Of course, my lord." replied Snape, without a pause.

"However, I think you should take this opportunity to prove to me that you still are a loyal servant." muttered Voldemort, suggestively looking at Harry.

You want me to torture the boy?" questioned Severus, knowing that he would have to if he wanted to remain in this room without being chained up like Potter.

"No Severus, I want you to want to torture the boy." hissed Voldemort, he sounded even more dangerous than normal as he

said the words. He looked at Harry solemnly for a second before withdrawing his wand.

"Crucio!" shouted Snape, the spell hit Harry in his chest. Emitting a low hiss of pain as he hit him, otherwise he held Voldemort's gaze. He held the spell for several seconds before stopping.

"You see how resilient he is Severus, he refuses to make a sound while under torture... Incendio!" screamed Voldemort, a large burst of flames burst from his wand. The fire searing his skin for the split second it came in to contact with the fire.

"Way to... torture a wandless, tied up teenager." grunted Harry.

"Funny boy, but I told you. I could have killed you quickly but your actions have led to a horrifying and torturous ending." smiled Voldemort. Harry stayed silent as he kept on glaring at Voldemort.

"The boy seems to have built up some Occlumency skills, quite admirable ones as well. Bill Weasley has done something you were unable to do." remarked Voldemort. Still in front of Harry.

"It appears so my lord." muttered Snape.

"Do you know of his brother, Percy? He was the one who helped capture Potter, very easy to manipulate after what happened to him after Fudge's fall." gloated Voldemort, proud of his accomplishment.

"I believe so, his mother was distraught when she found out about his betrayal." laughed Snape.

"Was she, I'll make sure that he knows about that. Now Severus, you know how I value you as a follower..." said Voldemort.

"Yes, my lord." replied Snape.

"And you have proved yourself that you truly hate the boy." stated Voldemort.

"I have, my lord." answered Snape, wondering where this was going.

"Well, for some time I have debated whether or not to break your mind, in order reveal the address of the Order Of The Phoenix." announced Voldemort, gauging a reaction on Snape's face.

"You have, my lord?" queried Snape, genuinely fearful of where the conversation might be going.

"But, I value your skills and position as a spy over getting access to... wherever it is Dumbledore holds his little meetings." mocked Voldemort.

"Why, thank you my lord." sighed Snape, truly thankful to Voldemort for once.

"However...now I have somebody who does know the address who is of no use to me whatsoever." smiled Voldemort, it sent shivers down Snape's spine and Harry for the first time he had been here felt fearful of what Voldemort was about to say, what he knew he was about to say.

"I intend to break Percy Weasley's mind, force him to reveal the location so we can mount a surprise attack on the Order. It will of course drive the poor boy insane and leave him as a useless husk but the gain will be so much more." grinned Voldemort.

"Sounds brilliant, my lord." smirked Snape, forcing an expression of joy on his face.

Harry was angry, no furious. Furious and sickened and any other number of emotions. Voldemort planned to shatter Percy's mind to find out where Grimmauld Place was, and if Snape couldn't warn them they would be left defenceless and surprised. The kind of thing you don't want to be when your against Death Eaters. There was only one option.

"I'd love to talk to Percy before you broke his mind and left him useless." snapped Harry.

"Of course Harry, being inquisitive is only natural. I'm sure you want to know from Percy exactly why he did what he did... Severus go fetch Percy. He'll be with Malfoy most likely." barked Voldemort, Snape looked hesitant for a split second before leaving the room.

"You know, I must say Harry. I am impressed, I didn't expect you to last this long." said Voldemort, after a few moments of silence.

"Shut up..." spat Harry.

"Able to withstand torture but so rude when I'm trying to make idle chit chat..." sighed Voldemort, cursing him with the Cruciatus for a few seconds.

"You will learn to respect me before I kill you Potter, it will be a joyous moment when you do so." smiled Voldemort.

"Not as joyous when I knocked you on your ass, nose hurting much?" Or should that be slits?" laughed Harry, earning him another brief spell under the Cruciatus.

Harry was silent the entire time as he cleared his mind, using all the concentration he had. He barely noticed Snape coming back in to the room.

"He's outside, my lord." bowed Snape. Looking at Harry, he appeared to be shaking more than when he left.

"Good, Percy... Come in..." whispered Voldemort, his voice barely audible. The hooded figure of Percy walked in, trembling slightly at the situation. He went on both knees and bowed his head as Lucius Malfoy had ingrained on him for the last couple of hours.

"Stand up, I have a surprise for you. Harry Potter wanted to personally thank you for your services, isn't that right Harry?" joked Voldemort, smiling insanely.

"That's right." laughed Harry, breathing deeply. Percy walked up to him, this boy had ruined his life, his own family hated him, he lost his job with the Minister of Magic, this was the only choice he had for a chance of revenge and soon he would be the most powerful Weasley there had been.

"Are you happy? Proud of what you've done, what your family think of you?" shouted Harry, letting the anger grow.

"I couldn't care less about what my family think, they abandoned me for you. If you think I regret this, your wrong." spat Percy, getting angry himself.

"If you would like Percy, you can let some of that anger out on Harry." hissed Voldemort, smiling when he saw him go for his wand.

"I hate you Potter, it was a pleasure helping orchestrate your abduction. And when your dead, I can't wait to see the look on my families face when they hear about the savour being killed." shouted Percy.

"No regrets?" asked Harry, shifting slightly in his seat.

"None!" hissed Percy, who began to raise his wand.

"That's all I wanted to hear..." muttered Harry. Watching Percy raise his wand slowly, he waited for the opportune moment.

"Diffindo!" spat Harry, letting out a small smile and a deep breath as he saw the spell hit Percy. Slicing through his neck and like Nearly Headless Nick leaving a half inch sliver that kept it attached to his body. Percy's face still had the look of hatred on it as his torso wavered slightly before falling over entirely. His head separated fully on impact and rolled across the floor, bouncing of the wall and up to Voldemort's feet.

Both Voldemort and Snape stood astonished at what they had witnessed.

"Oops..." said Harry, his face emotionless. He had just had to kill someone, he should have felt sick, disgusted and sad. But he felt nothing, and it was the dead look in his eyes that when met with Voldemort's shocked the Dark Lord the most.

(End Of Chapter)

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AbolishedPenguinWriter - So.... Who liked that?

Come in, Severus..." muttered Dumbledore, just loud enough for Snape to hear him as he reached the door to the Headmasters door. Snape opened the door and the expression on his face immediately made Dumbledore anxious about what had happened.

"Albus, we need to talk." replied Snape, struggling to comprehend on how in the world he would be able to explain what had occurred.

"What is it, Severus? What happened?" asked Dumbledore, fervently.

"It's about Potter...he...now before I start, he was under pressure, he did the right thing." Exclaimed Snape, nearly mortified at how he was trying to actually justify something that Harry Potter had done.

"Severus... what happened?" asked Dumbledore.

"Potter killed Percy Weasley..." blurted Snape; he didn't quite know how to say it.

"What!... How? Why?" exclaimed Dumbledore, immediately thinking that his worst fear might be coming true, Harry Potter turning dark.

"The Dark Lord asked for Percy to come to the room after Potter requested to see him. Potter asked Percy Weasley if he was proud at what he had done, if he had any regrets. Then he used a wandless cutting charm, it hit Percy in the neck and killed him instantly." answered Snape.

"Harry used wandless magic?" asked Dumbledore, he knew Harry would start to develop certain abilities soon and was wondering what other abilities Harry might have picked up on. Snape only nodded as a response.

"Why?" sighed Dumbledore, unwrapping a lemon drop and popping it in his mouth.

"It wasn't a blind kill, Albus. It had reason behind it..." started Snape.

"Revenge is not a reason, Severus. Harry blindly killing anyone that crosses him is not something I want." argued Dumbledore.

"It wasn't for revenge Albus, The Dark Lord was going to break Percy's mind. Force him to give up the location of the Order. Potter killed Percy Weasley for the Order, not for himself." retorted Snape. Dumbledore was shocked in to silence, resting his head on his hands and closed his eyes.

"And Voldemort told Harry this?" asked Dumbledore, his eyes still closed.

"He was almost bragging about his plan, I suppose Potter would have took it as a threat to his friends lives. He acted and his actions saved lives." replied Snape.

"You condone his actions." stated Dumbledore, he would have been amused at the internal struggle Severus appeared to be having if this had been a different situation.

"Yes, I suppose I do." answered Snape, after a few moments of silence.

"How did Tom take it?" asked Dumbledore, curious what Voldemort's reaction would be. The grimace on Snape's face said it all.

"He wasn't happy at his plan going up in flames in front of his face, as you could expect he was quite furious and he unleashed his anger on Potter." spat Snape, his face full of distaste.

"I almost forgot to ask, how is Harry?" asked Dumbledore, knowing that there would be little point to hope too much. The expression on the Potion Masters face was all that needed to be said.

"Potter has endured more Cruciatus Curses than I dare to guess, one of his legs appears broken, he has several cuts and lashes on his body which he probably sustained my Macnair, large purplish bruise on his side which could be internal bleeding and any number of other spells that may have been used on him. The Dark Lord used a large burst of flames on the boy whilst I was there." replied Snape, his tone was cold as though it had no emotion in it whatsoever. Dumbledore closed his eyes so that Snape wouldn't see the disgust and horror in his eyes, he was supposed to be a leader so it would not do well for anyone to see him disturbed or shaken.

"There's more... Potter appears to be antagonising the Dark Lord and the Death Eaters. He mocked the Dark Lord and addressed him how you would do so, by using his actual name. He berated him for torturing a 'wandless, tied up teenager' as though to insult him. The boy is openly insulting and almost baiting his captors, he's being reckless and idiotic." said Snape, his voice in hushed tones.

"That is worrying behaviour..." muttered Dumbledore.

"Potter actually had the audacity to strike the Dark Lord, he told me that Potter head-butted him in what passes for a nose. About the only thing Potter seems to be using his head for these days." added Snape, sardonically. Dumbledore actually had to suppress a smile at that comment.

"You admire him don't you Severus, do you approve of Harry's actions?" questioned Dumbledore.

"Approve? His actions are fuelled by his own stupidity and hasty temperament, he isn't being brave or courageous, he is being a fool." snapped Snape, with mixed uncertainty.

"I think standing up to Voldemort takes bravery and courage." argued Dumbledore.

"He has no idea about the power that the Dark Lord wields, the command he has... Potter's ignorance could may well lead to his downfall." hissed Snape. He knew Dumbledore was hiding something important about the boy, quite what that was made him both curious and scared to find out what it was.

"On the contrary, I think Harry has a much better idea about Tom than most people. Perhaps even more than yourself and I. His entire life, Voldemort has chased Harry, and so far Harry has come out on top. Do you really think Harry is so clueless that to underestimate him?" probed Dumbledore.

"I do not think Potter underestimates the Dark Lord, more that he doesn't understand. I know you don't tell the Order the full story about Potter and why he is so important. Why he has to be guarded and protected, he obviously has some greater meaning than just

being the Boy-Who-Lived..." started Snape, but Dumbledore cut him off mid-sentence.

"We have already discussed this, and I told you that I am not at liberty to tell you anything more than what I tell the rest of the Order. It is between me and Harry." stated the Headmaster, his tone sharp.

"Well I hope your trust in Potter is well placed, because if he knows anything he shouldn't... the Dark Lord will get it out of him eventually." argued Snape, standing up to leave.

"I have faith in Harry, I just hope that he still has faith in me..." sighed Dumbledore, leaving Severus Snape perplexed as he returned to the dungeons.

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"I can't believe they wouldn't let us in on the meeting, he is our friend!" burst Hermione for what seemed like the umpteenth time.

"I can't believe Percy would do something like that." stated Ginny, it was the first time she had said something in an hour or so. They were all in Hermione and Ginny's room, sat in silence for the most part. Each of them dwindling the time away in their own ways.

"We don't know he did it..." muttered Ron.

"So, Percy decides he wants to reconcile with our family. He stays here for one night and the following morning he is missing, along with Harry. You think that it's a coincidence?" admonished Hermione, a frown evident on her face.

"Sorry for trying to believe that my brother isn't an even bigger prat than I already thought he was" retorted Ron, flushing in anger slightly.

"If anyone can get out of this, it's Harry. Right? I mean he's escaped from so much already..."mumbled Ginny, drifting off as tears came to her face.

"Dumbledore will think of something, he always does." said Hermione, simply. Ron rolled his eyes at the statement and was caught doing so by Hermione.

"What? You think Dumbledore will just leave Harry to You-Know-Who?" questioned Hermione, looking at Ron in near disbelief.

"I think that Harry's track record in getting himself out of trouble has more success than Dumbledore's." replied Ron.

"It was Dumbledore who saved Harry at the end of last year." argued Hermione.

"And the year before that it was Harry, who had to duel You-Know-Who and escape with Cedric's body, the year before that it was Harry's Patronus that saved Sirius, the year before that it was Harry and a sword against a Basilisk and the year before that it was Harry and You-Know-Who with Quirrell. Harry's history speaks for itself more than Dumbledore's does." shouted Ron, shocking Hermione and leaving her scrambling for something to say.

"It...It was me and Harry that saved Sirius actually!" scowled Hermione, huffing slightly as she couldn't think of anything else to say.

"It was your stupid time turner, it was Harry that did the spell." said Ron, as though pointing out the obvious.

"Don't call my time turner stupid!" snapped Hermione.

"Well I'm sorry, but think about it. Letting a thirteen year old loose with a time turner is pretty ridiculous now you think about it." laughed Ron.

"You had a time turner?" gasped Ginny, unaware about the entire episode.

"Yes, and I was very responsible with it." sniffed Hermione, sitting back down and calming down slightly. Ron bit back a comment about her being boring and let himself calm down also.

There was a dead silence for a few minutes until Ginny spoke.

"What do you think he's going through, I mean. What will the Death Eaters are doing to him?" asked Ginny, almost nervously so.

"No idea, when Snape gets back he'll tell the Order. And as usual the Order will tell us nothing." sighed Ron.

"What if they used the Cruciatus on him?" whispered Hermione, shivering at the thought of it.

"Don't..." said Ron and Ginny simultaneously.

"I'm sorry, I'm just speculating" muttered Hermione.

"He'll get out, I mean. It's Harry." stated Ron, they all smiled at the comment. Each admiring the evident truth behind it.

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Harry had no idea how long it had been since he had been here, after all it was hard to keep track of time when you were being tortured. The windowless room didn't exactly help his perception of day and night either...

Someone had taken Percy's head and body out of the room, the blood was still on the floor. He couldn't help but occasionally glance at the spot, and each time he did so he had a grim sense of satisfaction. He winced slightly as he shifted in his seat as much as he could. He noticed that he was subconsciously shivering, he guessed it was a side effect from the Cruciatus Curse, the nerve and muscle damage it caused along with the sheer amount of pain it brought with it was the best explanation he could come up with.

He grimaced slightly as he heard the familiar sound of footsteps, he only ever heard those when someone came to torture him. He took in as big as a breath as he could without it causing pain, mentally preparing for the violent and painful onslaught that was about to come...

(Scene Break)

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"What are going to tell the Weasley's?" said Snape, it was a couple of days later and he was walking along side Dumbledore to the front gates of Hogwarts. There was an Order meeting in fifteen minutes which Albus had quite forcefully asked him to attend, which annoyed him as he was in the middle of brewing his usual annual supply of potions, ointments and salves for the hospital wing.

"I shall explain to them after the meeting, and I hope you will stay to help iron out some of the details." replied Dumbledore.

"Oh joy..." muttered Snape, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

"I ask that you are not so blunt as to just blurt it out to them, a bit of sympathy though taxing on your behalf would be appreciated." smiled Dumbledore.

"Sympathy? You expect me to be sympathetic?" laughed Severus.

"I expect you to understand that their son is dead and they have no idea why he became a follower of Tom's." stated Dumbledore.

"I know why he became a follower of the Dark Lord, jealousy and mis-directed anger. If the boy's parents don't see that then frankly they are ignorant of what we are up against." muttered Snape.

"Not all of us have the life experience you have acquired over the years, Severus." sighed Dumbledore, tapping the gate with his wand and opening it.

The apparated to Grimmauld Place, a few were already in the kitchen as they sat down and waited for everyone to arrive. Snape accepted a cup of tea from Molly Weasley, he briefly wondered what the reaction would be. It was a few more minutes until everyone had arrived and silence fell for Dumbledore to talk.

"Now everyone is here, the first thing I called everyone to talk about is actually not about the on-going disappearance of Harry Potter... it is about tomorrow's election for the next Minister of Magic. It was well documented in the papers about my advocate for Madam Bones, and as my opinion is apparently quite important it should come as no surprise if Madam Bones becomes Minister Bones by tomorrow evening." said Dumbledore smoothly.

"She'll be a damn lot better than Fudge at any rate" grunted Mad-Eye, murmurs of agreement went around the table.

"Can we move on? Severus, at the last meeting you went to see You-Know-Who didn't you? Did you see, Percy?" asked Mrs. Weasley tentatively. Snape knew stealing a glance at Dumbledore would indicate something was wrong so he held her gaze.

"I didn't 'go see' the Dark Lord, believe it or not he isn't accustomed to people just dropping by. To answer your question though, yes I did see your son" hissed Snape, softly. This prompted Mrs. Weasley to start sobbing silently, her husband consoling her as he wrapped his arms around her, too shocked to speak.

"What about Harry, did you see him?" pressed Bill.

"I did." answered Snape, leaving everyone on tenterhooks for more information.

"Well? Is he alright?" asked Remus.

"What do you think Lupin, he's being held by the Dark Lord and Death Eaters. It's not exactly going to be a few nights at The Leaky Cauldron." sneered Snape.

"Fine, how bad is he?" asked Remus, the Potions Master paused a few moments before choosing what to say.

"He's bad, frequent visits from Death Eaters using all manner of curses. Some prefer a more physical, hands on approach. I believe Greyback is responsible for a few broken ribs." replied Snape. Remus pulled a face at the mention of 'Greyback'. He would speak to Snape afterwards, he knew that he was holding back on some of the more gruesome details about Harry's well-being.

"I can't believe Percy...that he would... that he even could do something like that." spluttered Mrs. Weasley, tearfully. Dumbledore looked at Snape who was looking elsewhere and looked bored as he usually did.

"He's always been a bit...different" whispered Arthur Weasley, finally finding his voice.

"He is still our son, he just needs a good talking to." replied Mrs Weasley. Snape bit back a snort of laughter.

"A good talking to, Mum he's a Death Eater. He needs to be locked up." shouted Fred.

"That is your brother you are talking about!" snapped Mrs Weasley.

"Not anymore." argued Fred, sending his mother in to a fresh bout of crying.

"Mum, I'm sorry but Fred is right. He turned over Harry, to...him! He chose his side." added Bill, folding his arms across his chest.

"I think that's enough for today. Molly, Arthur, if you have a spare moment myself and Severus would like to talk you both." said Dumbledore, looking at them both.

"What about, Albus. We're a little grief-stricken at the moment." replied Arthur.

"It is important." urged Dumbledore, though his voice was soft and hushed. The rest of the room were either watching the altercation or talking amongst themselves. But nobody followed them as Arthur and Molly Weasley shakily got to their feet, with Dumbledore and Snape walking behind them.

(Scene Break)

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"What is this about Albus?" asked Mrs Weasley, rubbing her eyes and sniffing slightly as she sat down. They were in a small room that she and Arthur had never been in before. Dumbledore and Snape only knew about it as they had searched the entire house earlier in the summer s part of the cleaning and renovations.

"It's about Percy." replied Dumbledore, his voice calm.

"He regrets doing what he did doesn't he, what did he tell you Severus?" questioned Mrs Weasley, talking quickly. Snape looked at Dumbledore.

"I didn't get the chance to speak to him..." started Snape.

"Severus." said Dumbledore, warningly.

"Well you tell them then." snapped Snape.

"Tell us what..." interrupted Arthur Weasley, exasperated.

"Voldemort was going to use Percy to tell him where Grimmauld Place was." quipped Dumbledore.

"But this place is protected by the Fidelius Charm and all sorts of other protections." replied Arthur, confused at where Dumbledore was going.

"But, Voldemort is a very powerful and skilled wizard. He was going to use his Legilimency skills to find out where this place was. Breaking the charm." explained Dumbledore.

"You left out the part where by breaking the Fidelius Charm it would break the boys mind and leave him incapacitated." added Snape. Surprised at the small scream of horror from Mrs Weasley.

"I was easing in to it." muttered Dumbledore, glaring at Snape.

"Sorry..." whispered Snape.

"Arthur, Molly... Voldemort was unsuccessful in his attempts because... well... I don't really know how to tell you this but... Percy was killed." said Dumbledore, both Arthur and Molly let out a small gasp of shock, both speechless and with a devastated look in their eyes.

"Percy...Percy was killed?" repeated Mrs Weasley, shocked and tonelessly.

"I'm afraid so, I'm very sorry." replied Dumbledore.

"How? Why? Who did it?" asked Arthur, also shocked and confused. Dumbledore pointedly looked at Snape who refused to meet his stare and was looking at the floor.

"Severus... can you please tell Arthur and Molly what happened?" asked Dumbledore, the Potions professor turned to look at Dumbledore and then Mr and Mrs Weasley.

"You were there?" asked Mrs Weasley.

"I was." replied Snape, bluntly.

"What happened? How did...how did my son die?" choked Mrs Weasley.

"A Cutting Charm to the neck." responded Snape, emotionless.

"A Cutting Charm? Who cast it? And why?" pushed Mrs Weasley, ignoring or not noticing Snape's cold demeanour.

"You have to remember Molly, that Voldemort was going to break Percy's mind to find out where Grimmauld Place was. Doing so would have meant the murders of the both of you, the children and anyone else who might have been in the house at the time." replied Dumbledore.

"If the Dark Lord had succeeded he would have been left like Frank and Alice Longbottom. He wouldn't even know who he was." added Snape.

"Who killed my son?" demanded Mrs Weasley. The question was left hanging as silence filled the air, Dumbledore and Snape looked at each other hesitantly.

"It was Potter." stated Snape.

"What!" shouted Arthur and Molly.

"It was only because he could make sure that Voldemort couldn't find out about where the headquarters was." said Dumbledore, quickly.

"So killing Percy lets him do that, it's nothing to do with how Percy helped capture him?" replied Mrs Weasley, her voice filled with sarcasm.

"It wasn't a revenge kill." remarked Snape.

"Really? How did he even get hold of a wand to cast the spell?" asked Mrs Weasley.

"It was a wandless spell." responded Snape, shocking them both in to silence again.

"Severus! That was supposed to be kept as secretive as possible." scowled Dumbledore, angry at Snape's disregarding nature.

"Harry used a wandless spell, to kill Percy..." muttered Mrs Weasley, in a state of shock.

"He did it to ensure that you would stay alive, that you and Arthur and the children would all stay alive." explained Dumbledore, trying to justify what he himself thought was the right thing to do.

"So it's right to murder someone to save someone else?" questioned Arthur, finally speaking again.

"Of course not..." started Dumbledore, but Snape interrupted him.

"That's not what happened Arthur, Potter killed your son to save the Order, to save his friends, and yourselves from being captured or killed. Percy only wanted to see Potter suffer because he lost his job.

Potter even asked him if he had any regrets about doing what he had done, your son said no and that was when Potter killed him. Can you even comprehend how much strength that would have taken, Potter has been tortured, cut, lashed, burned, beaten and Merlin knows what else. But he still found enough strength to kill your son so his petty revenge wouldn't end in the death of the Order." snapped Snape, aghast that he was actually defending Potter, again.

"Well if killing Death Eaters is within the law..." snarled Arthur who began drawing his wand. Dumbledore began to Arthur to stop but Snape already had his wand in his hand and Arthur was blown backwards, the force of the non-verbal spell sent him crashing through the wall and in to the next room. Mrs Weasley screamed as she turned and hurried through the person shaped hole in the wall and went to her husband's side.

"Severus, you could have stunned him." scolded Dumbledore.

"And you could have done this without me." retorted Snape, who with a sweep of his robes walked out of the room and left Dumbledore with a hysterical Mrs Weasley and an unconscious Mr Weasley.

(End Of Chapter)

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A/N - Sorry it took so long to update, my laptop actually broke and it took me a while to decide what I wanted to get to replace it.

I was going to make this chapter longer but I think it rounds off quite nicely there. What do you think?

Regular updates (2-3-4 times a week) shall start again. J

New Minster of Magic!

Today, Wizarding has voted for who they feel should become the new Minister of Magic. Candidates Madam Amelia Bones (Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement) and Rufus Scrimgeour (Head of the Auror Office) have debated several times over the last few weeks to discuss their views and policies they will implement if voted into office. Voting stations have now closed and this special evening edition of The Daily Prophet would like to bring you the exclusive details on the situation. As it stands, preliminary counts have been completed and are being checked and double checked for a final confirmation.

The Daily Prophet has not sided with either candidate in order to remain unbiased, however several upstanding members within the Wizarding society were called in to oversee the final debate and give their opinions and preference on who they will be voting for. Albus Dumbledore (Supreme Mugwump and Head of the Wizengamot) who had politically stayed neutral for many years openly sided with Madam Bones, the move shocked those present at the announcement and The Daily Prophet believes this might give Madam Bones a clear advantage to have the Headmaster of Hogwarts as a supporter.

(More on page 4, 5, 6 and 7 – Details on debates and policies from both candidates.)

Harry Potter, Still Missing?

In other news, the exact whereabouts on Harry Potter are still unknown. The Daily Prophet received a note from He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named himself, stating he had captured the Boy-Who-Lived and was holding him captive. We are still waiting for confirmation on the truth to these allegations, however we have been unable to get any kind of statement from Albus Dumbledore, who is rumoured to have more than a 'student-teacher' relationship. Professor Minerva McGonagall, Harry Potter's Head of House has also unavailable as have his friends.

The growing concern here at The Daily Prophet and influx of owls from our readers have led us to openly demand to ask, Is Harry Potter safe?

(More on page 2, 3)

"There is an election to decide on who the next Minister of Magic should be, and Potter still manages to make the front page." grunted Mad-Eye Moody, he was sat in the kitchen at Grimmauld Place with the other members of the Order who worked at the Ministry.

"He is Harry Potter after all." stated Kingsley.

"Been in the papers all his life, can't catch a break can he..." muttered Mad-Eye, his eye whizzing round to see Remus walking in to the kitchen.

"How was guard duty?" asked Remus to the assortment of Order members.

"Boring." sighed Tonks.

"Rather it be boring than anything else, it went as smooth as could be expected. Alastor of course made it a bit interesting at times." joked Kingsley, earning him a glare of the old auror.

"The idiot had his hood up and I couldn't see his hands, what was I supposed to do?" growled Mad-Eye.

"Well stunning him in the middle of the atrium wouldn't have been the way I'd have played it." laughed Kingsley.

"What else could I have done, was walking over to the ballot counter. For all I know he was going to sabotage the votes"" retorted Mad-Eye.

"But he wasn't, he was just a poor bloke who'd had a potions accident the day before and was going to vote before going to St Mungos." snickered Tonks, earning herself a glare.

"Whatever, was the busiest thing on the shift. Should count ourselves lucky." muttered Mad-Eye.

"I guess so, speaking of quiet. It's pretty quiet around here isn't it?" asked Tonks, looking at Remus.

"Molly is upstairs with Arthur and the kids, seems private." said Remus, his words raising some eyebrows around the table.

(Scene Break)

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"Mum, what's this about?" asked Ginny nervously, her mother very rarely got the entire family together outside of a meal time. She had a gut feeling it was going to be bad news.

"Is it about, Harry?" questioned Ron, the last time he had talked to his best friend they had been arguing about the Quidditch Captaincy. It kept plaguing him that if those were the last words that Harry would hear from him. He would never forgive himself...

"Alright everyone, just settle down." shouted Mr Weasley loudly, silence fell. Their father almost never raised his voice.

"We've got you all together to tell you something important." announced Mrs Weasley, tears springing to her eyes as she looked at all of her children. Oblivious and innocent to the news that they were about to receive.

"You all know that Percy is suspected of taking Harry, and turning dark. Well Professor Snape went to a meeting with You-Know-Who and saw Percy, so we now know that he is at least sympathetic to You-Know-Who's cause, perhaps even a Death Eater." said Mr Weasley.

"Prat." whispered Fred and George in unison.

"Well, Professor Snape also told us something else about Percy as well." muttered Mr Weasley, glancing at his wife, she was barely holding herself together as she was looking down at the floor. Tears dripping from her face.

"Something has happened to him? Hasn't it?" It was more of a statement than a question from Bill.

"Yes, he...Percy was killed." said Mr Weasley, closing his eyes as he said so. Gasps and cries of anguish came from everyone. Even the twins had a grim look on their faces.

"But...why? Who?" asked Charlie.

"We know who did it, but before we tell you, you all need to know why it happened. Your mother and I agree after rationalising everything we had been told...Percy knew the address of this house, he couldn't tell anyone but he knew. He expressed no regret at betraying the Order, and his family. You-Know-Who was going to break Percy's mind and force him to reveal this location. You-Know-Who would have been able to attack us any time he wanted and we would have been unprepared and killed." spat Mr Weasley, the thought of it making him slightly sick.

"And Percy...he was going to let that happen? Let us all be killed?" gasped Ginny, her tone of repulsion pushing the shock and sadness of Percy's demise out of everyone's heads.

"No, the magical bond created between him and the Secret Keeper would mean that if he was able to pass the information on. Then the bond would be broken, it would leave him like...like if a Dementor sucks out your soul. All that would be left is the empty shell. It might have even left him in pain." replied Bill, monotonously. His words making some of the Weasley family shiver.

"But somebody killed him, before he You-Know-Who could find out and kill us all? They saved our lives..." mumbled Ron, everyone nodded at his words.

"Your mother and I were hoping you would see it that way." replied Mr Weasley, managing a half-smile.

"So, who was it? asked Ron, sighing slightly as the shock of all the news washed over him. Mr and Mrs Weasley looked nervously at the floor.

"We only want you to ask if you really want to know. You might feel thankful towards this person now, but they killed your brother and in

a few days, weeks maybe even months from now. You might change how you feel about this whole ordeal." responded Mrs Weasley.

"In my eyes, it doesn't matter who it was. They saved our lives and the lives of the Order." retorted Ron.

"It was Harry." said Mrs. Weasley.

(Scene Break)

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Lord Voldemort was seated on a particularly majestic chair that had been salvaged from an attack on a stately muggle home earlier in the summer, anything his followers had thought of as valuable had been ransacked and brought to Azkaban to make it more habitable. He sneered in disdain as he looked at his surroundings, if the place hadn't been so damn secure then he would set up a base of operations elsewhere in a moment. However he knew that as inhospitable as Azkaban was, it would be foolish to attempt to take Azkaban from his grasp. He and his followers had only managed to do though largely thanks to the Dementors overpowering the guards and Aurors. Sadly they had very little to do with taking over Azkaban, but the media had made it seem as though his forces were responsible and he was hardlegoing to correct them.

The chilling effects of the Dementors passed and he instinctively raised his Occlumency shields, it was quite effective in shielding himself from the Dementors although it was hardly a solution. At first, it had been a constant feeling but now it only ever affected him if they came close to his proximity.

His thoughts turned back to what had become the main topic of his thoughts. Harry Potter. His anger flared viciously at the mere thought of the boy. He had become quite the young wizard. He only had to close his eyes to see the eyes of his enemy. They were cold, loathing and a shadow of the innocent, bright eyed green that he had seen all those years ago at Godric's Hollow.

Potter had become quite formidable, his witty remarks and taunts, his cool and calm exterior he seemed to hold even under torture, he saw shades of his former self in Harry Potter. He expected to see regret in the boy's eyes when he had killed Percy Weasley, but he his stony demeanour had stayed consistent. After a few more moment of careful thinking Voldemort stood up, he wanted to talk to Harry Potter.

(Scene Break)

Harry was panting slightly, the arduous torture session he had just withstood had certainly taken its toll. He had no idea how long he had been here, but on some level he had expected something to happen. The blood trickled down the various fresh cuts, his body seemed to almost be burning as he felt each cut ooze more blood with each heartbeat. His eyelids seemed to droop and it was becoming difficult to stay awake. He had rarely slept since being here however, wherever here was exactly.

"Aguamenti!" muttered a voice, a blast of water hit him with considerable impact. Every cut, sore, bruise and ache on his body seemed to erupt in pain. His eyes shot open, hardly realising that they had been closed.

"Sleeping Potter? Obviously torture and agony are not obstacles for you to get to sleep." whispered the cloaked figure in front of him. Harry looked up, it was Voldemort. He hadn't seen him since killing Percy, whenever that had been.

"What do you want?" asked Harry, taking care to breath steadily.

"To talk." replied Voldemort, as though it was obvious. Twirling and flicking his wand, Harry felt the chains tighten significantly so that movement was impossible.

"Making sure I can't cut your head off?" mocked Harry.

"A necessary precaution." sniffed Voldemort, flourishing his wand again. A comfortable looking chair appeared, Voldemort brushed the chair with his hand before sitting on it and looking at Harry.

"Do you feel guilt for your actions?" inquired Voldemort.

"No." spat Harry, instantly. Voldemort looked at Harry intently.

"His death...angered me a great deal. As I'm sure you know." smiled Voldemort, pointedly looking at Harry's scar. Voldemort twitched his wand again, a dust covered glass bottle with deep amber liquid along with a single glass. The bottle pouring a more than generous amount before settling on the ground.

"I killed him, because it was the right thing to do..." started Harry.

"Protecting your friends? The Order? Mindless Gryffindor principles, they are to be expected. How you executed those principles are most un-Gryffindor like." smirked Voldemort.

"I wasn't about to let them die for a petty idiot trying to get vengeance." replied Harry, calmly.

"You've changed Harry Potter, the innocent, bespectacled first year I saw all those years ago. Has grown and turned into almost a worthy opponent." said Voldemort.

"Almost a worthy opponent? All the times we have faced each other, you have yet to beat me. If anyone is the unworthy one around here, it's you." retorted Harry, glaring at the narrowed eyes of Voldemort. Relishing the silence, Harry waited for any sudden movements.

"Quite the ego these days, Dumbledore told me the same thing he has probably said to you. That you are different, that you will gain some talents and abilities that your classmates will now. That you might develop magically stronger. And while some of it is true, you have yet to discover your true potential and sadly will never be able to." stated Voldemort, taking a sip of his drink.

"You are not that special, your Death Eaters follow you out of fear of being tortured or 's followers only do so out of respect and faith." growled Harry, his comment however made Voldemort laugh again. The laugh that haunted him when Dementor's came to close, the flash of light and screams of his mother.

"What's so funny!" shouted Harry, wincing as he made to move but was stopped by his restraints.

"Your misguided faith in Dumbledore for one. The entire wizarding nation holds him in such high regards, much like yourself. Dumbledore's manipulations are blind to most witches and wizards." muttered Voldemort in a bored tone.

"Because you don't manipulate anyone." said Harry, his voice filled with sarcasm.

"Dumbledore tricks those who believe in him to do his bidding, the 'greater good' as he calls it. He places himself above the law and his own arrogance leads those to believe he is of a higher authority than anyone else. That he is a great protector. He is only one man, when he dies there will be no-one to stop me from taking over Wizarding Britain." snapped Voldemort.

"There's me!" roared Harry, breathing heavily.

"The blind faith Dumbledore has placed in you is no more. He can't do anything to find you, nobody can. It's useless to resist Harry Potter, Dumbledore will die, and I will rule all!" hissed Voldemort.

"You can't beat Dumbledore." countered Harry.

"The old fool doesn't have it in him to kill me, that and his ignorance is what will be his downfall. I don't have to kill him, I would take joy in doing so but I don't have to kill him. His end is near and he knows it, and what's more he knows that there is nobody who can replace him. Despite my hatred for the man I admire his ability to manipulate so many into believing in his cause. It's very Slytherin." murmured Voldemort.

"Why are you here?" asked Harry, gaining control of his temper.

"To tell you that one way or another your friends will perish, everyone you know and love will either bow down to me or die, and that you will witness my power before everything you know will come to an end." whispered Voldemort, menace in his voice. Red eyes meeting green.

"I'll kill you if you go near them." replied Harry, his voice even.

"I've come back once Potter, I can come back again." smiled Voldemort, who turned to walk out of the door.

"You're not the only one to have survived the Killing Curse." breathed Harry, loudly enough so that Voldemort heard him. He stopped for a moment before continuing to walk out of the door. The chains relaxing the moment he left.

(Scene Break)

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"Who else actually knows that Harry Potter is missing?" asked Bones, pouring herself and Dumbledore a cup of coffee. They were in her office, which for the purpose of this meeting had several Privacy Charms active.

"You, me and the Order." replied Dumbledore, taking the cup.

"It would help if you could tell me more about this Order of yours." sighed Bones.

"I'm sorry, Amelia. I can't tell you the details of the members. It's not like they are Death Eaters, they mean no harm to the Ministry." said Dumbledore, softly.

"But they are still able to share intimate details on Ministry activities with those who shouldn't know. What if you have a leak?" questioned Bones.

"I trust everyone in the Order with my life, but we are getting of topic." muttered Dumbledore.

"I don't know where to start, Albus. The papers are demanding for confirmation of Potter's whereabouts, confirming You-Know-Who's letter to the Prophet would put unnecessary fear in to the public. It would be a prime example of how far his power extends in to our lives." stated Bones.

"I agree, telling the public would not be in their best interest." said Dumbledore, looking at an intricate painting that had not been in the office last time he had been here. When Cornelius was in charge.

"The problem is, how do we rescue the boy. Do you know where he is, his condition?" pushed Bones, sitting behind her desk.

"My sources have told me Harry has undergone torture, a significant amount in fact. As for his location, Harry has been taken to what has become Voldemort's 'base of operations' as it were. Azkaban." replied Dumbledore, almost absent-mindedly as he looked around the office for any more changes.

"Damn, the poor boy must be going through hell. Do you have a plan of action?" inquired Bones, looking over the various amounts of parchment that had been left on her desk since last night.

"I am working on a few ideas, but you know as well as I, Azkaban is near impenetrable. To do so would be suicidal." mumbled Dumbledore, sitting down on the seat opposite Bones.

"Do you know how this happened? Does it have anything to do with the attack at Harry's residence in Surrey earlier in the summer?" asked Bones.

"No, Harry defended himself quite admirably actually. Took down a few Death Eaters and managed to hold his own for a few minutes before reinforcements arrived. It turns out my protections were not as fool-proof as they seemed. As for how it happened, it was Arthur Weasley's son who betrayed him. Using Ministry equipment no less." answered Dumbledore.

"I heard of an emergency meeting to arrest the boy, what is the latest on the situation?" questioned Bones, not taking her eyes off the sheets of parchment in front of her.

"Percy Weasley was killed several days ago, beheaded. With no body however, it cannot be confirmed. His status is currently 'Missing'" replied Dumbledore.

"How do you know he has been killed? Let me guess...your 'sources'?" countered Bones. Dumbledore only nodded in response.

"Can you tell me who killed him?" pressed Bones.

"I cannot." said Dumbledore simply. Bones rolled her eyes at the reply.

"Of course not, well as you can see I have some paperwork to look over. Then I have a very important meeting with Rufus Scrimgeour." announced Bones, taking that as his leave Dumbledore stood up.

"If there is any development on Harry Potter, I shall let you know." muttered Dumbledore, who turned to leave.

"Make sure you do, and Albus. This isn't going to be like Fudge, I will take action where I see fit. Greater good be damned." whispered Bones, looking at Dumbledore with authority.

"Of course, Minister." smiled Dumbledore. Closing the door behind him, he closed his eyes wondering what on earth he was going to do about this.

(Authors Note)

Finally, I've had a lot of problems since uploading the last chapter. First of all the laptop I got to replace wasn't the one I asked for. It was some refurbished thing because when I switched it on it asked for Data Recovery, the graphics card kept failing and all sorts. Then when I tried to import all the stuff I had typed up and brainstormed on an external hard drive it all became corrupted and I lost all the files. And to make matters worse, I had written this chapter a few days ago using the fanfiction edit tool thing and when I went I had been logged out and lost the majority of the chapter. This really, really pissed me off because not to be egotistical but the stuff I wrote was quite different than anything I've ever seen on fanfiction.

It was conversation between Harry and Voldemort discussing numerous things. I've tried to re-write it in this chapter but the original version was probably better. I'm really sorry it took me this long to upload, I'm going for quality and not quantity so from now on I'll upload twice a week instead of just pumping out chapters because I sometimes get lost with everything I've written, I hope you like this. Leave a review or whatever if you did, and that about does it. See you in the next chapter!

I own nothing you recognise.

The atmosphere at Grimmauld Place had tumbled from boredom and nervousness towards outright dismal and depressing, Hermione had delved in to her Sixth Year spell books as she always did. But without the distractions of Ron and Harry, it didn't seem right. Ginny had decided to look over her text books to try and get a head start for her upcoming O., Ron had also opened a few books that had no relevance to Quidditch. They had rarely spoken to one another in the last few days, Ginny had told Hermione about what had happened at the Weasley family meeting and since Hermione had kept relatively quiet herself. The only person she really wanted to talk to about it was Harry, and as that wasn't going to happen anytime soon she had decided to keep her mouth shut altogether and look ahead for what was to be expected in Sixth Year.

Downstairs it was a similar situation, Molly Weasley was busying herself in the kitchen as usual. Remus had now moved in to Grimmauld Place after being urged to do so by Dumbledore for, as he put it 'extra protection'. Over the course of the last few days, the entire tale about what had transpired in the Weasley family meeting had been heard by every inhabitant and member of the Order. Snape had yet to set foot in Grimmauld Place, even for meetings. Telling Dumbledore everything in advance at Hogwarts before returning to either the dungeons or to his own home.

It was nearing the end of the working day and an Order meeting had been organised before dinner, slowly people trickled in to the kitchen. With Mr Weasley coming first, followed by most other Ministry employees. McGonagall came in followed by Dumbledore who cast the necessary charms behind him and sat at his usual place; everyone sat down slowly and ceased to talk.

"I have news of Harry, from Severus. Apparently he is still being tortured by varying amounts of Death Eaters, with different methods." started Dumbledore, solemnly.

"When is Snape going to grace us with his presence again, I'd like to ask him a few questions." muttered Mad-Eye.

"Severus is busy with several complicated potions and other duties, so he claims." replied Dumbledore, sighing.

"Have you spoke to Minister Bones since your first meeting?" asked Mr Weasley.

"No, and I see no reason to. She is highly competent, I wouldn't have voted for her otherwise. The next time I speak to her will be if something happens with Harry or another matter of importance." answered Dumbledore.

"Been meeting with Scrimgeour quite a few times the last couple of days." stated Mad-Eye.

"Is there anything we can do for, Harry?" asked Remus, exasperatedly.

"Harry is in Azkaban, Remus. It's inaccessible to anyone without a Dark Mark and anyone who tries will most likely be killed. And we can't mount any kind of attack because...well simply because it's Azkaban. It was built in the middle of nowhere and heavily enchanted and warded for a reason." answered Dumbledore, as though it was blatantly obvious.

"I just thought after all this time, we could plan some kind of rescue operation. We can't just wait for something to happen, I mean we have to try something!" urged Remus, anger evident in his voice at the lack of any concern for Harry.

"Azkaban is a stronghold, damn near impenetrable. We can't do anything without careful planning and preparation." reasoned Mad-Eye.

Remus sighed and held his head in his hands, he knew what Mad-Eye had said was right. But it didn't help ease the sheer amount of guilt and uselessness he was feeling.

"We still have the small problem of having no candidates for the Defence Against The Dark Arts Professor at Hogwarts." announced Dumbledore, sidestepping the matter and changing it to something he had been meaning to talk about for a while. There was an uncomfortable silence at the obvious attempt at changing the topic of conversation.

"Nobody has even applied?" asked Mr Weasley, breaking the tension.

"It's quite disconcerting, word of the 'curse' on the position unsettles most. Six professors in six years, the school year is less than two weeks away. At this rate, another Ministry sanctioned Professor might be the only option." sighed Dumbledore, glancing round the table.

"At least with Amelia, it will someone competent." muttered McGonagall, her comment making a few people smile.

"Any competent Ministry trained employee won't be available. It's the Minister's main objective to have as many MLE Officers and Aurors as possible." replied Kingsley.

"Surely, Amelia would spare someone. Her niece is entering her Sixth Year, isn't she?" replied Mrs Weasley.

"Susan Bones, yes. But, Amelia has rarely allowed her personal life to get in the way of her career in the past." countered Dumbledore.

"Minister Bones isn't an idiot. She is increasing recruitment in all areas of the MLE and Auror Department, allowing an inept Ministry official to teach Defence is counter-productive. She'll pick someone who knows what they are doing" argued Tonks.

"I was hoping for a less Ministry involved school year than last. A friend, perhaps an Order member." said Dumbledore.

"I can hardly leave the Ministry after the Minister has put such faith in me, Albus." replied Kingsley.

"Alastor?" pressed Dumbledore, looking at the aged auror.

"Not after what happened last time." mumbled Mad-Eye, eliciting more smiles around the table.

"I hardly think that would happen again." said Dumbledore, pointedly.

"Sorry, Albus. Even if I wanted to, Bones has asked me to help with recruitment amongst other things." replied Mad-Eye, his eyes whirring around.

"We would..." started Fred.

"But with the shop, I think we would be much too busy." joked George, their joked earning them a scowl from their mother.

"As much as Hogwarts misses you, I can't even imagine the chaos you two would cause as Professors" chuckled Dumbledore, the twins smiling at the sentiment.

"You could do it, couldn't you Bill?" asked Mrs Weasley, her eyes wide and a hopeful tone to her voice.

"I work at Gringotts, mum." replied Bill, knowing where this was going.

"All that curse breaking and warding is so dangerous. You would make an excellent Professor." urged Mrs Weasley.

"I like curse breaking and warding, and I've worked too hard to get where I am to give it up." replied Bill.

"You'll like teaching..." started Mrs Weasley, looking at her husband for help.

"No offence to the Professors around the table, but teaching to me seems a bit boring for my tastes. And I'm sorry mum, but I'm not about to leave a job I love just so you can have peace of mind." said Bill, a bit more harshly than he had wanted it to sound. Fred and George couldn't remember anyone standing up to their mother as strongly as Bill was standing up to her about this.

"For the record, I'm with Bill. Teaching is a bit boring." muttered Tonks, saving Bill from any further arguments at that time.

"That leaves you, Remus." pressed Dumbledore.

"The parents were in outrage in third year, with Voldemort back I hardly think that they would feel safe with a 'dark creature' teaching their children." mocked Remus, his voice full of contempt.

"If I can clear it with the Board Of Governors, which I am fairly sure I can. Then no complaints can be made." smiled Dumbledore.

"I'm sorry, Albus. I don't want to go through that again. If that's all, I'm feeling quite tired." yawned Remus, standing up to take his leave. Dumbledore looked at him intently.

"Is there nothing I can say to tempt you? Harry will be there." said Dumbledore.

"Don't. You can't promise that. I don't think you even care if he does make it out of there." growled Remus, walking out of the room and leaving everyone in a stunned silence.

(Scene Break)

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There had been little said between Ron, Hermione and Ginny. Each of them were currently reading, something which they had started doing out of sheer boredom. They were all in the same room and had remained more or less silent, but it was Hermione who broke the said something first.

"What do you think Harry's like?" she asked, all of them were sat in Ginny and Hermione's room.

"I don't want to think what Harry is like?" said Ron, monotonously. All his focus on his worn copy of 'Quidditch Through The Ages'.

"I'm sorry Ron, but I do. We have to be ready to be here for him when he gets back." replied Hermione, placing her book down and looking at Ron.

"He didn't want to talk to us before, why do you think he would want to talk to us after... whatever he's going through now." muttered Ron, turning the page of his book.

"I know it's unpleasant, but Harry could be going through all sorts of things. The least we can do is discuss them." huffed Hermione.

"Fine, he's probably had the Cruciatus Curse used on him. Shall we talk about that? Malfoys dad is probably telling him all about how he tortures Harry, they probably laugh about it at night. Hell, Malfoy might even have pitched in a few times!" snapped Ron, slamming his book shut loudly.

"Ron, be reasonable. Malfoy won't have gone anywhere near Harry." said Ginny, in a low voice.

"You don't know that." mumbled Ron, darkly. Opening his book again.

"I know you're angry at, Harry. But you have to realise..." started Hermione, but Ron had got to his feet and left the room. Talking about Percy, had very much become a taboo subject at Grimmauld Place. Everyone had avoided the topic, and Hermione had just tried to openly discuss it with Ron. She wasn't surprised at his reaction, but had hoped he would be a bit more mature than a stomping off childishly.

"Why did you have to bring that up?" sighed Ginny, knowing it was only going to be brought up at a later date.

"It's not like we can carry on pretending it didn't happen...You're not mad at Harry, are you?" asked Hermione.

"Of course not, but Ron is patient at the best of time. It's too soon to talk about it." said Ginny, closing 'The Standard Book Of Spells, Grade 5' that she had borrowed from Hermione.

"How do you think he is?" pressed Hermione, she wanted to talk to somebody about it, preferably someone close to Harry.

"I think he's coping, like he always does." replied Ginny, sliding on to the floor and sitting opposite Hermione.

"It's not fair, every year he always goes through something nobody should have to go through. Summer is normally a break for him." sighed Hermione, a pensive look on her face.

"He was hardly having fun here, locked up in his room. Just like us, we've done nothing all summer." stated Ginny, blatant hints of boredom in her voice.

"We'll be back at Hogwarts soon, always something to do there." said Hermione, smiling at the thought of the huge castle and everything inside its walls.

"I just hope Harry will be there." muttered Ginny, her comment wiping the smile from Hermione's face.

(Scene Break)

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Even though where he was had no windows, Harry was able to tell when it was night or day time. The weather was hard to tell but the pattering of rain told him it must be pouring down outside. For a split second, the thin corridor outside the open door was illuminated by something, the dull roar of thunder followed. He shivered slightly, the temperature seemed to drop. It was an almost automatic response to raise his Occlumency shields. The Dementors regularly swept past, it bothered him less and less as he raised his guard. Luckily it meant that no Death Eaters would be around, they seemed to steer clear whenever Dementors would patrol near his room.

The sight of the dark cloaked figure was visible, even against the dark stone walls outside. It slowly glided past and came to a stop at his room, turning slowly to face inside the room.

Harry had no idea if Dementors had eyes or understood him, and he didn't know if it was instinct on asking and insulting cloaked figures that came in to his room but even in his slurred state, he was still aware of its presence.

"What the hell do you want." muttered Harry. The Dementor glided in to the room, Harry felt colder and concentrated. Not allowing his Occlumency to fail, he didn't know to what extent Occlumency worked around Dementors and he wasn't exactly keen to find out.

The Dementor glided halfway into the room before stopping, Harry could no longer hear the rain. Silence had filled the room, he could

only hear his own breath as he gazed into the hood of the Dementor. It was so cold he could see his own breath, it seemed to draw towards the Dementor as it slowly approached him.

"Shit..." muttered Harry, a wandless Patronus was out of the question. It was too advanced for him to attempt, and he wasn't about to start shouting for help.

The Dementor slowly started to raise it's arms to the hood, and for the first time Harry felt slight panic.

"Aguamenti." he spat, trying to position his hand to hit the Dementor with something. A jet of water sprayed out of thin air and sprinkled the cloaked Dementor which seemed to pause at the attempt.

"Glacius." gasped Harry, not wanting to spare anytime. The cloak froze slightly as the Dementor seemed to struggle. A grin almost came to his face but he knew he was far from safe yet. The Dementor seemed to struggle slightly, trying to move further towards Harry. The long cloak had frozen to the floor, but it wasn't strong enough as cracking sounds came from the floor.

"Diffindo!" shouted Harry, desperately. The Dementor broke free as the spell hit it, the Severing Charm sliced through the cloak at chest level. He had no idea if he had wounded the dark creature, but it did seem to fall back slightly. He was about to attempt to cast again but the Dementor charged towards him, imposingly. It was too close to Harry for him to do anything about it, he closed his eyes and waited for an impact.

"Expecto Patronum!" cried a voice, it seemed distant. Harry felt the familiar warm glow of the Patronus, the blinding white light set against his closed eyelids. He opened his eyes to see who it was, the Dementor before him seemed tortured as it seemed to screech as it flew past the Patronus before him and out of the door. His eyes winced at the bright light and he was unable to see the Patronus form before him as it soon faded, leaving a figure in the doorway.

"I haven't got much time..." said the man. Stepping in to the room, and closing the door behind him. It was Peter Pettigrew.

"What are you doing here?" growled Harry, Peter jumped slightly at the tone.

"Honouring the debt I owe you, I'm sorry it took me so long. I had to wait for the best opportunity." replied Peter, he took something from his pocket and walked over to Harry.

"You're...you're helping me?" asked Harry, incredulously. Watching the man busy himself with one of the locks.

"Yes...I heard what they had been doing. Nobody deserves that." whispered Peter.

"Why couldn't you have been this strong before?" snarled Harry, glaring at the man who had betrayed his parents.

"I don't know..." mumbled Peter, his voice low.

"They've probably got some kind of spell on them, magic won't work." said Harry, unable to believe he was trying to be polite to the rat responsible for his misery.

"I'm not using magic...there!" shouted Peter. The chains slacked instantly, he went over to the other lock as Harry tried to free himself.

"Try not to move..." whispered Peter.

"When your fighting for your freedom, you tend to want to do it quickly." snapped Harry, freeing himself from the chains. His arms ached but were still functional, he stretched them gently as Pettigrew worked on the lock and chains around his legs. His arms stung slightly as the blood flow became normal again.

"There!..." gasped Peter, who began unravelling the chains around his legs. Harry was barely able to get to his feet, his legs throbbed in pain as he struggled to gain his balance.

"Take this, the nearest shore is miles away." said Pettigrew, handing him a map.

"Why are you doing this?" demanded Harry, taking the map.

"So we're even." replied Pettigrew, looking back at Harry who placed his hand on Pettigrew's shoulder.

"We're not even..." muttered Harry, who suddenly wrenched Peter towards him and struck Pettigrew in the gut with his knee. The small man doubled over, his breath escaping him. Harry grabbed Pettigrew's cloak with both hands and threw him into the wall head first with all the strength he could muster. The crunching impact gave Harry a grim satisfaction. He turned to leave but something caught his eye, turning back to Peter he saw Pettigrew's wand sticking out from his pocket. Having no idea where his wand was he knew his chances of escaping would increase if he had some kind of wand.

He grabbed the wand and felt a dull pulse of energy as he grasped it, holding the worn looking wand out in front of him he consulted the map and silently prayed that this would work. It might be his only chance to escape.

(End Of Chapter)

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Finally! People have been asking when Harry was going to escape. I was going to leave it until halfway through September but I thought it was getting a bit boring. And nobody likes torture to drag on and on.

Hope you like it, a review is as always lovely.

APW

(I have just noticed that the initials of my username co-inside with the first three initials of Professor Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore)

Harry almost staggered in to the narrow corridor, he was disorientated and in a slight state of shock and knew he had to get it together if he was going to make a successful escape. He steadied himself and leaned on the wall to help walk, heading towards the heavy pattering of rain. Each step sending a sharp sting of pain, his broken leg making it all the more difficult.

Taking care to make as little noise as possible, he slowly made his way down the passageway and came to a clearing. A seven foot high wall surrounded one side and looked to have nothing on the other side, stepping outside it was as though he had not been breathing fresh air as the cold air hit his lungs. The rain pelting his body and washing away the dirt and blood that had stuck to his skin, he shivered slightly as he walked over to the wall. He was tall enough that he could maybe climb over it, he didn't want to use the wand he had taken unless it was absolutely necessary. The last thing he needed was Death Eaters or Dementors chasing him through the North Sea.

His reach barely extended over the top of the wall, placing the wand and map in his mouth he stepped back and took a small running jump. His body ached at the effort, ignoring the pain he pulled himself up, agonisingly slowly. Desperately he got his elbows up and pulled himself up. The top of the wall was a several feet wide, he would have had difficulty breaking through with magic, he rolled over on his front and gathered his breath. The other side was about ten or so feet to flat ground, after that it was a steep downhill incline and then the sea.

The longer he stayed on top of the wall the more likely he was to be seen, lowering himself down slowly he took one look down and let go. The impact was hard, but it would have been harder if it hadn't been raining. He tried to roll backwards as he landed to absorb some of the shock. Not taking any time, he got to his feet. Looking at the map, he had no real idea where he was. Carefully making his way down the rocks and to the ocean. As the waves hit the rocks, the water sprayed and showered Harry. He looked back at Azkaban for what he prayed was the last time and turned and walked in to the sea.

All Harry would remember about the North Sea, was that it was freezing cold. His body had quickly become numb, the saltwater stung his open cuts and went into his mouth at times. He soon lost

the map but kept a hold of Pettigrew's wand for dear life. Every time he felt tired and that he wouldn't make it, he reminded himself of Sirius and how he had made a similar journey after twelve years in Azkaban. Harry had been imprisoned for a fraction of the time that Sirius had been, Sirius had made it and so would he.

It took him time to realize that the sun had come up and looked around for a shred of evidence that land was near. Whether he was exhausted and was hallucinating, or it was there we didn't know. But he saw a sliver of land and with a new energy headed towards it.

He collapsed on to the shore, coughing heavily. He crawled up the beach before his arms and legs gave way and he lay on the beach, no energy in his body at all. He heard someone shouting but couldn't move. They sounded like they were getting closer, it was getting harder to stay awake. Footsteps and shouting got closer, and suddenly a face was in front of his.

"Are you alright? Stay awake!" urged the man, he took his coat off and covered Harry.

"What's your name?" asked the man, taking out a phone from his pocket. Harry coughed as he went to speak, he was fighting to stay awake. He didn't know where he was, but passing out here would be bad. He needed to get to somewhere with wizards.

"I need an ambulance to Bridlington Beach, now! There's a kid here, half naked and beat up. Looks like he just swam out of the sea." said the man, hurriedly.

"H...Harry Potter..." whispered Harry, now fading.

"Wait a second, what was that" asked the man.

"My name...is Harry Potter." replied Harry, the last thing he saw was the man nod.

"...I'm sorry, sir. I can't wake him up, he needs as much rest as possible."

"We need to get home, can't you just transfer him or something."

"We just need to ask him some questions when he wakes up, run a few tests and then you can take him."

"Well how long will that take?"

"A couple of hours at the most."

"Fine, let me know when he's awake."

There was a pause and the sound of a door closing before Harry heard anything else.

"Idiot." he heard a voice say, it was a woman's voice and she sounded annoyed. His entire body ached, he felt comfortable and warm. There was something running down his arm, it tickled but he tried not to move.

"Are you waking up?" asked the woman, her voice sounded kind. He hated that he was instantly suspicious. He slowly opened his eyes.

"Take it easy, you're in a hospital. I'm sorry if I woke you." his vision was blurred, he wondered where his glasses was. The last thing he remembered was...being cold. And tired no, exhausted. And the pain, had he escaped? He looked around, the room was faded as the blinds were closed on one side. Everything was white.

"Are you in any pain?" asked the woman again.

"Where am I?" countered Harry.

"Bridlington Hospital, you're lucky to be alive." answered the woman.

"Ow..." muttered Harry, sitting up. His entire body ached, he looked at his arms. The cuts on his arms had either had plasters, dressings or stitches in them.

"Want to tell me how you got those?" asked the woman, he guessed she was either a doctor or nurse.

"No, I'm fine. When can I leave?" asked Harry.

"We need to check your vitals, take some blood and run a few other tests. But after that you can go, your family are in the waiting area." replied the woman.

"My family?" asked Harry, his suspicions returning.

"Your Aunt, Uncle and cousin. The records we found showed that as your last known address... Where they the ones who did this to you?" pressed the woman.

"No, how did you find them?" pushed Harry, anyone could be waiting for him.

"We ran the name you gave through various local records, when nothing showed up we widened the search. A few phonecalls later we got in touch with them and they came...they seemed quite reluctant to do so." the woman finished in a low, sad voice.

"They don't like me much...how long have I been here?" asked Harry, he had no idea how far away from Little Whinging he was. But if it was his Aunt and Uncle had come, they wouldn't be happy with him.

"Three days, it's early afternoon so we can get you out by evening. If everything is fine." added the woman, walking across the room.

"Any reason it shouldn't be?" asked Harry, looking around wearily. The woman stifled a laugh before she spoke.

"By all rights, you should have had a mild case of pneumonia, any number of infections could have got into your body." said the woman, retrieving something from a draw. She saw he was looking at what she was doing.

"What's your name?" asked Harry.

"I'm Nurse Burton." smiled the nurse.

"And...what did you just get from the draw Nurse Burton?" questioned Harry, nervously.

"I'm just taking some blood." replied Nurse Burton.

"What do the people waiting for me look like?" asked Harry, he needed to know who had come for him.

"The woman, your Aunt is quite thin and seems a bit overwhelmed. Your Uncle is a...quite large man with a moustache. And your cousin is also quite large." muttered nurse Burton, as though she was struggling for words. Harry sighed, it at least sounded like them.

"Are you sure you don't want to tell me how you got those cuts and bruises?" asked the nurse, wiping his forearm with an antiseptic wipe.

"I'm sure." replied Harry, as politely as he could. Not flinching when the needle went in.

"I have to let your family know that your awake." said the nurse in a hushed voice.

"Alright, can't exactly put it off." mumbled Harry, knowing if he protested it might lead to further disputes about Uncle Vernon, Aunt Petunia and Dudley doing this to him.

"I'll tell them that they are not to cause you any stress, they don't seem quite happy being here." replied nurse Burton. Harry bit back a response and forced a smile.

"I'll just run some tests, if you need anything their is a button on your bed." smiled the nurse.

"Thanks." whispered Harry, feeling uncomfortable with the attention and kindness. The nurse walked out and a few seconds later, the Dursley's stormed in.

"What the bloody hell is going on!" hissed Vernon, looking around for anyone that might be listening. 'At least it's the real Dursley's' thought Harry.

"I was captured and tortured. I'm sorry they called you." replied Harry.

"What do you mean captured and tortured, who would want to do that to you!" sneered Vernon, sitting down on Harry's bed.

"Ow! Get up you idiot!" spat Harry, pain coursing through his leg. Vernon stood up but reddened significantly at the insult.

"Careful boy, people still die in hospitals." growled Vernon, the door slid open again.

"Sorry, almost forgot. You had this with you on the beach. We threw the clothes you had away, have you brought any with you Mr and Mrs Dursley?" asked nurse Burton, looking at them both. Their was an awkward pause as Vernon and Petunia looked at each other.

"No...we didn't. We can buy some in town can't we Vernon." rushed Petunia.

"I... yes, yes we can get some things for the boy." huffed Vernon, turning to look at Harry in anger.

"There's a few shops in the town centre, here you are Harry. It's the only thing you had on your person apparently." smiled the nurse. She placed the thing on the bedside and Harry saw it was Pettigrewswand. Vernon made a strained noise at the sight of it, Nurse Burton looked at him strangely before leaving them again.

"You brought your wand...here!" hissed Vernon. Dudley had backed away at the mere sight of it.

"That's not his wand." blurted Petunia, speaking for the first time.

"No, it's not." replied Harry, shortly.

"Where's yours?" asked Dudley.

"Someone took it from me." answered Harry, realising how lost he was without his wand. It felt strange.

"What happened?" asked Petunia, in an unusually kind voice. Harry looked at her as Nurse Burton had looked at Uncle Vernon

"I told you, I was captured and tortured." replied Harry, coldly. He didn't want to talk about it, especially to the Dursley's.

"Don't speak to your Aunt like that." snapped Vernon, glaring at Harry.

"Who did these cuts to you?" pressed Petunia, ignoring Vernon.

"Why do you want to know?" asked Harry, looking at his Aunt who refused to meet his gaze.

"I...I just wanted to know. That's all." sniffed Petunia.

"I was caught by Death Eaters, they did this to me. That's all I'm going to say." muttered Harry.

"Death Eaters?" gasped Petunia.

"Aren't they the people that came for you a few weeks ago?" asked Vernon.

"Yes." spat Harry.

"What do they want with you? It's not like your important." said Vernon. His remark angered Harry, he closed his eyes and used his Occlumency to calm himself down.

"The doctors said, that you came out of the ocean." mumbled Petunia.

"I did, I swam from where I was being held." replied Harry, darkly.

"Why would someone want to catch you." laughed Dudley.

"Because, contrary to what your dad thinks. I am actually quite fucking important. Alright?" shouted Harry, his temper snapping.

"Nasty little liar, who do you think you are shouting at Dudley. Ungrateful brat." spat Vernon, looking at Harry contemptuously. He almost leapt backwards when he saw the eyes looking back at him.

"I'm Harry Potter, it might not mean anything to you but in my world it does." growled Harry, anger turning in to rage. His eyes blazing.

"Your just a pathetic, little lying freak." whispered Vernon, walking back slightly.

"Look in the mirror, you and Dudley are the freaks." growled Harry.

"After all we've done..." started Vernon.

"All you've done? Like lock me up in a cupboard for the first ten years of my life? Starve me? Make me do all the fucking work while your fat son, terrorises the neighbourhood. I saved your lives earlier this summer, I could have just left you and let those Death Eaters kill you. Instead, I risk my life for the people who made it a living hell." roared Harry, ignoring the pain in his body as he sat up. Vernon cowered in fear at the anger and hatred that seemed to pulsate.

"What's going on in here?" shouted a voice. Someone had come in to the room.

"Nothing, we were just... talking." replied Petunia, looking at Harry in fear.

"You were told not to aggravate your nephew, it looks like those words have gone unnoticed." said the person, warningly.

"Fine, we'll leave. We need to get the boy some clothes anyway. Come on Dudley, Vernon." muttered Petunia, walking out of the room as fast as she could. Vernon and Dudley following her.

"Are you alright?" asked the person.

"Yes, sorry I distracted you." mumbled Harry, breathing deeply. He winced at the pain.

"Your ribs will still be sore, we haven't actually spoken but I'm the doctor who was assigned to you. Doctor Mary Robinson." replied the doctor, offering a warm smile and a handshake, which Harry took.

"I guess you already know my name." joked Harry, holding his side as the pain flared up.

"I do, you were quite hard to track down. Living in a different county and all, how did you end up here?" asked Doctor Robinson.

"Went for a late night swim." murmured Harry, watching the doctor as she picked up the board at the end of his bed and silently surveyed it for a few seconds.

"Suspected exhaustion, must have been quite a swim. The numerous lacerations, cuts and bruises on your body will heal up. They will leave faint scars though." said Doctor Robinson, as though it was obvious.

"I thought they might." muttered Harry, knowing he could very well cast glamour charms, there might even be some other spell or potion that would hide them completely.

"I've been told you don't want to talk about how you got those, did the people threaten you?" pushed Doctor Robinson, observing Harry for any notable reactions.

"I'm fine, really." replied Harry, a sharp tone in his voice.

"Look, I can't force you to say anything. But if I suspect child abuse, I can report this to the police." whispered Doctor Robinson, her eyes imploring Harry to talk.

"It wasn't the Dursley's." said Harry.

"You call them the Dursley's, not your family. It suggests indifference at least." remarked Doctor Robinson. Harry stayed silent, there was nothing he could say that would make the woman understand, nothing he could say that would make anything better. He had withstood Death Eaters torturing, he could withstand questioning from her. A twinge of guilt as he acknowledged all she was trying to do was help him, but nobody could help him.

(Scene Break)

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"You'll work off the money we spent on those clothes for you, boy!" snarled Vernon, it was a several hours later and Harry had been cleared to leave under the strict rule of him not over exerting himself for the next week or two. They had been in the car for barely five minutes before Vernon had brought up a way to argue with him.

"And for the fuel it cost us to get here!" added the large man.

"Fine." muttered Harry, just wanting peace and quiet for the journey.

"You said you were tortured, why did they cut you...Why didn't they use, you know...magic and stuff." stuttered Dudley, looking at the fresh scars on Harry's face with an expression of mild repulsion.

"They did." said Harry, in a low voice.

"So you were actually tortured?" asked Dudley, pressing for more information.

"Yes, I was tortured." replied Harry, using his Occlumency to keep a clear and emotionless mind.

"Why though, you said you were important. Is that true?" pushed Dudley, looking at him with a look Harry had only seen when Dudley was watching a particularly complex television programme.

"As much as I hate to say it, yes." spat Harry.

"Where did you swim from?" asked Aunt Petunia.

"Azkaban, it was a prison but Voldemort made it into his hideout." Harry answered with a weary sense, he didn't like where this was going.

"Prison, so even your own band of freaks want to lock you up." quipped Vernon, lightly chuckling at his own joke.

"I...Isn't Azkaban the place where those things that came after Dudley and you last summer stay?" pressed Aunt Petunia, Harry's eyes widened. An open discussion about the wizarding world was taking place, and his Aunt had shown knowledge about wizards. This was strange again.

"It is, how did you know that?" asked Harry, curious to where his Aunt got her facts from.

"Your mother, she told me about that place a few times. Said it was where the worst of...your kind went."whispered Aunt Petunia.

"It still is, except it's no longer a prison. It's a fortress for Voldemort and his followers." replied Harry, darkly.

"Why don't our authorities know about this place, not safe having a prison for freaks off the coast of England." snapped Vernon, who carried on mumbling to himself.

"I'm guessing they do, just because you don't know about it doesn't mean everyone else doesn't." said Harry, rolling his eyes at the naïvety and narcissism of his whale of an Uncle.

"It's not right..." murmured Uncle Vernon, in hushed tones. They drove on in silence for a half an hour or so, until Harry spoke.

"Uncle Vernon, I can't go back to Privet Drive." announced Harry, he had been thinking about it since they had left. There was a chance an Order member was there, if not Mrs Figg and her infinite number of cats would find out he was back at Privet Drive.

"Why not." said Vernon.

"I just can't, could you take me to London instead?" asked Harry, knowing he was pushing his luck and what was left of his Uncle's patience.

"And how do you plan on paying us back for what we have done for you?" growled Vernon, even from the back seat he could see Vernon turning a dark shade of red. The rolls of fat in the back of his neck quivering. It was time to play hard ball again.

"Either take me to London, or I go to the police and report you for the years of mistreatment and abuse." replied Harry, menace in his voice. He heard his Aunt gasp and his Uncle exhale loudly.

"Who do you think you are, to threaten us." seethed Vernon.

"I'm the wizard that next year becomes an adult wizard, meaning I can use magic undetected. I can either leave you alone, or make your lives a living hell." snarled Harry, his hand gripping on Pettigrews wand.

"Vernon, let's just do as he says." whispered Petunia in a low voice. All was silent for a few seconds before Vernon spoke.

"Fine, I'll take you to London." said Vernon, barely loud enough for Harry to hear. Over the next few hours of the journey, Petunia and Dudley kept looking at him, fear and shock in their eyes. He was sure he heard his Uncle use the word 'freaks' followed by a bunch of profanities and insults.

Harry kept looking out for road signs, the embossed words of London and the miles to go. Each time smiling as the number grew smaller and smaller.

"Where in London, boy." spat Vernon.

"Charing Cross." replied Harry, he knew the entrance to Diagon Alley was somewhere in that area. Distinctly remembering that The Leaky Cauldron was between a bookstore and a record store. After a few more minutes and a complaints from Vernon, they arrived. Harry got out of the car, wincing slightly at the pain it caused. It paled at the familiarity he felt at being so much closer to the wizarding world, he had already spotted the whereabouts of the Leaky Cauldron.

Harry heard the noise of a car window lowering, he turned around to see his Uncle's fat face poking out.

"How do you plan on paying me back, boy." growled Vernon.

"I don't." muttered Harry, limping slightly from his broken leg. He had been given a long cane to support himself, his broken leg had not been as bad as first thought and healed quickly. It was still recommended he should rest as much as possible. Something he intended on doing, he just needed to make a withdrawal from his Gringotts account and somehow change it into Muggle money. The goblins would probably have some kind of solution.

"What do you mean? Get back here!" shouted Vernon, Harry kept on walking and was nearing The Leaky Cauldron by the time he heard Vernon's footsteps behind him.

"Potter!" hissed Vernon, taking care not to be too loud so people would notice. Harry had opened the door to The Leaky Cauldron and walked inside with Vernon unwittingly following him inside. He stopped in his tracks at the sight that greeted him. It was nothing

compared to how it used to be, but it was early evening and had some occupants. The sight of a stumpy fellow chugging a smouldering thin glass of, what appeared to be green sludge was enough to make Vernon hasten for the exits. All of this was unseen by Harry who had quickly made his way through the pub, careful not to arouse any attention to himself.

Tapping the bricks he had seen Hagrid do, all those years ago. The familiar setting of Diagon Alley greeted him, as he had seen previously it was fairly empty. Though with the upcoming school year in mind, there seemed to be a few witches and wizards with children rushing about for last-minute supplies. Making his way to Gringotts, he carefully avoided eye contact with everyone. Though his appearance did attract a few stares, he made it to Gringotts without anyone figuring out who he was.

'Must be all the scars' thought Harry, making his way through to the foyer.

Gringotts seemed unaffected and seemed as busy as ever, he spotted an empty teller and made his way over to the goblin behind the counter.

"I need to make a withdrawal." said Harry, in a low voice. The goblin looked up at him, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Name?" asked the goblin.

"Harry Potter." whispered Harry, not wanting anyone to overhear him. He was probably all over the news and being looked for by the Order.

"You are obviously not Mr Potter, I suggest you leave this bank before you are forced to do so." sneered the goblin, returning to measuring the precious jewels he had on the scales.

"Listen, I've just gone through hell to get here. All I need is a small withdrawal." muttered Harry.

"If you want to continue this charade, fine. Key?" stated the goblin, holding his hand out.

"I don't have one." murmured Harry, knowing it wasn't improving his luck.

"Of course you don't, if you are Mr Potter then I can cancel all keys in circulation and provide another right away. All I need is a drop of your blood, but be warned if you are not Mr Potter. Charges will be filed for impersonating an account holder, and you'll find goblin laws are not nearly as fair as wizarding ones." smirked the goblin, Harry rolled his eyes at the intended effect of scaring him. He took the small, sharp blade that the goblin passes and cut the palm of his hand, scarping the incision so a line of blood was on the blade.

"Here." said Harry, passing the goblin the blade. He took it and flicked the blood on to a strip of parchment, which glowed slightly before a name appeared on the strip. The goblins eyes widened.

"My apologies, Mr Potter. It's just your appearance has changed dramatically to what it is in The Daily Prophet." gasped the goblin.

"It's fine, now about the withdrawal..." started Harry.

"I'm sorry Mr Potter, but before we can discuss that any further. We have few other matters to discuss. If you would please follow me." replied the goblin, who tapped the parchment with a long finger which disappeared. He hopped off the wingback seat and walking down to the end of the counter. He beckoned Harry to follow him, who with a careful look around walked over to the goblin.

Walking through a door and several more, past flurries of goblins and finally to outside a door. The goblin opened it for him and gestured for him to go inside.

Inside the door was an impressive looking office, portraits of scenery on the wall with brackets filled with candles that burned brightly. The walls were painted in a faint blue colour, plush carpeted floor, large seats and a large, wooden desk. Behind which was another goblin.

"Mr Potter, I must say I am surprised at your arrival. Brandfire here alerted me to your presence. Might I say congratulations are in order." smiled the goblin.

"On what?" asked Harry, feeling out of the loop.

"Your escape from Azkaban, please sit." said the goblin, not wanting to be rude, Harry did so.

"Brandfire, you can leave." muttered the goblin, Brandfire nodded and closed the door behind him. Leaving Harry befuddled and alert.

"I can see you are confused, let me explain. As you may know, Sirius Black was recently killed. He was a close friend of your family and with no sons of his own named you primary benefactor in his will. The Potter accounts merging with the Black accounts make you a very rich young wizard, we have tried to notify you but it has been... difficult." the goblin finished as though he was disappointed Harry had not found out sooner.

"Why me? Shouldn't it be a Black relative?" asked Harry, thinking of Bellatrix and Narcissa Malfoy.

"As the eldest male of the Black line, Sirius Black could have chosen who he deemed appropriate. And as patriarchal line, it would have been the eldest Black relative. A Draco Malfoy, if I am not mistaken." replied the goblin. Harry smiled at the name, taking an inheritance of Malfoy would be bound to make him apoplectic with rage.

"Is there anything special that needs to be done?" asked Harry, wondering about the technicalities of the entire process.

"We transferred the funds and other items to a larger vault, where yours and Sirius's could both be placed." answered the goblin.

"You said other items, what other items?" pressed Harry, curious to what else there was in his vault.

"Precious stones, family heirlooms. There are a few deeds to several properties. Would you like to view your new vault now?" asked the goblin.

"No, thank you. I've had a long day. I just need to withdraw some galleons. I need some money for a Muggle hotel, I want to keep my escape under wraps until I return to Hogwarts. Can I exchange them for Muggle currency here?" asked Harry.

"Yes, in fact... here is a money bag that can be linked to your account and allow you to withdraw directly from your vault. There is

a limit of five hundred galleons a day, I can set up a port key to one of MuggleLondon's finest hotels and transfer the funds directly from your vault for you, if you would like to do so?" asked the goblin, Harry merely nodded. The goblin tapped the bag whilst muttering in Gobbledegook, Harry felt a small burst of magical energy as what he suspected was an enchantment finished.

"Mr Potter, may I be so bold as to ask if you would like some medical attention. It just seems you are in some pain, which is understandable considering your residence for the last few weeks." quipped the goblin, making Harry laugh and then grimace at the pain.

"I don't want to go to St Mungos now, after everything that happened there a few weeks ago. Plus it would only be a matter of time before someone found out." spat Harry, bitterly.

"As an important client and your ancestors being well-respected clients within the goblin nation, I would recommend a goblin healer, he have several in Gringotts currently. If you have the time, that is." remarked the goblin, eyeing the large clock to his left.

"I have time, if it is not too much trouble." replied Harry, knowing how irritating inconveniences could be.

"Not at all, Mr Potter. If you can just wait here, we can use my office." smiled the goblin, almost bowing as he exited. Several minutes later he was being examined by three goblins, all muttering in Gobbledegook to each other.

"Is everything alright?" asked Harry, worried at the frustration that appeared to be being conveyed in their tones.

"They are just arguing about the Muggle treatments and cures, and the general lack of care you seem to have received over the years." replied the goblin, whose name he had learned was Fierceclaw. Harry wondered why they would be worried about his general well-being, which must have showed on his face.

"An account holder of your stature, combined with the past history your family has had and respect you have for goblins. Makes it important for Gringotts to keep you healthy, we don't need another dark wizard with deep pockets in the bank." said Fierceclaw, darkly.

"I speak to you like I speak to anyone who treats me with respect." replied Harry.

"Other wizards are not so kind, Mr Potter." whispered Fierceclaw. Harry nodded, understanding immediately. Goblins were sometimes viewed like house elves to purebloods, even half-bloods. As though they were beneath wizards, he didn't know whether it was being raised and told he was a freak everyday. But the belittling and arrogance just seemed pointless and borderline ridiculous to him.

Twenty minutes later, Harry's leg had been repaired fully. The most of the cuts and scrapes were healed and not visible, the deeper ones however were beyond goblin magic and visible. To Harry, it was just another scar. He wasn't ashamed of hiding them, it was a part of who he was. He only hid them so people wouldn't recognise him.

"How do you feel?" asked Fierceclaw.

"Much better, thanks. Thank you all so much." smiled Harry, grateful at the time and effort of the goblin healers. They almost seemed to blush at the praise given. They held out an oddly shaped bottle for him.

"What's this?" asked Harry, taking the bottle and examining the liquid inside. It looked thick, the top half was a deep burgundy colour and the other a dark navy.

"Nutrient potion, to be taken twice a day for a month. They were unimpressed with your weight and size, as Head of the Black and Potter families. They feel you should look as powerfully as you are magically." smiled the Fierceclaw.

"I don't know what to say..." murmured Harry, lost for words.

"You don't have to say anything Mr Potter, it will replenish. I have your portkey here, the funds have been transferred and any additional purchases at the hotel will be charged to your account so you needn't worry about that." smiled Fierceclaw

"Thank you, so much." said Harry, offering his hand out to Fierceclaw, whose eyebrows raised in surprise at the show of respect.

"You are quite welcome Mr Potter, it is a pleasure to do business with such a remarkable and important client." replied Fierceclaw, taking Harry's hand and shaking it.

"Your portkey, it can also act as an emergency portkey to my office. Any time." said Fierceclaw, kindly. Putting a golden chain with the letter G hooked around it.

"Bypasses all protections, even the ones goblins provide. All you have to do is pull on the chain." quipped Fierceclaw, meeting Harry's eyes with a knowing gaze.

"Thanks." laughed Harry, noticing the distinct lack of pain.

"Happy to help Mr Potter, I look forward to our next meeting." muttered Fierceclaw.

"Me too." replied Harry, placing the chain around his neck. Smiling as he felt the familiar tug on his navel.

(End Of Chapter)

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I hope you liked that, I tried not to go over the top with the whole goblin, inheritance thing. NoWizengamot and Lord stuff, I can write that stuff in a different story.

Reviews give you cookies (Note - Cookies are imaginary)

I own nothing you recognise.

"Crucio!" the spell hit Pettigrew for what seemed like the thousandth time. Voldemort held the spell, rage etched on his face. Power seemed to radiate off him, most of the Death Eaters present had never seen such a display. After what felt like an eternity, Voldemort dropped the spell.

"For those who have yet to fail me as spectacularly as Wormtail here, know a similar fate awaits you if. Only success is rewarded, if it were not for Peter's...unusual talents. He would be dead. The only thing keeping him alive is that he still has a purpose to serve. And an even bigger incentive to be more successful in the future, because Peter... you disappoint me again. I will make you beg for death." hissed Voldemort, his voice full of menace. Many Death Eaters shook involuntarily out of fear, Wormtail might have to if he was coherent and had full control of his body. As it stood, he was barely conscious.

"Potter escaped, that shows he still had hope. I thought constant torture and pain would squeeze that out of him, apparently all of you didn't try hard enough." murmured Voldemort, walking around the large circle of followers that had answered his call.

"My Lord, couldn't Potter have drowned?" asked a hooded figure, who found himself on the floor screaming in pain. The spell was lifted seconds later, if it didn't lead to murder or making his victims talk. Torture became boring and draining.

"Do not speak out of turn...Potter is still alive. Our connection may have died down over the summer, but I can still sense that he is at least...alive." whispered Voldemort, silence descended and every Death Eater kept their mouths closed. Not wanting to test the Dark Lords patience.

"I have the boy's wand, for those of you who didn't know... our wands share the same core, a phoenix feather. It creates a brother effect, Priori Incantatem... a magical phenomenon..." Voldemort finished in a barely audible voice, unsheathing Potter's wand and making silent comparisons in his mind.

"Severus, Bellatrix, Lucius. I would like a word, the rest are dismissed. And somebody take, Wormtail with you." muttered

Voldemort, the others slinked out of the room as quickly as they could, a few of them dragging the rat out with them. The three remaining robed figures walking over slowly.

"Lately, our activities have been well documented in the news. And while it has worked in scaring the wizarding population, little has been achieved." hissed Voldemort, turning to his loyal subjects and eyeing them individually.

"I don't understand, my Lord. Striking fear has always been our primary objective." replied Bellatrix.

"You are correct Bella, however...we have always had an objective, a motive behind our actions. Mindless torture and murdering is not enough, we must start infiltrating the Ministry." surmised Voldemort.

"My Lord, with Bones as Minister she will only enforce stricter screening processes. Perhaps instigating daily checks of all Ministry personnel. It would be very difficult to do so." muttered Lucius, holding his breath as he saw his Lord's eyes flash in anger and his nostrils flare.

"But not impossible...I trust you still have some contacts Lucius. Use them. Severus, I trust the Order will find out about Potter's return soon. I want you to be extra vigilant in the next few days, in the meantime I trust you are aware of several of your comrades have children. All of which reside in your house, I would appreciate if you kept a careful eye on them in the upcoming year. Some will be graduating and I wouldn't want them doing something stupid that might tarnish their chance to take my mark. If they haven't already..." Voldemort finished in an almost ominous tone, Snape looked at Voldemort and saw he wasn't even looking at him anymore. But Lucius instead.

(Scene Break)

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The first thing Harry had done in his hotel was indulge himself in the highly underrated pleasure of a hot shower, the grime and dried blood that the hospital had been unable to remove with sponged and wipes washed of him. The hot water massaged his body, and Harry stood in with his eyes closed for much longer than necessary.

Wrapping a towel around his waist, he surveyed his appearance in the mirror. A few scars on his face, across his cheek and side of his face. A small cut under his lip that went on to his neck, several noticeable scars on his chest and stomach, his arms were relatively scar free, the same could be said for his legs. With only the odd cut on his calve and quadriceps. This was his body now, not nearly as scarred as it was. But still it was enough, his eyes seemed to have changed. Still green, but not as bright as they used to be.

He almost felt guilty for not wanting to look at his new vault, as though he was ignoring his heritage. But at the same time, he had the rest of the week to do that. He was tired, he hadn't slept or eaten properly in a month. It could wait...

Helping himself to any snack he could get his hands on from the fridge, he fell asleep with a large assortment of packets on his bed. For the first time in a long time, actually looking forward to tomorrow.

(Scene Break)

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"Albus, we need to talk." said Snape, closing the door to the Headmasters office behind him.

"Of course, what is it Severus? Has something happened with, Harry?" asked Dumbledore, picking several lemon drops and reclining on his chair.

"Potter escaped, I just found out today." sighed Snape, taking a seat.

"What do you mean... escaped? How?" Dumbledore was near shouting, shocked and full of disbelief.

"Apparently, Pettigrew had some involvement. The Dark Lord did not go in to detail, he claims the boy is still alive. That he can sense him through whatever connection they share." muttered Snape, reclining in his seat. It had been a long day.

"This is worrying, Harry could have ended up anywhere. And with the injuries he has sustained, his condition might be critical, although I must agree with Voldemort on one thing. Harry is not dead." said Dumbledore, toying with a lemon drop in his hands.

"The Dark Lord has Potter's wand, and Potter has Pettigrew's. Although if Potter used it, I am sure you would have been alerted by the Ministry." replied Snape, looking at the aged Headmaster carefully.

"A few of these instruments are tied to Harry, they monitor his health and such. If he performs magic, I will know. His wandless abilities however are more difficult..." mumbled Dumbledore, poking one of the trinkets on his desk with his wand. He had repaired the ones Harry had broken earlier in the summer, albeit with some difficulty.

"What now?" questioned Snape, wondering what Dumbledore's plan of action would be.

"I shall organise an Order meeting for tonight, we need to find him as quickly as we can. I shall tell the Minister, hopefully it will instil some faith in us." replied Dumbledore brightly, working out how to spin his story. Snape merely nodded, taking it as his cue to go. Leaving Dumbledore, plotting.

(Scene Break)

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For the first time in what seemed like forever, Harry had a decent night's sleep. Eating the leftover food from late last night, he decided he needed to let Remus know he was alright. Snape might have

already told Dumbledore, therefore the Order could know. But he wanted to write to him all the same, to let him know he was alright.

He dressed in the same clothes the Dursley's had bought him, which by their standards were quite nice. He guessed they didn't want the hospital staff getting any more curious about their relationship with Harry. He would get rid of them as soon as he could, they were only one more thing that reminded him of his relatives and Privet Drive.

Walking through Muggle London in the morning was an ordeal in itself, after nearly being hit by a bus for the third time he finally made it to The Leaky Cauldron. Putting his new moneybag to a modest use and purchasing a roll of parchment, a bottle of ink and a quill. He walked in to The Leaky Cauldron, ordered a butterbeer and sat in the darkest corner in the place, with just enough candlelight to write his letter.

Moony

I solemnly swear I am up to no good, now you should believe it's me. I escaped from Azkaban nearly four days ago, I don't know if you already knew that but I just wanted to assure you that I am fine. Really. I'm staying somewhere in the Muggle World at the moment and I will be at Platform 9 and 3/4 on September the first. If you don't mind, can you tell Bill that I'm fine. Ron, Hermione and Ginny will pester you to death if you tell them I wrote to you, so it's best just to let someone else tell them. If they don't know already that is. I'll write to you again soon, just don't worry about me.

Harry

Reading the letter over, it was short and to the point. Exactly what was needed. Taking it to Diagon Alley Post Office, he picked out a Great Grey Owl to deliver his letter and paid the sickle and six knuts.

Harry went over everything he wanted to get done today, a few spell books, a couple of robes, and hopefully a new wand. He didn't need to get much, having got all of his school supplies earlier in the summer. All he needed was enough for a couple of days in the wizarding world. His muggle attire had drawn some attention in Scribbulus Writing Instruments. He had plenty of time for Gringotts later.

Wanting to steer clear the more popular stores, he started at Twilfitt and Tatting's. An expensive, upmarket wizarding store he had walked past a few times when he was staying at The Leaky Cauldron.

He entered the store, a small bell rang as he opened the door. Immediately, a middle aged woman walked over to him.

"Excuse me, can I help you with anything?" sneered the woman, although Harry was taller she inclined her head to look down her nose at him.

"I just need a few things, that's all." replied Harry, coolly. Not missing the woman's tone.

"I see, and what exactly are you looking for?" asked the woman, walking along side Harry.

"Just some everyday wizarding wear" Harry was trying to sound as innocent as he could.

"All of our robes are tailored and are cut to the highest quality. If your looking for everyday attire, I would suggest Madam Malkins." said the woman, stopping and looking at Harry as though he had insulted her. Harry met her gaze, staring down at her with a hard look in his eyes. Her eyes flickered to his visible scar and comcially widened.

"Mr Potter, I'm sorry I didn't recognise you..." started the woman, but Harry interrupted her

"I'm trying to keep a low profile, so I would appreciate it if you didn't make a scene." muttered Harry, he was the only customer in the store but anyone could walk in.

"Of course, please follow me." gushed the woman, now walking with a hop in her step. After fifteen slow minutes of precise measurements and being asked about materials and uses, he left the store with a bit more than he intended. Three pairs of trousers, several ties and five shirts. Two navy coloured robes, a light grey coloured robe and two black robes. The woman tried to press much more on him, but he politely declined. Knowing he had more at Grimmauld Place. Though he had to admit, they fitted him nicely and

were much more comfortable. Restraining himself from gasping as the sum of a hundred and seven galleons. He reasoned with himself that the potion and stain resistant charms might have added to the price.

Having changed in the store, he fitted in much more easily as he was wearing an outfit purchased from the store. He walked over to Obscurus Books, a small book store that had become notorious for being the publisher for 'Fantastic Beasts And Where To Find Them'. Today however, it had lost most of it's popularity and was mainly empty.

After a friendly greeting from the elderly bespectacled man behind the counter, Harry looked over dozens of titles picking a book out on occasion. He only needed enough to keep him occupied over the next couple of days. And he could always come back and get more. Playing on the fact that the shop keeper might not recognise him, he added 'Cruel Curses & Sizzling Spells' along with 'Complex Charms', 'Knowing To Defend', and 'Advanced Transfigurations'. He picked up a blank, leather bound book so that he could write down the bare basics of the spells he was learning, like he had been doing at Grimmauld Place.

"Just those?" asked the man, offering a toothless smile.

"Yes, thanks." replied Harry, giving the man a curt nod.

"Quite a selection." muttered the man, tallying up the cost. Harry chose to stay silent, keeping his head down so he wouldn't be recognised.

"That will be...sixteen galleons and four sickles." said the man, Harry passed over the coins and mumbled a quick thanks.

He decided to walk back to his hotel, put his items in his room and walk back. He still needed to get something to eat, and take the nutrient potion the goblins had given him. Taking his Twilfitt and Tattling's robe off in The Leaky Cauldron so he wouldn't look strange in Muggle London, wearing a pair of light grey trousers, white shirt and a black tie he should fit right in. Walking slowly back to his hotel. He had never looked around Charing Cross Road before, having always rushed in to Diagon Alley. He was probably safer here than

in Diagon Alley. At least no-one would recognise him, here he was a nobody.

The thought stuck with him as he entered the hotel lobby, walking over to the elevators before he heard his name being called. He froze, how would anyone here know his name. He turned round slowly and breathed a sigh of relief as he saw it was just a young woman behind the desk trying to catch his attention. He walked over to the desk, hoping it wouldn't take too long as his arms were hurting from carrying the packages.

"Hello, Mr Potter. Sorry to bother you but a letter arrived for you this morning while you were out." smiled the woman, she seemed slightly nervous. 'Probably the scars' thought Harry.

"Thanks." replied Harry, giving her a nod of thanks and a polite smile back. He glanced at the letter, it had a Gringotts seal. Pocketing it, he got the lift and was soon in his room. Dumping his bags on the bed and walking over to the desk in his room, he opened the letter.

Mr H J Potter,

After the merger of the Black and Potter vaults and yesterday's visit, we took the measure of checking the contents of your new vault so that we could provide an accurate list of account balance, assets and other miscellaneous items.

Per Gringotts laws, we are to provide you with a copy of this list.

If there is anything else, I or Gringotts can do for you. Please, let me know.

Sincerely, Fierceclaw

Vault 235 - Potter-Black.

Total Amount of Gold - 27'482'331 Galleons, 7 Sickles, 2 Knuts

Items of Value -

Collection of rare/precious stones - 1'862'101 Galleons

Weaponry (including armour) - 257'933 Galleons

Portraits - 128'443 Galleons

Other - N/A

(Note - vault contains books and heirlooms that maybe of sentimental value)

Assets - (Business)

Weasley Wizarding Wheezes - 33%

Daily Prophet Cooperation - 17%

Zonkos Inc - 10%

Assets - (Properties)

Number 7 Godric's Hollow (currently uninhabitable)

Number 12 Grimmauld Place

Private Resort (Port Elizabeth - Carribean)

Private Villa (Via Orti - San Lorenzo al Mare) (South of France)

Harry looked over the list again, partially shocked at how much he had been left with. A tug of sadness came when he had read about his parents home at Godric's Hollow and it being 'currently inhabitable' had it been derelict and abandoned? At least he knew where Sirius had been hiding out, guessing the tropical birds had also come from there. He put the list in the desk draw, in case someone came in to clean the room. And with a fresh determination, decided he needed to go to Gringotts.

(Scene Break)

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"What do you think they're meeting about?" muttered Ron. Hermione and Ginny were next to him, all three lying down on the floor. Overlooking the incoming Order members, trying to keep as quiet as possible so nobody would notice them.

"I don't know, they haven't had a meeting in a few days. Maybe there's been an attack, it could be about Harry." replied Hermione, in hushed tones.

"Whatever it is, it looks important. Nobody seems to know what it's about, do they?" remarked Ginny. The other two nodded silently, hunching down as the door opened again.

"Snape." hissed Ron, eyes widening as the Potions Professor looked up and glared at him. Ron flinched and scuttled away from the edge of the stairs.

"Idiot." they heard Snape mumble, Ron reddened significantly. Out of anger or embarrassment, or a mixture of both. Ginny and Hermione sniggered to themselves, as Ron crawled back over.

"Greasy git." said Ron.

"Shush Ron, someone else is here." stated Hermione, all eyes drawn to the front door. It was Dumbledore, and the uncertain expression on his face made all of them even more nervous.

(Scene Break)

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Remus had received Harry's letter a few minutes ago, his first instinct was to go and look for Harry but he wouldn't know where to start. It made the Order meeting make sense, prior to the letter he saw no reason for the meeting as nothing had happened. As a werewolf, his natural Occlumency would come in to play a great deal. He couldn't let on about knowing beforehand, it would end up with him being furiously questioned. Looking at the time, he decided it was time to make his way downstairs. He was staying in a room

close to Harry's. Holing himself up as much as possible to avoid pointless conversations, nearing the stairs he came across an odd sight.

"What are you three doing?" asked Remus, looking at the three young Gryffindors all lying down on the carpet.

"Oh! Professor Lupin...we were just...ermmm." flustered Hermione, trying to think of an excuse.

"Spying on Order members to see if you could find out what the meeting was about?" offered Remus.

"Yes...that." mumbled Hermione, colouring with embarrassment.

"Do you know what the meeting is about, Professor?" questioned Ginny, standing up and brushing herself off.

"No idea, and I'm running late so I need to get going." replied Remus, walking past them without another word.

"Ah...Lupin has finally decided to join us." sneered Snape.

"Severus." nodded Remus, walking round the table and sitting down.

"Now that everyone is here, we can start." said Dumbledore, thanking Mrs Weasley as she passed him a cup of tea.

"What is this about, Albus? Has something happened?" asked the Weasley matriarch, sitting down next to her husband.

"I believe Severus, can tell everyone." replied Dumbledore, looking at Snape who rolled his eyes as if bored. He had hoped Dumbledore would tell everyone, now everyone would pester him.

"Fine...To clarify, I don't know anything more than what I am about to tell you. The Dark Lord called us earlier today, when I arrived it was obvious he had been torturing Peter Pettigrew for a while. Apparently, Potter has managed to escape from Azkaban." announced Snape.

"What! How?" shouted several people.

"Quiet!" shouted Dumbledore, loudly. Silence followed instantly.

"It doesn't matter how Harry escaped, all that matters is we find him." remarked Dumbledore.

"But how? He could be anywhere?" replied Tonks.

"He might not even be in England." muttered Mad-Eye.

"Where else could he have gone?" asked Fred, like many Order members he didn't know where Azkaban was.

"Norway, Denmark. Maybe even the Netherlands and Germany." gruffed Mad-Eye, both eyes stationary as he tried to think of the most likely.

"He stole Pettigrews wand, he could have used a 'Point Me' spell before leaving. With the protections of Azkaban and using another persons wand, the Ministry wouldn't know anything about it." stated Snape.

"Would the boy make it?" said Mad-Eye, voicing his thoughts.

"Alastor!" screeched Mrs Weasley, outraged at his comment.

"I'm being realistic, after the torture Potter underwent I'm surprised he had the strength." replied Mad-Eye, a few people agreed.

"Harry is alive, I know that much." said Dumbledore, everyone looked up at the Headmaster. Wondering how he would know.

"The Dark Lord also believes he is alive. He used the Cruciatus Curse on someone who suggested Potter might have drowned." muttered Snape, in a bored tone.

"Have you told the Ministry?" asked Mr Weasley.

"I have, I had a meeting with Amelia earlier this afternoon. She plans on making an announcement tomorrow." replied Dumbledore.

"What do we do now?" asked George.

"We have to find him, I know it will be difficult. But we have to before someone else does. We'll start of with the coastal cities on towns. He might have been admitted to a hospital. Mundungus, you can use your contacts and tell them to keep a look out. Everyone else, search as often as you can. We need to find Harry Potter" urged Dumbledore.

(End of Chapter)

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Reviewing helps my ego.

Harry walked through The Leaky Cauldron as quickly as he could, he planned on having a quick lunch before going to Gringotts. He might be down in the vault for a while, and he didn't plan on an empty stomach from distracting him from looking through his family heirlooms.

He walked past Ollivanders and noticed the door was slightly open, his curiosity getting the better of him he looked inside. It was eerily quiet, the lone rickety chair that had been there last time was gone. The shelves were cleared of all narrow boxes, the place was deserted. There was a thick layer of dust on all the surfaces, his footprints were the only sign anyone had been in. Harry involuntarily shivered at the creepiness of it all and walked out of the store and over to Esurino's, a small wizarding café that had food that could be found in the Muggle world.

"See you were just in Ollivanders, weird isn't it?" said the man behind the counter.

"What happened?" asked Harry, looking over his shoulder and back at the store.

"He left, few days ago now. Packed up everything and just went." replied the man.

"Why? I mean, what will people do for wands?" questioned Harry.

"Didn't say why, you can still owl him so people can get wands. But it's strange, was the oldest store in the Alley was Ollivanders" muttered the man.

Still in a state of disbelief, Harry ordered two sandwiches and two bottles of lemonade. Despite it being a sunny day, Harry decided to sit inside, just in case someone noticed him. Today's edition of The Daily Prophet was on an empty table, he reached over and grabbed it. Wanting something to read whilst he ate.

It was the date that caught his attention, August 26th. It was five days until he went back to Hogwarts. More importantly he was able to work out exactly how long he had been at Azkaban.

"Taken on the 3rd of August, and I was at Bridlington for 3 days before...include today. Just under 3 weeks." muttered Harry, to

himself. It was strange, not knowing the time for three weeks had messed with his entire perception of time. He hadn't known what time it was for the entire time, now to live again where time suddenly mattered again was...weird.

Taking another bite out of his sandwich, he flicked over the entire paper. A tinge of annoyance swept through him as he saw his face on the third page. Something about how his whereabouts were yet to be confirmed.

'Earlier in the summer, a letter claiming to be from You-Know-Who was sent to The Daily Prophet Office and went on to say he had captured Harry Potter. The Ministry of Magic are yet to confirm this statement, as are close friends of Harry Potter's and Headmaster of Hogwarts, Professor Albus Dumbledore (Order of Merlin - First Class, Supreme Mugwump)'

It was a small portion of the article that went on to demand about his safety, and then letters from well-wishers and what appeared to be fans of his who had written in to ask about his safety. Harry rolled his eyes and closed the newspaper, he spent the rest of the time eating silently wondering how on earth he was going to contact Ollivander and get a new wand.

Harry walked into Gringotts feeling full of fresh determination to find out more about his vault, the bank was quite empty for dinner time which he was grateful for. He had his new vault key in his pocket and walked over to the nearest available goblin.

"Good morning, sir. How can I help you?" asked the goblin, smiling toothily at him.

"I'd like to visit my vault, number 235" replied Harry, in hushed tones. Showing his key to the goblin.

"Very well, I can take you myself." muttered the goblin, hopping down from his chair. Harry walked over to the carts and waited for the small goblin.

"Sorry for the wait, sir. Here we are." said the goblin, pulling a small lever. The rickety, mine cart before them fell apart and transformed into a much more stable looking cart, with cushioned seats. The

goblin walked in first and took a brightly lit lantern and placed it on the cart, he beckoned Harry in who did so and sat down in the cart.

"We reserve these carts for important customers, Mr Potter." announced the goblin, pulling a second and larger lever. Harry nodded slightly, letting out an inward sigh. The cart pulled away from the Gringotts foyer smoothly, but the rush of speed was still as he remembered it. Hurling at an insane rate, jerking ever so slightly as it turned. Then it plummeted down, Harry was certain he saw a plume of flames to his right hand side. His eyes were watering so he couldn't be sure, wind whistling in his ears. All the while smiling at the exhilarating ride. It continued for a few more minutes, in which Harry was sure he saw a dragon. The cart slowed down and Harry found himself breathing heavily, his heart pumping loudly.

"Whoa!" was all Harry could say.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it Mr Potter, most customers dread the mine carts. Can I have your vault key please?" asked the goblin, holding the cart door for Harry to walk through. Harry passed the goblin the vault key, and stood back. Knowing what was inside his vault made Harry think he wouldn't be impressed, but as the vault door opened he knew he was mistaken.

It was the sheer size of the vault that impressed him the most, mountains of galleons surrounded him either side and he was sorely tempted to run to the top of one and slide down it.

"Sorry, I didn't catch your name." muttered Harry, in a slight state of shock.

"Hardnail, Mr Potter." replied the goblin, who appeared to be mildly amused at Harry's state.

Harry walked further in to the vault, craning his neck to see further in to the cavernous vault, it seemed to just go on further than he could see.

"Hardnail, I received a letter from Gringotts saying that there were books and family heirlooms in the vault. Do you know where they might be?" asked Harry, trying to focus on why he came here.

"Ah, yes. I was one of them many Gringotts goblins that were working in the vault yesterday. I believe the items you are looking for are behind the pile of galleons directly in front of you." replied the goblin, politely.

"Thanks, I might be a while." muttered Harry, walking away and leaving the goblin at the door to his vault.

"Take all the time you need Mr Potter." shouted the goblin, not wanting to make such a valuable client to feel rushed.

Harry ran round the 'pile of galleons' as Hardnail had described it and found a medium sized, old trunk. Not knowing what to expect he opened it.

The first thing he noticed were the photo albums, a stack of them easily filled a third of them. All of them were labelled, the one Harry picked out was 'Wedding Day' turning the cover over he saw the smiling face of his mother in her wedding gown. Closing it for later he turned back to the trunk. There were a few worn books at the bottom that he took out, a couple of old rings and other pieces of jewellery, but after that not much else. Harry almost felt disappointed, he hadn't wanted to get his hopes up and rightly so.

Piling the books on top of the photo album, he made his way back to the cart. Hardnail was waiting for him patiently.

"Is that all Mr Potter?" asked the goblin.

"Yes...is there any chance I could talk to Fierceclaw?" questioned Harry, walking in to the mine cart and placing them on the floor carefully.

"Of course, I can take you to him as soon as we get to the foyer." replied the goblin, closing the vault door and handing Harry the key.

"Thanks." muttered Harry, the ride back was a blur but he felt none of the excitement he felt on the way down. Harry stayed silent as they walked to Fierceclaws office. With Hardnail knocking and opening the door for Harry.

"Ah, Mr Potter. What a pleasant surprise." greeted the goblin, offering his hand. Harry shook the goblins hand warmly, as Hardnail closed the door behind him.

"What can I do for you today, Mr Potter." said the goblin, pouring two cups of dark amber liquid Harry recognised as Mead. He accepted the cup gratefully and sipped it before replying.

"I wanted to talk to you about the letter I received yesterday, I have a few questions." muttered Harry.

"Of course, what is it you would like to ask?" replied the goblin.

"First of all, my business assets. It said I have a thirty three percent stake in Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes." said Harry, slightly confused at that aspect of the letter.

"Well, Fred and George Weasley came in shortly after they opened their store and opened a vault where a third of their profits are placed directly in the vault. We've changed for these funds to be placed into your new vault. Number 235." replied the goblin, Harry nodded along. It made sense, at least.

"And the stakes in The Daily Prophet and Zonkos?" pressed Harry.

"The Daily Prophet stakes are from the Black family, they invested heavily when it started printing in exchange for the seventeen percent and an influence on the stories that were printed. It is quite a lucrative investment, worth over two hundred thousand galleons. The Zonkos investment was made shortly after your father graduated, I believe he was quite the pranker." laughed the goblin, making Harry crack a smile.

"What do I do if I want to keep investing, or increase my investments?" asked Harry, wondering how everything worked.

"As your account manager Mr Potter, we can talk at length about these things. I was entrusted by your father to handle all the business affairs, answering messages and attending board meetings as your families representative. Would you like to attend them yourself?" questioned Fierceclaw.

"I wouldn't have the first clue about managing my business assets." joked Harry.

"With your permission Mr Potter, I can start negotiations with several other promising businesses and start looking at investing in those." said the goblin, rummaging through his desk and placing a thick folder on the desk.

"This is a file of all the businesses that I have thought of as acceptable investments in the last fifteen years, for both Potter and Black families. I have to have permission from the Head of the family to start negotiating and as you are now available to discuss, I wondered if you might want to discuss about investing to make even more gold." smiled the goblin, toothily.

"I don't really know much about business, but if you think it's a good investment and not a big risk. You have my permission, but I'd like any profits from Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes to be put straight back in to the business. Tell Fred and George it's so they can keep inventing more stuff." said Harry, not wanting to take any money of the Weasley's.

"I can do that for you Mr Potter and notify you when progress is made. Is there anything else?" asked Fierceclaw.

"There is, the letter said that the house my parents lived in, Number Seven Godric's Hollow was 'currently uninhabitable' why?" questioned Harry, wanting to know why it hadn't been repaired.

"Well Mr Potter, the night your parents were killed and Voldemort was vanquished the house was also destroyed. It has been speculated that the force of the spells was responsible, which would make sense. Would you like to rebuild the property?" pressed Fierceclaw, looking at Harry intently. Harry bit his lip in thought, he hated it at Grimmauld Place because it reminded him of Sirius and how much he hated the house. Would Godric's Hollow be the same? His parents had lived there, they had chosen to go in to hiding at Godric's Hollow. They must have had a reason.

"Fierceclaw, do you know why my parents went to Godric's Hollow?" asked Harry.

"Godric's Hollow is a quaint, quiet village. Both wizarding and muggle inhabitants, it has stores nearby for supplies. It is steeped in history and has several wizarding families living there currently. I believe it was a family home, passed down from generation to generation. Starting with the Peverell's, it is of course named after Godric Gryffindor who lived in the village over a millennia ago. I believe there is a local cemetery where your family and many others have been buried over the years." replied Fierceclaw.

"Rebuild it... rebuild it exactly how it was. And put every single ward you can on it." muttered Harry, if it was a family home, it was his home.

"Of course, cost is no matter I take it?" asked the goblin.

"No matter at all." replied Harry, shortly.

"I shall start that right away, the house will have to be built before the protections can be added. I will owl you as progress is made, is that all Mr Potter?" asked Fierceclaw.

"Yes...No actually, do you know how I can get in to contact with Ollivander?" questioned Harry, hoping Ollivander might have an account here so it would be easier to get in contact with him.

"Mr Ollivander closed his account the day before he left, is there something wrong with your wand Mr Potter?" replied Fierceclaw. Harry sighed in disappointment at the answer before talking again.

"Whilst I was captured, Voldemort took my wand. When I escaped I took a Death Eater called Peter Pettigrews wand, I haven't used it yet but I know it would be tough to use." muttered Harry, drawing the wand from his waistband.

"I believe, once again Gringotts might be able to help you." grinned the goblin.

(Scene Break)

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"Ron, Hermione, Ginny!" shouted Mrs Weasley, the sound of footsteps echoed around the house as the trio came out on to the staircase to see Mrs Weasley at the bottom of the stairs.

"Can you come into the kitchen for a minute?" asked Mrs Weasley.

"What's up mum?" asked Ginny, worriedly.

"It's nothing, Ginny. Just come in to the kitchen." smiled Mrs Weasley, walking back in to the kitchen. The three looked at each other, wondering what was going on.

"Did you break something?" muttered Ron, looking at Ginny.

"No, did you?" countered Ginny.

"I think it's about Harry, she doesn't seem angry." whispered Hermione.

"True, but sometimes she gets like that when she is really angry." mumbled Ron, walking slowly so he wouldn't be the first to walk in to the kitchen.

"It won't be that bad, come on." sighed Hermione, rolling her eyes and walking through the door. The Weasley siblings looked at each other nervously and followed Hermione in to the kitchen. Mrs Weasley was sat at the table on her own, sipping a cup of tea. The three walked in, almost cautiously.

"You aren't in any trouble, it's about Harry." said Mrs Weasley, gesturing for them to sit down.

"Is he alright, has something happened?" shrieked Hermione, immediately thinking of the worst.

"Harry is fine, in fact at the Order meeting last night Professor Snape told us that Harry escaped from Azkaban a few days ago." replied Mrs Weasley, taking a sip of her tea.

"He was in Azkaban!" exclaimed Hermione, Mrs Weasley sighed aloud. She had forgotten how little the children had known.

"The important thing is, Harry has escaped. But we don't know where he is..." muttered Mrs Weasley, looking down at the table to avoid eye contact with anyone.

"Missing? What do you mean, how can he be missing? How did he even escape from Azkaban?" pressed Hermione, desperately wanting to know more.

"Maybe Sirius told him how he escaped from Azkaban." said Ginny.

"No, Sirius was an illegal animagus. He used his form to slip through the bars, Harry isn't an animagus." replied Hermione.

"He might be, we don't know what he's been doing all summer up in his room." mumbled Ron, darkly.

"I think he would tell us if he was an animagus, Ron!" said Hermione, scathingly. Though she seemed slightly hesitant.

"Is the Order trying to find, Harry?" questioned Ginny, looking at her mother expectantly.

"You know I can't talk about what the Order are doing, Ginerva." scolded Mrs Weasley, her daughters face darkened out of embarrassment at being told off.

"Do you know if Harry is alright?" asked Hermione, worried about her friend. Mrs Weasley merely shook her head, making Hermione sigh out of exasperation.

(Scene Break)

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"Harry Potter, this is Twindlebark. Twindlebark, it seems Harry Potter is in need of a new wand, maybe even a few...extras." smiled Fierceclaw.

Harry and Fierceclaw had walked into what appeared to be the depths of Gringotts. The room Harry was in now, resembled an old looking workshop with tools for all kind of different trades. Woodwork, Metallurgy, Jewel-crafting, Tailoring, what seemed like every possible skill and craft you could possible do with your hands. Tools littered the various worktops, with many of them seemingly having products that were in various stages of completion.

"Is that so... Mr Potter. How was it you became separated from your first wand?" probed Twindlebark, looking at Harry curiously.

"Voldemort has it." said Harry, bluntly.

"So the rumours were true, and why have you brought the wizard to me Fierceclaw?" asked Twindlebark, changing his gaze to Fierceclaw.

"You know why Twindlebark, your goblin made products are the most prized for a reason." retorted Fierceclaw.

"It would be foolish to ignore the mastery and skill I weave in to my products. I fail to see why I should grace such valuable items, for no return." sneered the goblin, turning his back to poke a red hot fire with a black metal spike.

"I can pay." blurted Harry, not wanting to offend Twindlebark.

"Galleons may appease some goblins, but I have more than enough to last me my remaining years. And several lifetimes after that." muttered Twindlebark, turning back to face Harry.

"Then what?" asked Harry, wondering what else the goblin would desire.

"I believe Fierceclaw may know what I require." whispered Twindlebark, his eyes darting to Fierceclaw.

"I think I may do... Harry Potter, in the letter you received yesterday you may have noticed the items of value included weaponry, armour, precious stones and portraits. I believe Twindlebark would prefer a material item instead of gold." stated Fierceclaw, looking at Twindlebark for confirmation.

"Indeed...I will craft a wand, armour...whatever you desire. In return, I require a goblin made shield I believe has been in the Black Family for several generations." said Twindlebark. Harry hardly had to think about it, Sirius didn't care for his families possession and he had no purpose for a shield.

"Fine, the goblin made shield is yours." answered Harry, Twindlebark smiled.

"Good, step forward..." mumbled Twindlebark, Harry did so and the goblin instantly started to measure every single aspect of Harry's stature. Noting each measurement down, scribbling furiously and muttering to himself in Gobbledegook.

"Which arm is your wand arm?" asked Twindlebark after several minutes of silence.

"My right." replied Harry.

"Do you draw from the left, or the right?" pushed Twindlebark, who had stopped measuring him but kept on writing.

"The left I guess." said Harry, watching Twindlebark closely.

"Interesting..." whispered Twindlebark, more to himself than to Harry.

"What were the materials used in your old wand?" asked Twindlebark after another minute or so.

"Holly and Phoenix feather, it was eleven inches long." replied Harry, slightly unnerved as Twindlebark was now observing him and writing.

"Strange...not at all what I have in mind." whispered Twindlebark, who began scratching out a few lines he had written earlier.

"What do you have in mind?" questioned Harry, trying to glance at the notes that Twindlebark had written. He saw they were written in what Harry guessed was the Gobbledegook version of writing.

"Wizard wand makers rarely deviate from common woods and the same three cores, phoenix feather, unicorn tail and dragon heartstrings. It's quite boring." muttered Twindlebark, monotonously.

Harry decided not to say anything as the goblin kept staring at the notes he had written.

"I will need a precious stone of some kind, does the Potter Black vault have a selection that could accommodate this?" asked Twindlebark, looking at Fierceclaw.

"I can have someone retrieve them immediately." replied Fierceclaw, walking out of the room.

"Does it need a fancy gem?" questioned Harry, worriedly.

"The gem will be placed in the base of the wand, underneath the start of the core. We could add a smaller stone at the tip..." said Twindlebark in hushed tones, who began sketching fervently.

"I have Cracktip retrieving the collection." announced Fierceclaw, walking back in to the room and sitting down. Much to Twindlebark's displeasure.

"I think a blend of Adansonia, Lime Tree and...either Bloodwood or Cuban Mahogany will work, do you have a preference?" asked Twindlebark. Harry didn't know what to say, he hadn't even heard of those trees.

"Bloodwood it is." mumbled Twindlebark, writing as he talked.

"What about cores?" asked Harry, his mind racing.

"Goblins appreciate the magical qualities of all magical animals, ah...I see Cracktip is here." smiled Twindlebark, his eyes glinting at the sight of the large tray. The tray was set down on the nearest worktop, Cracktip walked out of the room immediately. Twindlebark followed Harry's gaze that had immediately set upon a roughly cur, marble sized black stone. The goblin picked it up and held it up to his eye.

"Carbonado, commonly known as 'Black Diamond'...very interesting." muttered Twindlebark, but Harry was sidetracked as his attention was on the emerald the size of a snitch that was one of the central pieces.

"You've had encounters with basilisks and dragons, haven't you." stated Twindlebark, looking at Harry for any reaction.

"Yes, is that important?" asked Harry, wondering were the goblin craftsman was taking the conversation.

"What other creatures have you met in your years?" pushed Twindlebark, curious about the young man's history with magical animals.

"Going back from first year, a three-headed dog, Centaurs, Acromantula, a Basilisk, Dementors, Blast Ended Skrewts, Dragons, Merpeople, Sphinxes, Salamanders and Thestrals." replied Harry, mentally counting them in his head as he said them out loud.

"The majority of those are unusual to be used in wand, a Thestral tail feather is of course legendary in the wandlore..." mumbled Twindlebark.

"You think all those animals could be used as a core?" asked Harry.

"All of them? No, balance is important in a wand. Three different woods are being used, meaning three different cores. Aha!" exclaimed Twindlebark, snatching up a small emerald that Harry had been looking at moments before. It was no bigger than a fingernail, again the goblin held it up to his eye.

"Perfect clarity, well cut, yes...this should be fine. Call Cracktip, he can return them to Mr Potters vault." said Twindlebark.

"When will it be ready?" asked Harry, feeling slightly excited.

"I will craft the wand overnight, you can have it early morning tomorrow. I'll have to blend the woods, calculate which cores will combine. It will be an amazing creation." whispered Twindlebark, his voice tinged with anticipation.

Harry thanked Twindlebark and left the goblins workshop, Fierceclaw walked him to the foyer after arranging a time to meet the next morning and Harry left Gringotts nearly hopping with optimism. Until he saw the face of Remus Lupin looking directly at him.

Authors Notes - I edited the last chapter so those that are alerted to this story that were wondering why, now you know. To make up for the expectations, I thought I'd upload this chapter on the same day. Sorry for any confusion.

Reviewing makes kittens and puppies be friends :-)

Review! 325 reviews by Tuesday 15:00 GMT and I will upload a 7k+ on Tuesday 17:00.

I own nothing you recognise!

"Remus, how did you find me?" asked Harry, looking around for any more familiar faces.

"It's just me, Harry. Relax, how are you feeling?" countered Remus, looking at the scars and faint traces of other cuts on Harry's skin.

"I'm fine, come on...we can't stand here for too long. Somebody will recognise me." muttered Harry, indicating Remus to walk with him.

"We can go to Knockturn Alley, nobody there will think twice." said Remus, walking along side Harry.

"Lead the way." whispered Harry. They walked in silence as they entered Knockturn Alley, Harry keeping his head down just in case.

"Now, can we talk?" asked Remus, slowing the pace down.

"We can talk over a drink." replied Harry, Remus nodded and led Harry to the cleanest looking part of Knockturn Alley he had seen, walking in to a place with the word 'Tavern's' engraved on the door, Harry surveyed the place silently. With only one patron in. For Knockturn Alley, it was quite nice. Laterns were lit sporadically on the walls, the flickering candles inside them glowed brighter than they should have. The floors were wooden and the walls painted a dark, forest green. Bottles of all shapes and sizes were lined up behind the bar, most of the liquids inside the bottles were dark.

"Nice place." whispered Harry, more to himself than anyone else. Closing the door behind him and following Remus to the bar.

"What can I get you?" grunted the thickset bartender behind the counter.

"Double Oak Matured Mead and..." Remus turned to look at Harry to see what he wanted.

"The same." mumbled Harry, Remus nodded and turned to the bartender to relay what Harry had said. The man looked at Harry

with a hard gaze and after a second nodded, pulling two glasses from the overhead cabinets and pouring a generous amount in both tumblers.

"Six sickles." stated the man, Remus dug in to his robes but Harry had already slipped a galleon on the counter.

"Keep the rest as a tab." said Harry, before taking his drink and walking over to the most stable looking table and pulling two stools over to it.

"Thanks for the drink." muttered Remus, clinking his glass against Harry's.

"Don't mention it, now...how did you find me?" probed Harry, looking at Remus.

"I told Bill you were back like you asked, he saw you in Gringotts. Messaged me, and me only. I wanted to come and see if you were alright for myself." answered Remus, sipping his drink.

"So nobody else knows where I am?" pressed Harry.

"I haven't told anyone, and neither will Bill. And we won't, unless you want to..." replied Remus, looking at Harry with a hint of sadness in his eyes.

"I don't, it's nice having a bit of freedom. It's only five days until I go back to Hogwarts, and I want to keep this freedom until I have to go to Hogwarts." urged Harry, silently imploring Remus to be on his side.

"That's fine, just...let me know your safe. You aren't a kid any more, I don't think you ever had the chance to be one. Owl me to let me know your safe, then when you're due to go back to Hogwarts I can meet you and bring your trunk and everything else." smiled Remus, Harry stayed silent as if he was thinking it over.

"Alright, I can do that." said Harry, taking a sip of his Mead.

"Good...so, how was Azkaban?" whispered Remus, just in case someone was trying to overhear their conversation.

"It sucked, what do you think. Only good part was throwing Pettigrew in to the wall... he helped me escape, Remus." muttered Harry, Remus froze in shock.

"He...he helped you?" stuttered Remus, Harry only nodded in answer.

"Did he say why?" asked the werewolf, running his hand through his hair.

"Said it was to repay the life debt he owed me, he said nobody deserved what they were doing to me." said Harry, darkly.

"What did they do to you?" pushed Remus, he wanted to know because he was both curious and felt sorry for what Harry had been forced to endure.

"As you might have noticed, I have a few new scars. They were loads worse before I was healed. They used the Cruciatus Curse, all sorts spells that caused pain. They broke my leg, cut me, burned me, starved me. Everything you can think of, they did." spat Harry, using Occlumency to calm himself down.

"You have received some medical attention though, St Mungos?" asked Remus, draining his drink and signalling for another.

"I don't know if I'm allowed to say, I can trust them though. And I don't want to break that trust by revealing their identity without asking them first." replied Harry, tilting his glass so the deep amber liquid swirled around.

"I think I can guess... look the Order have had a meeting about you. Snape told them you escaped, they're searching the coastal cities and towns first so you should be alright for a few days at least. Are you staying somewhere secure?" questioned Remus, thanking the bartender who had levitated another tumbler of Mead over to Remus.

"Yes, did Snape tell you about everything that happened when I was in Azkaban?" countered Harry, nervously.

"You mean about Percy? Nobody blames you if that's what you mean." replied Remus, tentatively.

"Why should anyone blame me, the entire Order would have been exposed." retorted Harry.

"I know, I know...but you did take a life. Do you want to talk about it?" questioned Remus, looking at Harry.

"No, what's done is done. I can't change what I did and more importantly, I wouldn't want to." muttered Harry, finishing his drink.

"Alright, Bones is the new Minister of Magic you know." said Remus, trying to make conversation.

"I caught up with the important stuff over lunch...you know the Dursley's actually came to the hospital where I was taken." replied Harry, almost laughing at the absurdity of it all.

"They are your family..." stated Remus, at this Harry did laugh.

"Remus, the only reason they came is because they thought that they would be reported for abuse, the doctors and nurses all thought it was them. The only reason I made it back to London was because I threatened them with going to the police with all the years of abuse that they actually committed. They wanted me to pay for the fuel and the clothes the doctor asked them to get me." spat Harry, anger flaring up. It was almost instinct for his Occlumency shields to fight against his emotions so that he could keep a clear mind. He was very grateful to Bill that he had taken the time to teach Harry and help him out so much.

"I can't be gone for long, I'm staying at Grimmauld Place full time now. After you were taken, Dumbledore wanted to beef up security." explained Remus, finishing his second drink as Harry's second arrived.

"In case something like this happened again?" questioned Harry.

"I think he just wants be around Grimmauld Place more so he knows where I am." answered Remus, standing up.

"Sounds like him." muttered Harry, swallowing the entire drink down in one gulp, Harry walked over to collect the five sickles change and left with Remus.

"I'll owl you tomorrow to let you know I'm alright." said Harry, as they reached Diagon Alley.

"Thanks, stay safe Harry." replied Remus, walking over to the Floo Point. Harry nodded and walked to his hotel, where he would go on to order a large amount of room service food, drink his Nutrient Potion from the goblins and silently study and note down spells from the newly acquired books from Obscurus Books. Leaving the ones he had taken from his vault.

(Scene Break)

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Neville Longbottom had seemingly adopted Harry Potters way of living in Number Twelve Grimmauld Place, only coming out for meals and locking himself away in his room. Unlike Harry Potter however, Neville didn't have the luxury of having a room that nobody could find. Neville soon learned to leave his room and find a quiet, hard to find spot and stay there all day.

He would read the books he had brought with him from his Grandmother's house, the majority of which were based on Herbology. His dream of curing his parents insanity using his knowledge in plants had crumbled like dry soil. Though Potions was one of his worse subjects in class, his exam scores had prevailed and earned a 'Exceeds Expectations' and he was for some reason eligible to take Potions at N.E.W.T which he had hesitantly agreed to do after persuasion from his Head of House, Professor McGonagall.

It was a requirement to achieve at least an 'E' on his N.E.W.T so he could qualify to undertake a career as a Healer. Which he had wanted to do ever since he could remember watching the Healers look after his late parents and other patients in the 'Janus Thickey Ward at St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries.

After his parents deaths however, his career choice had wavered. The prospect of being an Auror all of a sudden seemed so alluring, fighting alongside his friends who had talked about it last year. He

was going to ask Professor McGonagall for another careers meeting when he was back at Hogwarts. All he wanted to do now however, was to be left alone and read his books.

(Scene Break)

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It was the next day and Harry woke up early, he looked over at the clock and annoyingly saw it was just over an hour until he was due to meet Fierceclaw. Getting out of the amazingly comfortable bed, rubbed his eyes as he got used to the bright, late August sunrise filtering through the barely open curtains. Walking over to them, Harry threw them open. He was on one of the top floors and that over looked inner city London. Even at this hour, people were walking either to work, from work or after a long night out. Stretching slightly as he enjoyed the view he decided to kill some time.

He called room service for a large, full English breakfast and poured himself a hot, soapy bath. The two mixed very well as Harry dipped a strip of bacon in an egg and ate it as he reclined in the bath, finding the controls for the Jacuzzi making it an even more relaxing morning. Forcing himself to stay awake and not succumb to the flowery aroma of the bath soaps, he finished his breakfast, downed the Nutrition Potion he had on the side and got out of the bath. Drying himself off he felt full of energy and anxious for his new wand. Dressing in light grey trousers and a black shirt from Twillfitt and Tatting's he picked up one of the robes he had also bought and carried it downstairs and all the way to The Leaky Cauldron before putting it on.

Diagon Alley quiet as many of the stores were closed at this time, Harry remained wary of anyone looking at him as he kept his head down and walked into Gringotts. The silver doors, marbled floors and goblins becoming a familiar sight to him now. He spotted Fierceclaw was already waiting for him in the pre-designated place.

"Good morning." said Harry, sounding almost...optimistic.

"Good morning Mr Potter, you are early." noted Fierceclaw, taking a watch out of his pocket and glancing at it.

"I woke up early, thought it was pointless to wait any longer. I haven't kept you waiting have I?" asked Harry, not wanting to annoy the goblin.

"Not at all, Mr Potter. Follow me, I believe Twindlebark finished your wand earlier this morning." smiled Fierceclaw, turning on the spot. Harry followed the goblin, anticipation rising up within him. Each recognisable place filling him with more and more excitement. Until they reached Twindlebarks workshop. Fierceclaw knocked on the door and waited for an answer. After a few seconds the door opened, to reveal a tired looking Twindlebark.

"Right on time. Come in." greeted Twindlebark, the loss of sleep had deprived the goblin craftsman of his sharp tongue. Fierceclaw and Harry entered without a word.

"You have my payment?" asked Twindlebark, eyeing them both. Harry looked at Fierceclaw to answer.

"I have someone fetching it for me right now." replied Fierceclaw, Twindlebark nodded wearily.

"After several hours of deliberating, calculating and thinking of all the possibilities, I have done it. The blended woods of Adansonia, Lime Tree and Bloodwood were individually soaked in dragons blood. Adansonia was placed in Hungarian Horntail blood, Lime Tree in Ukrainian Ironbelly and the Bloodwood in Chinese Fireball. The blood was absorbed in to the woods successfully making the blending process slightly trickier but not impossible. The Carbonado stone was refined and placed at the base of the wand, with the Emerald a perfect fit as it was and is half an inch from the tip of the wand." breathed Twindlebark, Harry almost felt obliged to be awestruck and stay silent at the same time.

"The core of the wand, is a tuft of Werewolf fur, entwined with a Thestral wing-feather that is tied together with a Griffin heart-string which was then soaked in a particularly potent mixture of Acromantula blood and Manticore venom. With the result wrapped around a Basilisk Scale. A remarkable creation." sighed Twindlebark, passing a long, thin box over to Harry.

He slid the box open and saw the wand, it was remarkable. The colour was darker than a normal wand, certainly darker than his wand, but it seemed to swirl and almost become cloudy as it reached the tip. It looked to be the same size as his old wand, he placed the box on the worktop and held the wand in his hand.

He felt a surge of power rush through him as the wand flashed hot in his hand then cooled down, dark blood red sparks showered from the tip of it. Harry twirled it in his fingers, it seemed to be perfectly balanced and weighted.

"As you can see, it suits you quite well. Try it out." suggested Twindlebark.

"I can't, the Ministry..." started Harry but Twindlebark interrupted him.

"This wand is not monitored by the Ministry of Magic." stated Twindlebark, who suddenly pointed at him and muttered in Gobbledegook. Harry felt a crackle of magic go through him, and looked back at the goblin slightly irate.

"And now neither are you, as such a prominent and targeted wizard I'm surprised you have not been exempted from Ministry laws already." sniffed Twindlebark.

"Expecto Patronum!" shouted Harry, the familiar silver stag erupted from his wand. The spell seemed slightly easier, and the stag seemed brighter than usual. The stag walked around the workshop before looking at Harry and disappearing.

"Impressive..." mumbled Twindlebark.

"Thank you, Twindlebark." said Harry, sincerely. Offering his hand to the goblin, who looked at it for a second before accepting and shaking his hand.

"I have, more. A holster worthy of holding such a specimen, made from the hide of a Swedish Short-Snout, hence the silver blue appearance." muttered Twindlebark, retrieving the item from a drawer.

"And a second, wrist holster. Made from the same dragon." exclaimed Twindlebark. Passing both to Harry who immediately fastened them to himself, placing the wand in his wrist holster.

"Both have anti-summoning charms and auto-correction, so they tailor themselves to you as you grow." said Twindlebark, walking away from Harry.

"Thanks..." started Harry but he was again, cut off.

"A Cinquedeia, not traditionally sized. In fact it resembles a cross between a Cinquedeia and a Tantō. This is an ornate, hidden and very deadly blade. Goblin made, and sheathed in Hebridean Black to help conceal it. The fastening is ideally for a leg." stated Twindlebark, passing the item over to Harry.

"Here is your shield, Twindlebark." announced Fierceclaw, passing the item over to the craftsman whose eyes lit up at the sight.

"It was a pleasure doing business Mr Potter, if you would like anything more then I am sure we can arrange something." smiled Twindlebark, turning his back on them and walking over to one of his worktops. Fierceclaw beckoned Harry out of the room and escorted Harry all the way to the foyer.

"I hope everything is to your satisfaction Mr Potter." grinned Fierceclaw.

"It was, thank you so, so much Fierceclaw." replied Harry, his fingers positively tingling.

"Do you have anything planned for the rest of the day?" inquired Fierceclaw, as Harry busied himself with fastening the blade to his leg.

"Able to do magic and an amazing new wand? I'm sure I'll find something." winked Harry, leaving Fierceclaw chuckling to himself.

(End Of Chapter)

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Review! 325 reviews by Tuesday 15:00 GMT and I will upload a 7k+ on Tuesday 17:00.

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Although Harry was technically allowed to cast magic outside of Hogwarts walls, the last thing he wanted to do was attract any kind of unnecessary attention. With that thought in mind, Harry left Diagon Alley and went back to his hotel so he could catch up on the three weeks or so he had missed whilst being tortured. Collecting the books he had scattered across his room, he set up a quiet, comfortable place where he could study and set to work. He had read and noted down a few spells yesterday but today he could actually perform them. Eagerly he opened 'Cruel Curses and Sizzling Spells' that he had bought from Obscurus Books.

"Disembowelling Curse...forcibly removes the victims bowels leaving them in agony and near certain death. Incantation, *Alvus Allere...*" muttered Harry to himself, writing down the components of the spell and committing them to memory. Occlumency had certainly helped retain knowledge that he wanted to learn, recalling spells he had learned over a month ago was relatively easy and Harry wanted it to stay that way.

"Heart Stopping Curse...pretty self explanatory, words are...*Cordisprohi...*" continued Harry, going through the mechanics of over a dozen spells in the next hour. Some caught his attention more than others, Blood Freezing and Blood Boiling Curses, Bone Breakers, Laceration and Puncturing Spells. All of them were memorised and written down, some might call these Dark Arts but he felt after what he had gone through made the scum also known as Death Eaters deserve every spell in this book.

Tired of spells he couldn't cast, he closed the book and turned to some that he hopefully could. Reaching for 'Advanced Transfigurations' and opening it.

After half an hour or so Harry finally had mastered, or so he thought the Animation Spell. It was only on a small statue that was one of the decoration his room, and he expected animating a full sized statue or a suit of armour might take a bit more concentration, but all in all he felt as though he had done a good job. As he watched the small statue of a lion scamper around the room and leap across gaps, he expected it to feel like casting the Imperius Curse but it was just the simple matter of concentrating on what he wanted the inanimate object to do instead of forcing it to do it. Almost like wishful thinking.

And speaking of wishful, he looked forward to using the 'Stair Slide Spell' reminding him of how he and Ron had attempted to climb the Gryffindor Girl's Staircase that led to the Girls Dormitories before it turned in to a slide. Performing that on a busy staircase would be both hilarious and a Marauder worthy prank. Chuckling to himself he moved on to Conjuration.

(Scene Break)

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"I can't believe they didn't tell us that Harry was in Azkaban." exclaimed Hermione. She was with Ginny and Ron in the boys room for a change, though quite why she had no idea. How Ron could let the room fall in to such disarray in such a short amount of time she didn't know, and didn't want to either.

"At least he's out now." said Ron, sighing in boredom.

"Just think of the state he might be in though Ron, Azkaban is in the middle of the sea. Harry would have had to swim for who knows how long, he could be anywhere!" replied Hermione, exasperatedly.

"Do you think he'll be at Hogwarts?" asked Ginny, worriedly.

"It's Harry, he always makes it." muttered Ron, rolling over on his bed trying to get comfortable.

"True, but he's always had our help." countered Hermione, biting her lip as she thought about the recklessness Harry seemed to have when he was on his own.

"We'll just have to keep a closer eye on him this year, make sure he stays out of trouble." announced Ginny, looking at Hermione and her brother.

"How? Trouble just has a way of finding him." grunted Ron, stifling a yawn.

"We'll just have to be extra careful." pressed Hermione, staring angrily at Ron.

"Harry is Harry, he can't help it that nutters try to kill him every year." whispered Ron, defending his friend.

"But we can stop him from doing anything stupid, this year is going to be different." urged Ginny.

"I doubt it." muttered Ron, earning him glares from both girls.

(Meanwhile downstairs...)

Remus Lupin walked into Grimmauld Place, after his little encounter with Harry he had used the Floo to go back to his own home. He had greatly underestimated the amount of time he would have on his hands and had come to get a few things. How Sirius hadn't gone mad in this place he would never know. He was losing it after a couple of days...

The sheer amount of boredom reminded him of the time he spent alone when he was a child, the most memorable being the summer after his first year at Hogwarts. He smiled at the naivety of his young self, Remus had been so surprised when he made friends. With his condition he thought everybody would shun him and so he told no-one. Of course, James and Sirius worked it out in their second year and still wanted to be friends with him. He sighed as he entered the kitchen, Molly Weasley was busying herself over a hot stove, he glanced at the clock and saw that people would soon be finishing work. Might even be an unofficial meeting to discuss the whereabouts of Harry Potter, thank Merlin he was a natural Occlumens.

"Afternoon, Molly." muttered Remus, sitting down on the most comfortable chair around the table.

"Oh, hello Remus. How did your search go?" asked Mrs Weasley, not turning around as she worked on whatever she was cooking.

"Nothing much to go on, Molly." replied Remus, placing the bag of his things on the floor beside him. The Weasley matriarch turned and looked at him sympathetically.

"How are you coping, Remus?" asked Mrs Weasley, looking at the weary looking wizard.

"Fine, Molly. You?" replied Remus, helping himself and pouring a cup of coffee.

"You would think that having seven children would prepare you for anything, but not this." said Mrs Weasley, sombrely.

"Do you think he's alright, Remus?" continued the Mrs Weasley.

"I think, Harry is Harry. He always finds a way to get out of trouble." smiled Remus.

"Don't say things like that Remus, he is still a child and needs protecting." countered Mrs Weasley, who began stirring something in a bowl.

"Harry can protect himself, and after everything he's been through... he's not a child." replied Remus, a tinge of annoyance in his voice at the insinuations Molly had made about Harry.

"He is to me, the poor dear didn't even know how to get on to Platform Nine and Three Quarters when I first met him." sniffed Mrs Weasley.

"That was a long time ago, he's been through a lot since then. More than most others go through their entire lives." argued Remus, trying to reason with her.

"He should never have to though, when we finally find him I'll talk to Professor Dumbledore about keeping him away from all that silliness." said Mrs Weasley, waving her wand for the whisk to operate on it's own while she began chopping tomatoes.

"You can't treat him like a baby, Molly. It's Harry Potter and if he's anything like his father he will be in the thick of the action." replied Remus.

"Like Sirius, you can't see Harry for his own person..." started Mrs Weasley, but Remus interrupted her.

"Don't you dare mention Sirius's name in a bad way in his house, ever again." said Remus, in an icy tone that made Mrs Weasley's eyes widen, recomposing herself she continued.

"You don't have children Remus, you don't know what it's like to know that your babies are out there. Everyday, where they could be attacked at any time." scolded Mrs Weasley, her attention back on the tomatoes.

"Your children aren't babies, they are fully grown adults. If you don't accept that, what are you going to do when another battle breaks out? Stop your sons from fighting, because they're in the Order for a reason. To fight Voldemort, and you cannot realistically expect things to be fine when we are at the starting point of another Wizarding War." argued Remus, raising his voice slightly and now standing up.

"Remus, what's going on?" Remus and Molly turned to see Tonks in the doorway.

"Nothing Tonks, just talking about Harry." sighed Remus, sitting back down. Mrs Weasley turned back to cooking as Tonks joined them in the kitchen and sat next to Remus.

"I didn't hear you come in, and that's saying something." laughed Remus.

"I've been improving on my stealth and clumsiness, you know...Auror stuff." mumbled Tonks.

"Recon work?" guessed Remus, knowing the only reason for Aurors to learn that kind of thing was following suspects.

"How did you know?" questioned Tonks in a low voice.

"I have friends who are aurors, some still are and some aren't" answered Remus, truthfully.

"Yes, I was tailing possible Death Eaters to see if they led us towards any suspected hideouts." sighed Tonks, pouring herself a coffee.

"How did it go?" asked Remus, taking a sip from his cup.

"Boring, either they aren't Death Eaters or they are really, really smart ones. How did your search go?" countered Tonks.

"The same, found out nothing." lied Remus, smoothly.

"I think Kingsley is going to ask Minister Bones for some aurors to help with the search tomorrow." sighed Tonks, changing her hair colour from conservative dark auburn to her favourite, bubblegum pink.

"We'll find him, and hopefully before Hogwarts starts." said Remus, sounding optimistic.

"Been through a lot in the last year hasn't he, Dementors, bat-shit crazy teacher, OWLs, then...Sirius...and now torture. Doesn't get a break does he?" mumbled Tonks, her voice quivering when mentioning Sirius.

"He doesn't..." murmured Remus.

"Who doesn't what?" asked Fred, walking in to the kitchen. Immediately following him was George.

"Just talking about Harry, you two get a chance to look around?" asked Tonks, Remus held his breath. Their store was in Diagon Alley, he and Harry had only been in Diagon Alley together for a few seconds before leaving. But still...

"We took an hour each to look around for him, not Apparated that far away in a while." moaned Fred, sitting down at the table.

"We searched Hull and Grimsby, asked around all the hospitals to see if anyone checked in with his name. We used Memory Charms after, of course." said George, collapsing on a chair.

"George! You can't Obliviate muggles!" shouted Mrs Weasley.

"We thought we had to, you know Order business and everything. Someone else asks them about it, could end up in a right mess." argued Fred, defending his and his brothers actions.

"They are right Molly." added Tonks, earning her an angry look.

"So you searched Hull and Grimsby, guess we can cross those of the list." muttered Remus.

"I'm surprised you two even know how to not cause chaos and be discreet." joked Tonks, laughing at the twins mock, outraged expressions.

"We are quite the private investigators when we want to be, Tonks." countered George.

"I just can't wait for the pair of you to see some sense and get a job in the Ministry." whispered Mrs Weasley aloud. The twins looked at each other, befuddled looks on their faces before turning to their mother.

"What do you mean, mum?" asked Fred, slowly.

"I mean, when you see how silly your being wasting your lives and get a real job." replied Mrs Weasley, hotly.

"Errr mum, we're doing this as our real jobs. This is going to be our career." said George, seriously.

"Don't be silly boys, you won't make nearly enough to support yourselves." laughed Mrs Weasley, before turning around to see their sons confused faces.

"You two don't seriously think you can do this as a career, do you?" asked Mrs Weasley, incredulously.

"We've made a hell of a lot more money than we would have been earning at the Ministry." countered Fred.

"Especially after today." muttered George.

"Why, what happened today?" asked Tonks, cutting the tension.

"Oh no...we're not switching the subject..." started Mrs Weasley.

"This." said Fred simply, taking something out of his pocket and throwing it to Tonks.

"What is that?" demanded Mrs Weasley.

"It's from Gringotts." stated George, watching Tonks unfold the parchment.

"What does it say?" pressed Mrs Weasley, looking at her sons.

"It's about our business, they want to invest in us." said Fred, proudly. Mrs Weasley was shocked, she rarely heard of Gringotts getting personally involved in businesses.

"Actually guys, it's not." announced Tonks.

"What?" blurted Fred and George.

"I knew it, you owe goblin gold don't you. You two are the most irresponsible pair of..." but again Mrs Weasley was interrupted.

"Actually, Molly...they don't owe anyone, anything. It's an investment, just not a goblin investment. Says here one of your shareholders has invested...whoa... that's a lot of galleons." laughed Tonks, eyeing the figure. Remus looked over her shoulder and was shocked.

"You have shareholder? What if they're followers of You-Know-Who!" shrieked Mrs Weasley, abandoning the tomatoes and sitting down on a chair.

"Relax mum, we don't have shareholders." laughed Fred.

"The only person that gave us any money was...Harry!" shouted George. All heads shot up and looked at either the door or George. Footsteps came hurtling downstairs and Ron, Hermione and Ginny ran through the door.

"Did somebody say Harry?" asked Hermione, fervently. But Mrs Weasley ignored the young witch and questioned her son

"What do you mean, Harry. Harry...did Harry give you money?" questioned Mrs Weasley, deadly quiet. The twins looked at each other nervously, as if deciding on what to do.

"Wait, what's going on?" asked Ron.

"Your mother, Fred and George were discussing their future, they passed me this. It's a letter from Gringotts, a shareholder had reinvested in the business. Quite a lot of gold, and your brothers think it might be Harry." said Tonks, as quickly as she could, silence fell between everyone as they were all either confused or bewildered. It was Fred who broke the silence.

"Alright, fine. Harry gave me and George his Triwizard Tournament winnings to help with Weasley Wizarding Wheezes. We made him a partner and just didn't tell him. Thought it would be a nice surprise, then today we got that from Gringotts." announced Fred, pointing at the letter in Tonks hand.

"I guess we didn't read it through properly, we thought it was an investment from goblins. If it's a shareholder, it's Harry." said George simply.

"You accepted money, from Harry Potter. How much?" demanded Mrs Weasley, irate.

"Well the prize money was a thousand galleons, but he was going to throw it away. He forced us to take it." said Fred, trying to defend their actions.

"Harry gave you a thousand galleons, is that how you paid for those dress robes?" asked Ron.

"Yes, he made us swear not to tell you where the money came from though." replied George, awkwardly.

"But, he would have told me. Why didn't he tell me?" questioned Ron, disbelief, shock, anger and jealousy all fighting each other in an inward struggle.

"I don't know, you were a bit of a git to him in fourth year." suggested Fred, earning him glares from Ron and his mother.

"You are going to payback every last knut that Harry gave you." bit Mrs Weasley, breathing loudly in anger.

"We tried, we paid him back all of it and more." said George.

"Let me see." replied Mrs Weasley, walking over to Tonks and snatching the letter from her hands. Everything was silent for a few seconds as she read the letter, her lips moving as she read.

"Four thousand galleons! Harry Potter have you over four thousand galleons!" shouted Mrs Weasley.

"That was his share, we set up an account with Gringotts so a third of our profits went to Harry." argued Fred.

"Wait, so that means you two have four thousand each." stated Ginny, Fred and George looked at each other and then the floor out of embarrassment.

"The poor boy probably thinks he has to give it back." sighed Mrs Weasley, her anger dissipating. Realising Fred and George had done everything they could have done to pay Harry back.

"Your missing what this actually means, mum." said George.

"What, what does it mean?" asked Mrs Weasley, confused.

"Harry reinvested his money back in to Weasley Wizarding Wheezes." smiled Fred, hoping their mother would catch on.

"Harry Potter is a sixteen year old boy, he doesn't know anything about business. Just because he put his money back in doesn't mean he knows what he is doing. And it doesn't mean that it's a proper job." argued Mrs Weasley, secretly astonished at the money they had already made. Though she would never admit it to them.

"I don't think they mean that, Molly." stated Remus, knowing what conclusion they were about to reach.

"Harry put his money in to Weasley Wizarding Wheezes..." said George, smiling at the naivety of his mother.

"And?" asked Mrs Weasley, puzzled.

"And Gringotts can't make the payment without authorisation." continued Fred, rolling his eyes as his mother still didn't get it.

"Oh for Merlins sake! I think what Fred and George are trying to say is that, it means Harry has been to Gringotts very recently." stated Tonks.

"Which means he's been to London!" shouted Hermione, she herself was lost in the conversation. Having no idea how the intricacies of Gringotts worked.

"Which means he is healthy enough to go to Gringotts, so he is probably healthy. Full stop. Harry's fine and he's nearby." said George, smiling.

"So he is in a good enough state to go to Gringotts and he is close by. So why isn't he here?" asked Ginny, looking around the room. Everyone's faces dropped at Ginny's remark as the realisation hit them that even though they now knew Harry was fine. He didn't want to be here.

(Scene Break)

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'Self Transfiguration is a dangerous and advanced form of transfiguration, casting the spells are risky and can have permanent effects. Fully transforming yourself in to an animal of any kind is not recommended without letting a close friend or relative know what you are doing as full transformation negates all human thinking and reasoning. Ergo, you actually become the animal as you gain the animals instincts, intelligence and inhibitions. This is the key difference between Self Transfiguration and becoming an Animagus.

Animagus retain the knowledge that they are human and retain their thoughts and reasoning whilst gaining the characteristics of the animal. It has been known that the traits of the animal an Animagus can become carries over to the human aspect. (Example - A person who can become a cat, enhances their own reflexes in real life greatly.) The ability to become an Animagus is difficult and only a handful of witches and wizards ever achieve the feat, to find out more turn to chapter seven.' This was the passage that Harry had

read over three hours ago. Since then he had read Chapter Seven several times.

It didn't so much outline the theory of becoming an animagus, more than gave guidelines and references. The book had said finding what animal you could become was perhaps the most difficult part of the entire process. Harry sorely wished that this was true after he collapsed on to the floor for the umpteenth time.

An organised mind and skill in Occlumency would apparently make this easier, but Harry wasn't so sure. It felt like the time he had tried to learn the Patronus Charm, trying as hard as he could and getting nowhere. Taking a deep breath he closed his eyes again and tried to focus.

His mind went over all the information he had read, the significance of the animal, the various possibilities and likelihood. Other books were recommended after he found out what animal he was, but first he had to find out what he was.

Harry fell asleep in the late hours of the night, exhausted from the days events and the continued attempts to try and find his Animagus form. His father and Sirius had started to learn how to do this in their second year, and managed to complete it when they were in fifth year. He was determined to accomplish it as well.

(The next day...)

Harry woke up late in the morning, it was almost the early hours of the afternoon. He was in his clothes and for a moment didn't know why he had slept on top of his covers in his clothes. His head ached slightly as he sat up and he immediately remembered why, rubbing his eyes and stretching he called down for a late full English breakfast, with a side of pancakes, extra bacon and extra orange juice.

After breakfast and drinking his nutrient potion, he cleared his mind for the first time of the day and went for a shower, planning out what he wanted to do for the day. He wanted to pick up more books on Animagus Transformations, and for that he needed to go to Obscurus Books. Flourish and Blotts wouldn't have much in the way of Advanced Transfigurations, or so he thought.

Stepping out of the shower and dressing for the day, he decided to get some more clothes from Twilfitt and Tatting's, a few more shirts and a pair of trousers and hopefully some casual wear. Looking in the mirror, he surveyed his appearance. His scars weren't that noticeable, at least not to him. Maybe he had just got used to them. The rough, thick stubble was a borderline beard, his eyes were just as green but had a hardened, colder look to them. Like Sirius's had. He smiled at the similarity he and his Godfather had was that they had both spent time in Azkaban. Another was perhaps the long hair, it had grown fairly long and made him look like a bit of an idiot as it stuck up so much.

Adding get a haircut to his list, he dressed and walked down to Muggle London. He would get the haircut last so that people wouldn't see his lightning bolt scar.

Walking in to The Leaky Cauldron he put on the robe he had carried with him and out it on, tapping the bricks with his goblin wand and immediately walked in the direction of Twilfitt and Tatting's. It was slightly busier than he thought it would be, Harry kept his head down so as not to chance anyone recognising him. He overheard children whispering excitedly at a new broom in the shop window of Quality Quidditch Supplies and Harry made a mental note to come back and look later.

Entering Twilfitt and Tatting's, the same woman walked over and greeted him. It took her a second to recognise him and when he did she practically fell over herself to help him.

"What can I do for you today Mr Potter, anything at all you needn't worry." smiled the woman, taking care to mention his name in a low voice.

"I need some more shirts and a pair of trousers, and some casual wear." said Harry, trying not to laugh as the woman complimented his appearance. After all, it was Twilfitt and Tatting's clothing.

"I have your measurements on file and can start with the shirts and trousers right away." replied the woman, almost dancing over to the shirts.

"Is there a way to tailor the clothes as I grow?" asked Harry, wondering how much the goblin Nutrient Potion might help him with his size and weight.

"As a returning customer I can add Auto-Correct Charms on the robes so that they expand with you as you develop, free of charge. Would you like the Potion and Stain Resistant Charms on everything you buy today?" pressed the woman, gazing at Harry.

"Yes, please." replied Harry awkwardly. Picking up a white shirt.

"Of course, your still in Hogwarts. Doesn't mean you can't look stylish." winked the woman, taking the shirt from his hands.

After what felt like many hours but was miraculously only one and a half, Harry left with four white shirts, along with a navy, burgundy, deep blue and another two black shirts, all tailored to fit him. Two pairs of grey trousers for Hogwarts, as well as a pair of smart casual shoes he could wear with his uniform. Three black robes with silver fastenings and the Gryffindor emblem with red and gold lining along with one black and one charcoal grey v-neck jumpers, one black and one charcoal grey cardigan, and one black and one charcoal grey vest. As per Hogwarts uniform rules, he also bought two ties with his house colours on as well.

Along with an assortment of casual clothes that wouldn't be out of place in a Muggle retail shop, including slim fitting jeans and chinos with a variety of coloured v-neck and crew cut tops, hoodies, jackets and cardigans. The grand total came to an eye-popping three hundred and seventeen galleons, assuring the woman he could carry them himself, he walked around the corner, dropped the bags, shrank them and cast the Feather-Light Charm on them. Placing them in his pocket and hurrying to the book store, he didn't know exactly how long the charms would last and didn't want to be in Diagon Alley for to long, as it had seemed to get busier.

Entering Obscurus Books, he walked around the entire store looking for any books that were relevant to Animagus. There were a few people in the store this time so he was careful to keep his head down.

After half an hour he had found three books, 'Introduction to Animagus', 'Methods and Guidelines to Becoming an Animagus', 'Finding Your Animal'.

"Quite a collection, you were in the other day weren't you?" asked the elderly man behind the counter.

"Yes." muttered Harry.

"I thought so... let's see...that will be nineteen galleons and six sickles." said the man, tallying the prices up. Harry retrieved twenty galleons from his moneybag and waited for the change.

"Good luck." smiled the man, ominously. Passing the change to Harry, who nodded and hurried out of the store.

He came to a standstill when he saw two red headed people a couple of dozen metres away from him. He turned and pretended to be looking in the store window, using the reflection in the window to see if the hair belonged to Weasley children. Waiting for a few seconds he saw another red headed person and taking no chances set off in the opposite direction.

Not looking around, he walked the long way round to Diagon Alley. Cutting through several alleys and passageways to reach the old pub and walking out in to Muggle London without looking back. Breathing a sigh of relief he started to walk to his hotel slowly, stopping on the way to buy a sandwich and bottle of coke. Taking Muggle notes out of his money-bag seemed so weird.

Reaching his hotel, he took out his bags of clothes and re-sized them. He would need Remus to bring his trunk to the hotel to pack all his things away. He almost dragged himself out of his room and went down to reception.

"Excuse me, are there any decent hairdressers around here?" asked Harry, to the young woman behind the desk.

"There is a nice hair salon a few streets from here, turn left as you leave the hotel and walk down until you reach the traffic lights then cross the road and turn right and it's the store next to a big bakery." smiled the woman. Harry thanked her and left.

(In Diagon Alley...)

"Why won't the goblins help?" asked Hermione.

"Bill told us, they are very secretive about their clients." replied Fred, looking around the Alley.

"But he's missing, can't Bill find out?" pressed Hermione, exasperated.

"And risk his job? I don't think so, plus he isn't missing to them. Goblins have their own rules." muttered Fred.

"I don't think we're going to see him standing here, we should walk about a bit." said Ron, getting bored of standing around.

"Fred, your turn to run the shop." announced George, walking over to them from Weasley Wizarding Wheezes.

"Alright. Mum should be back in a few minutes so don't go too far if you do walk around." called Fred, walking in to Weasley Wizarding Wheezes.

"Prat." whispered Ron.

"He's right though, come on let's go to Quidditch Quality Supplies and check out the new broom." said George, Ron and Ginny smiled as Hermione rolled her eyes and allowed herself to be dragged to the store.

"The BlazingThunder is an updated, more refined version of the Firebolt. With a scorching speed of 0-170 in nine seconds it is faster than the Firebolt, improved handling and braking makes it a must have for any seasoned pro." read Ron, much to the annoyance of Hermione and Ginny.

"Come on, I can see mum." said George, nearly dragging Ron away.

"Any luck?" asked Mrs Weasley.

"Nothing Mrs Weasley, and the goblins aren't exactly helping." mumbled Hermione.

"Back to Headquarters is is then." announced Mrs Weasley. Ron Hermione and Ginny started to protest, but Mrs Weasley was having none of it.

"I told you before we came, we had till three to find Harry. It's half past, you've had more than enough. George keep an eye out won't you?" pressed Mrs Weasley.

"Yes mum. See you at Headquarters." muttered George, hugging his mother goodbye as he stopped himself from laughing at Ron disputing with his mother to stay.

Needless to say it was pointless as they were all ushered to a quiet area they could portkey away.

(End Of Chapter.)

I know this isn't over 7k, but it is over 5k and I didn't want to break my promise of a chapter today. BUT...I am, writing another chapter from 17:00 06/09/2011, and will get it up TODAY. Two updates, one day. Check back around 11/12PM GMT

Reviewing gives me incentive to write more :p

I only ask for reviews because it does actually make me want to write more, and I want this story to be one of the top stories of it's kind.

Closing the door behind him, Harry immediately went and showered. Despite the best attempts from the hairdresser, hair had managed to fall down the back of his shirt and slightly tickled him. His new haircut felt strange, it was much shorter and more manageable. It left his lightning bolt scar visible which made his shallow and less visible scars much less noticeable as they were more or less skin coloured whereas his scar was a very faint red but still stood out against his skin.

Taking some of the casual clothes out of the bags, he knew he would need to get his trunk before going to Hogwarts to pack everything properly, dressing in navy chinos and a simple faded burgundy v-neck top, Harry sat down and penned a letter to Remus.

Remus

Just a quick note to tell you that I am fine, and also to ask another favour. Seeing as you are the only person that can actually find my room, could you bring my trunk to the bar we went to in Knockturn Alley the other day. Sorry to ask but I just want to make sure that I have got everything before I go to Hogwarts. Write back using the owl I send, seeing as your only on the other side of London it won't take that long for you to reply hopefully.

Harry

Putting a hooded jacket on so he could hide his face a bit better, Harry left the hotel and walked to Diagon Alley. Taking care to keep an eye out for any recognisable faces he walked over to Diagon Alley Post Office and paid four sickles for a Tawny Owl.

"I'm expecting a reply, is there anywhere I should wait?" asked Harry, before he left to get something to eat.

"Any mail that returns is screened and left in a Post Box. You can open one today for a Galleon, all we do is hold any mail that can't find you." replied the large, friendly man. Taking a galleon from his pocket, Harry opened an account, using a pseudonym so nobody would know about it. Muttering a quick thanks, Harry went to the small sandwich shop and bought a couple of sandwiches, turning around he saw Quality Quidditch Supplies. Reminded of the frantic children earlier, Harry headed over to the store.

The broom in the window was spectacular, it looked sharper and more aerodynamic. The wood was darker, with a thin white stripe going down the left hand side and finishing in a point three quarters of the way down. Harry only had to spend several seconds internally debating whether or not to buy one. His Firebolt was a gift from Sirius, because Sirius had seen him fly and was reminded of his father when he was at Hogwarts. It held the same amount of sentimental value as his Invisibility Cloak as far as he was concerned.

He walked in to the store and walked straight over to the counter. Other broom models were mounted on the walls, with replica Quidditch jerseys from all the teams in the British League and even some from the more popular foreign ones piled around the store.

"Hi, can I help you?" asked a voice, Harry turned around and saw a middle-aged man emerging from the back of the store.

"I want to buy a BlazingThunder." replied Harry, politely.

"Who doesn't." snorted the man, walking behind the counter.

"I'm looking to replace my Firebolt." said Harry, looking at the signed memorabilia behind the counter. At this statement the man turned around.

"I've only ever sold a handful of those privately. You'll have to order it, I don't hold items that valuable in the store." said the man, looking at Harry.

"That's fine, how much is it and how long till I get it?" asked Harry, trying to mentally figure out how long it would take to go to Gringotts and back.

"Eight hundred galleons, and if you order it now you can get it next week." said the man, taking out a pad from under the desk.

"I'll have to go to Gringotts to withdraw that much." said Harry, putting his money bag back in his pocket.

"You don't have to do that, you place your vault key on the parchment and sign to confirm the order." muttered the man, flipping the pad over and sliding it over to Harry.

"Oh...alright." muttered Harry, taking his key from out of the money-bag and placing it on the parchment. The key vibrated slightly on the parchment before it subsided, his name appeared on the parchment in a small box and asked him to sign in order to confirm the purchase. Signing his name with the quill, the parchment furled itself up and shot back over to the man.

"Alright, order is confirmed. Where can I send it to?" asked the man, looking at Harry expectantly.

"Hogwarts, Gryffindor table." replied Harry.

"And, name?" asked the man.

"Harry Potter." muttered Harry, the man's eyes only widened as recognition hit him.

"It's an honour Mr Potter, don't worry all transactions of this nature are strictly confidential. Harry only nodded before thanking the man and leaving the store.

Arriving at Diagon Alley Post Office, a letter for him had arrived already. He walked back to his hotel, started eating his sandwiches and opened the letter.

Harry

I will meet you at that bar the day after tomorrow, (30th August) at 11:00AM. Just so you know, Fred and George received a letter from Gringotts about some kind of re-investment from your account at Gringotts. The Order have figured out that you have recently been to London because a re-investment needs authority from the account holder. The Order are going to have a meeting about it later on tonight but so far, from what I can tell everyone is just happy that you are healthy. They are still looking for you, and I am pretty sure the search has been narrowed down to London. So be careful if you don't want to end up back in Grimmauld Place in the next couple of days.

Remus

Harry let out a sigh of frustration, he had been careless and paid the price. Any trips to Diagon Alley was riskier than usual, in order to meet Remus he would have to be very careful so that he can sneak through to Knockturn Alley. Finishing his sandwiches, Harry spent the rest of the day and evening doing what he had done last night. Try and find out what his Animagus form was.

(Scene Break)

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"He's been to Gringotts, so at least he is alright." said George, they were in the kitchen awaiting the arrival of Dumbledore and Snape. Other than that, everyone was already there.

"Bill, did you know he had been to Gringotts?" asked Mrs Weasley, looking at her eldest son.

"I can't talk about what goes on in the bank mum, you know that." said Bill, in an annoyed tone. He had been pestered all day about why he didn't know about it, and he was growing tired of it.

"But we need to know if he is alright, for the Order." pressed Mrs Weasley, in an urging tone.

"I can't! I took an oath, and I am going to stick by it. Working with the Order doesn't change that." shouted Bill, trying to get the message through. Mrs Weasley stared at her eldest incredulously.

"I worked hard to get this job, and I'm not going to risk my entire career to tell the Order if I saw Harry inside Gringotts or not." said Bill in an even tone, using his own Occlumency skills to calm himself down.

"Goblin...tricky little bastards. They are clever though, and can be bloody good fighters." growled Mad-Eye, his eye spinning around the room.

"Only other job I'd have at the Ministry would be in the Goblin Liaison Office." said Tonks, in an offhand voice.

"Why?" asked Fred, incredulously.

"Working in the Magical Economy and helping with the relationship between Goblins and Wizards is hugely important. The pay is great, and being Head of the Goblin Liaison Office is only second to Minister of Magic, and maybe Head of the MLE when it comes to respect. Dirk Cresswell's got a great job." said Tonks, admiration in her voice.

"Sounds like Tonks likes someone..." said Fred in a sing song voice. Tonks scowled at the comment, her reaction drawing laughs from around the table.

"Please, Cresswell is fifteen years older than me." said Tonks, scornfully.

"Back to Potter, if he's in London then he'll probably still be in London." stated Mad-Eye.

"Why do you think that?" asked Arthur, sitting down next to his wife.

"He can't Apparate, Flying is risky, and he had no access to any Floo Powder." reasoned Mad-Eye.

"He could buy some Floo Powder in Diagon Alley." countered Tonks.

"Then tomorrow, I'll check all stores that sell Floo Powder and ask if they have recently sold any to teenagers." said Mad-Eye.

"We can walk around the Alley all day, take it turns to run the shop like we did today." said Fred, any further volunteering to search for Harry halted as Snape and Dumbledore arrived.

"Good evening everyone." smiled Dumbledore, sitting down in the central seat.

"Let's skip the pleasantries Albus, we've got a good idea where Potter is" said Mad-Eye.

"Really, what's the news?" asked Dumbledore, leaning forward.

"The Weasley Twins here received something from Gringotts today, turns out Potter authorised his share in their store to be re-invested. Means he's in London." replied Mad-Eye. Dumbledore had a pensive look on his face at the news, rubbing his beard in thought.

"Interesting, William do you know anything about this?" asked Dumbledore.

"I can't talk about internal affairs at the bank, Professor." muttered Bill.

"I would have thought your friendship with Mr Potter would have encouraged you to try and help find him as hard as you can." said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling slightly.

"I want to make sure Harry is safe the same as everyone else, but having goblins wanting my head on a large pointy stick outside their bank is not on my to-do list." said Bill, in an sarcastic and exaggerated tone. Fred and George somehow managed to stop themselves from laughing, something Tonks had no qualms about.

"If Harry is in London, finding him should be relatively easy. What does worry me is the fact Harry hasn't returned to Grimmauld Place when he is obviously healthy enough to visit Gringotts." said Dumbledore, thoughtfully.

"If we are quite done, I have news about the Dark Lord." muttered Snape.

"Wait a moment Severus, we must organise search operations and schedules for Mr Potter.

"Of course..." whispered Snape, to himself. Tuning out for the next several minutes as they discussed at great length their plans.

Snape begrudgingly had a small amount of respect for Potter, the ability to withstand torture was admirable. The antagonising of his captors was foolish and idiotic, but he knew few people that could behave in such a way after the amount of suffering someone like Potter had withstood. He imagined the hellish scenes that he had overhead Death Eaters describe amongst themselves. Even though

his own role in Potter's torture was small, he couldn't help but wonder what the confrontation at Hogwarts was going to be. After all, Potter had proven to him he wasn't such a golden boy after all with the killing of Percy Weasley.

"Severus...Severus you wanted to say something." said Dumbledore, Snape came out of his own thoughts.

"As I was saying, the Dark Lord has asked me to keep certain house members in line this year. Specifically sons and daughters of Death Eaters." stated Snape.

"Like you don't show favouritism already." mumbled George, earning him a sneer from Snape and admonishment from his mother.

"Also...the Dark Lord wants to steadily infiltrate the Ministry." announced Snape. A few people gasped around the room at the potential significance.

"Minister Bones is making it impossible for Death Eaters, even those sympathetic to You-Know-Who's cause to be members of the Ministry." rebuked Kingsley, with support coming from Tonks.

"Nothing is impossible, Lucius Malfoy still has friends in high places and more than enough gold. All one needs to topple a government." replied Snape, coolly.

"Or overpower one." added Bill.

"Indeed, I will talk to Amelia about this" muttered Dumbledore, everyone was quiet as Dumbledore appeared to be in thought.

"Now on to the Defence Against The Dark Arts position, I have until tomorrow morning to find a new Professor for the role." continued Dumbledore.

"You still haven't found a professor?" gasped McGonagall.

"Amelia has a perfectly qualified candidate on standby, however I would prefer an Order member in the position." urged Dumbledore. Silence fell once again.

"Remus, I implore you, we need you. And many have said you have been the best in recent years. And you don't want to be stuck here doing nothing all the time." said Dumbledore, kindly.

"I'll take the job Albus, like you said, it's not like I'd be doing anything else." muttered Remus, darkly.

"Splendid! I shall set up the contract immediately." smiled Dumbledore

Nobody would see Remus Lupin's internal grin, as long his Lycanthropy was not called in to question. Everything should be fine, and he would be able to spend extra time with Harry and hopefully teach him some 'extra defence'.

(Scene Break)

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"Fierceclaw, can I have a word?" asked Bill, slightly nervous how this might go.

"That depends Mr Weasley, I am very busy at the moment." said Fierceclaw, scribbling furiously on a large notepad.

"It's quite important, it's about a client of yours." replied Bill, at this Fierceclaw's attention was solely on Bill.

"My clients privacy is highly valued, as you know I only have one client. So, what is it about Mr Potter that is so important?" questioned Fierceclaw, his voice dangerously even.

"I believe his whereabouts are under threat." said Bill, walking further in to the office.

"Threat? From whom?" asked Fierceclaw.

"Nobody that means him harm." said Bill, hastily.

"Then who?" pressed Fierceland.

"The Order of the Phoenix, I am a member of the group but I disagree with some of their motives. One of which is to ensure the safety of Harry by keeping him under their watch." replied Bill, feeling slightly more confident.

"It sounds like a hostile group, are you sure you mean Mr Potter no harm?" asked Fierceland.

"No harm at all, but they believe that they have his best interests at heart. His past encounters make it that they believe he is safer to be under their protection. I believe he should have his own choice in the matter." said Bill.

"What do you propose?" asked Fierceland, interested in what the curse-breaker would say.

"Change the name that Harry is staying under so it will be more difficult to find him. The Order aren't skilled in the Muggle World but a simple name check at hotels would make it easy to find him." said Bill, breathing lightly.

"Interesting, if what you say is true Mr Weasley then I shall do so immediately. If however, you are lying the you will suffer the consequences." replied Fierceland, his tone even. Bill only nodded in response, he knew he would be fine but threats from a senior goblin were not to be taken lightly. Bill left the office and let out a sigh as Fierceland began scribbling furiously, this time on a different sheet of parchment.

Mr Potter

Mr William Weasley met with me earlier today, not ten minutes ago as you read this. He has told me some news that has concerned me and unfortunately concerns you. Apparently a group called the Order of the Phoenix is searching for you in the belief that they have your best interests and should be under their constant protection. Mr Weasley however is against the premise, William states and I agree that, you should dictate where you should stay. I have changed the name you are staying under to Simon Blackwell, and have told the management that the change is a precaution and should be treated in a sensitive matter. Please owl back if you believe Mr Weasley's

words have truth in them as he has taken great personal and professional risk in doing so.

Fierceclaw.

Harry read the note quickly and immediately began writing a reply.

Fierceclaw

Bill Weasley is one of the few people I can trust and depend on, I believe everything he says is true and I once again find myself thanking you for something you didn't have to do. If you would be so kind as to tell Bill how much I appreciate what he has done, and everything he was done for me. And that I hope to have a few more tricks to show him the next time I see him.

Harry Potter

"William, it turns out you were telling the truth." said Fierceclaw, Bill turned to see the goblin standing in the doorway of his small office.

"I know." replied Bill, simply.

"Mr Potter seems to value your friendship greatly, says that you are a one of the few people he trusts and can depend on." quoted Fierceclaw, re-reading the letter. Bill didn't quite know what to say at this.

"You applied for a desk job here in England, despite working extensively in conditions many would turn away, where the risks were far greater than rewards." stated Fierceclaw, looking over an additional piece of parchment.

"I wanted to be closer to home during these...unstable times." said Bill, not quite knowing exactly how to phrase his thoughts.

"A mediocre desk job is something I think you are not happy with." said Fierceclaw, as though it was a fact. Bill stayed quiet, not knowing where the conversation was heading.

"I have a very lucrative, very demanding and very desirable position available. And I am finding it difficult to find someone I trust to do fulfil the role...congratulations, you just got promoted." smiled

Fierceclaw, throwing the a clipboard to Bill, who caught it and read the parchment attached.

"This is for a cursebreaker position with a Warding Scholarship, in England!" exclaimed Bill, reading the bits that stuck out.

"Correct, Mr Potter has requested a full rebuild and renovation for his families home Godric's Hollow. You will use your experience to test and help perfect the protections, whilst learning advanced wards on the job. Mr Potter has asked for every protection Gringotts can offer so you should learn a great deal." said Fierceclaw, smiling at the expression on Bill's face.

"I don't quite believe it." whispered Bill, as he started to read the fine print.

"If Mr Potter hadn't written such an endorsement, whether it was intentional or not, you would not have been offered the position. He went on to say that he appreciates what you did today, and everything you have done for him. I hope you can add 'making impenetrable wards for his home' to that list." laughed Fierceclaw. Bill however was still in quite a stupor.

"The job of course requires considerably more secrecy so a new oath is required. I am to believe you accept the role." continued Fierceclaw, looking at Bill.

"Yes, of course..." replied Bill, not taking his eyes of the parchment in case it was a practical joke of some kind.

"Good, I will have a Ms Delacour take you to swear your new oath, congratulations on your new position." added Fierceclaw, who turned to leave before stopping.

"Oh...Mr Potter also says that hopes to have a few more tricks to show you." muttered Fierceclaw. Bill smiled and nodded at the meaning and thanked the goblin who had just given him the promotion of a lifetime. He was still buzzing in excitement when someone else came in to his office.

"Hello, William. I am Fleur Delacour, I am 'ere to take you for a security upgrade." said Fleur, reading of the sheet of parchment. Bill looked up and let out a gasp, the sound catching the young

woman's attention who looked at Bill. Their eyes met... they both smiled.

(Scene Break)

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Over the next two days, Harry stayed inside the hotel at all times. Whether he was taking precautions or he had nothing else to actually get from Diagon Alley he didn't know, all he knew was that he was enjoying staying in the hotel. The swimming pool, the gym, the health spa. It was all a great distraction from the thought of the entire Order trying to find him.

He was due to meet Remus in a half an hour, but he didn't want to get out of the bath. His muscles ached slightly from his exercise yesterday. After all, the nutrient potion was only to get him to a healthy weight and body type, if he wanted to maintain the weight he would have to eat properly and train properly. And as Quidditch Captain, he figured he should at least lead by example, like Wood had.

Also his book 'Knowing To Defend' highlighted the importance of non magical ways of evasion, jumping, rolling, generally just throwing yourself around but without hurting yourself. Although he could use wandless magic to surprise his opponent, he didn't want to parade around doing it and he didn't know how reliable it was. So he vowed to keep running a few times a week and do push ups, crunches and small weight training at Hogwarts. His body type was never going to be the body builder type, more a slightly built and toned body shape.

Dragging himself out of bed, he promised himself he would learn some kind of healing spell or how to brew a potion that would relieve him of the soreness.

He had taken a very small break from trying to find what his Animagus was, he had an idea that it was something to do with flying, between his dreams of flying and his method of using wind for

his Occlumency, Harry had concluded it was a safe bet. But he had to be sure.

Drying himself and dressing in chinos, a v-neck t-shirt and a hoodie. He stepped out and walked to Diagon Alley, everything seemed like a possible Order member. Just what he needed, paranoia.

Walking to The Leaky Cauldron, he opted for a lesser known passageway from The Leaky Cauldron to Knockturn Alley instead. He was running slightly late and so hurried his pace, finding himself outside the bar they had arranged. Harry took a quick look around and behind him before entering. He immediately saw Remus sitting in the same place as last time, two Meads on the table. Harry nodded to Remus and walked over, taking down his hood when he sat down.

"Hello, Harry." said Remus.

"Alright Remus, how are you doing?" asked Harry, picking up his drink and taking a sip.

"Good, yourself?" countered Remus.

"Not bad, hope I didn't keep you waiting long." said Harry.

"Not at all, barely been here for a minute or so myself." muttered Remus, taking his drink and drinking a mouthful.

"I've got some news." added Remus, looking at Harry.

"What?" questioned Harry.

"I'm going to be the new Defence professor at Hogwarts." smiled Remus, clinking his glass and Harry's together and downing it.

"Congratulations, you've been the best we've had. Not that it's a competition." joked Harry.

"Thanks, Dumbledore kind of pushed me in to it though." mumbled Remus, indicating for another drink.

"What did he say?" pressed Harry, temper flaring slightly at Remus's tone.

"He used a bit of guilt, then complimented me, then kind of berated me." said Remus.

"So what did he say?" repeated Harry.

"Said he needed me, that I was the best of the last few years, then said I wouldn't be doing anything so I might as well." replied Remus.

"You want to do this, right?" questioned Harry.

"Yes, of course. I just don't like how he went about it." muttered Remus.

"What about, you know...your problem." whispered Harry.

"Bones is taking a much more direct approach to helping werewolves and other magical 'creatures' she actually repealed some of the Anti-Werewolf Legislation, as long as they could prove they have no connection to Voldemort and are not Death Eaters." said Remus.

"Sounds good, do you have my trunk?" asked Harry, looking at Remus.

"Yes in my pocket...here." said Remus, passing Harry a small matchbox like version of his trunk.

"It should wear off in an hour or so." added Remus, Harry smiled. Knowing he could cancel the charm right now and be absolutely fine.

"Thanks, Remus." muttered Harry.

"You're welcome, I actually have to get going. Got some packing and lesson planning to do." announced Remus, drinking his second quickly and standing up to leave.

"I need to do some packing as well, I guess I'll see you at Hogwarts." smiled Harry, standing up, finishing his drink and walking out with Remus

"See you at Hogwarts." muttered Remus, repeating Harry's words as they went separate ways.

(End Of Chapter)

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Next Chapter - Hogwarts Express, Conversations, Confrontations, Arguments.

427 Reviews by Thursday 10:00AM GMT and I will upload that chapter Thursday 11:00AM GMT

That's right, 427 Reviews by 08/09/10 10:00AM GMT and you will get the chapter many of you have been asking for!

GO!

By the way, I have an AbolishedPenguinTwitter -

/#!/AbolishPenguin

Follow to find out first about new chapters and story ideas.

Or just to talk to me :)

Harry was currently in a taxi on the way to Kings Cross Station, recapping what he had done over the last few days of his stay in the hotel. He had confined himself to staying in the hotel at all times, he continued his attempts in finding his Animagus form and alternately practised his Occlumency and wandless magic. It took an hour or so to get back in to the rhythm of casting wandless magic after not practising for so long, but he soon got back in to the swing of things.

With the hotel bill taken care of courtesy of the goblins all Harry had to worry about was packing his trunk. After having a mere week of freedom, no distractions and being able to do what he wanted to do, when he wanted to do it. He had found himself at a crossroads when it came to returning to Hogwarts.

It had been the place where he had met nearly all of his friends, the majority of his good memories where at Hogwarts however, he had bad memories as well and his past proved that he wasn't that safe at Hogwarts. He was most likely safer hiding in the Muggle World, but he didn't want to hide from his responsibilities, Harry wanted to fight and help the Wizarding World in its time of need. And if by some chance he did survive, after the dust had settled he could start to enjoy his life.

"Pretty busy round here, always is this time of year for some reason." said the taxi driver. Harry looked out of the window and saw a few people on the pavement in cloaks walking in the direction of Kings Cross, the road was at a standstill and Harry thought it would be a safe bet that in some of the other cars were Muggle Born families.

"I can walk from here." said Harry politely, taking out a few notes and passing them the driver.

"Alright, it's just straight up this road anyway." muttered the taxi driver.

"Keep the change." said Harry, opening the door and crossing over to the pavement. He was already dressed in his school uniform he bought from Twilfitt and Tattings's, smart shoes, grey trousers, white shirt, tie, and black jumper with his house colours. The latter however was hidden as he wore a hoodie over the top of it, his wand

was in his wrist holster and his blade was tied around his left calf so he looked more or less perfectly normal.

His hands were in his pockets so that he could keep a firm grasp on his shrunken trunk, glancing at the large clock at the front of the station, he saw that he had twenty five minutes until the train set off. Hoping he would have enough time to get some food and get an empty compartment he walked to the nearest store that sold food and bought several sandwiches and a few other snacks so that he wouldn't have to survive off sweets on the train.

As he exited the store he saw a few people in cloaks walking over to platform Nine and Three Quarters, setting off behind them slowly he waited for them to go through the invisible wall and after a quick look to see if anyone was watching, superstitiously walked over to the wall and pretended to check timetable times before walking backwards through the wall and on to the platform.

The loud noises that greeted him were irritating and he quickly made his way through crowds of students and parents, taking care to keep his hood up and head down and walked on to the train and quickly found a compartment, sliding the door closed behind him. Opening the windows because it was a bit warm, Harry sat down and took out his miniature trunk and re-sized it. Taking out 'Cruel Curses and Sizzling Spells' he closed the trunk and slid it under his seat, opening the book and waited.

"Come on, Ron! We're going to be late!" whispered Hermione, furiously.

"It wasn't me that spent an hour picking what books they wanted to take to Hogwarts and what to leave behind." retorted Ron. Hermione scowled at his response, turning her back on Ron and steadied her trolley.

"Come on, we're late as it is." muttered Ginny, walking ahead of Hermione and through the wall. Hermione's scowl deepened as she walked through the wall. Behind her came Mad-Eye and Mrs Weasley, with Ron, Neville and Mr Weasley bringing up the rear.

"Everyone here?" asked Mad-Eye, his eye whizzing madly as he looked for any suspicious characters.

"Looks like it." muttered Tonks, who had apparated in to the station a few minutes earlier as a precaution.

"Seen anything?" pressed Mad-Eye, his eye still whirring.

"If I had, I would have messaged you." said Tonks.

"Come on Alastor, we need to get them on the train." said Mr Weasley, ushering them on the train.

"I want to search the train for Potter." mumbled Mad-Eye to Tonks.

"You can't Mad-Eye, you don't have any jurisdiction." whispered Tonks, furiously. Watching Ron, Hermione and Ginny get on the train just as the train let out as hiss of steam.

"Too late anyway, by the time I get over there with this leg." growled Mad-Eye, turning his back on the train.

"You will write to us as soon as you can if Harry's on the train won't you." urged Mrs Weasley.

"Yes mum." muttered Ron, struggling with his trunk.

"Good, now stay out of trouble and we'll see you at Christmas." smiled Mrs Weasley, giving her son a bone crushing hug.

"I...will..." struggled Ron, gasping for air as he was released.

"Come on, Ron let's find a compartment." said Hermione, biting back a retort Ron wrenched his trunk on to the train and walked down the carriageway.

"This one's free." called Ginny, dragging her trunk into it. Ron followed Hermione in to the compartment, sitting down just as the train lurched.

"Where's Neville?" asked Hermione, looking at Ron.

"I don't know." said Ron, putting his trunk under his seat.

"He went on to the train as soon as he was on the platform, probably in a different compartment." said Ginny.

"I need to go to the prefect meeting, we'll look for Harry when I get back. Right?" asked Hermione, looking at Ron and Ginny.

"I'll walk around and have a look while you two are gone." said Ginny, standing up.

"You didn't tell your own sister?" pressed Hermione, in disbelief. Ron sighed and hunched over in defeat.

"I went the entire summer without her knowing." muttered Ron.

"Tell me about what?" asked Ginny.

"I lost my Prefect badge, Hermione only found out because in her Sixth Year Prefect letter it said she would have a new partner." said Ron, in a low voice.

"It could be, Harry!" started Ginny.

"No, I asked him. He is Quidditch Captain though." mumbled Ron, with a slight edge of bitterness. Hermione rolled her eyes at Ron and walked out of the compartment so she wouldn't be late for the prefect meeting.

"I can't believe you didn't tell mum and dad, they're going to kill you." laughed Ginny, leaving to look for Harry and leaving Ron to stew in his own thoughts.

(Scene Break)

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The distant rumbling from the engine and the jerked slightly as the train slowly pulled away from the station, trying to ignore the noise Harry turned his attention back to his book until he was interrupted by the doors sliding open to his compartment. He peered over his book to see the face of Neville Longbottom looking in. It was like the memory of being told that St Mungos had been attacked was

blocked out, however Harry was certain it hadn't been like that for Neville.

"Hi, Harry...mind if I come in." asked Neville,

"Not at all, Neville." said Harry, sitting up slightly and closing his book.

"Thanks." smiled Neville, meekly. Carrying his trunk into the compartment with some difficulty. Harry watched Neville struggle and immediately realised he probably had more in common with Neville than anyone else. Especially after this summer, his parents had been taken away from him in the cruellest way. They were in a comatose state his entire life but at least Neville had been able to visit them, even talk to them. And now they were gone. He breathed out a heavy sigh of exasperation.

"How you doing, Neville?" asked Harry, standing up to help him with his trunk.

"Well...you know, after everything that happened...what about you." asked Neville, offering a hesitant smile.

"The same...I'm not going to push you to talk about anything Neville. Believe me, I know what it's like." said Harry, sitting back down.

"Thanks, Ron, Hermione and Ginny sure can be..." Neville floated off as he tried to think of a word.

"Annoying?" offered Harry, raising his eyebrows. They had probably been pushing Neville to talk and share like they did with him.

"I was going to say persistent, after a while I just learnt to get up early and go hideaway somewhere with a few books." laughed Neville.

"Worked for me." said Harry, taking a drink from one of the bottles he bought.

"Are you going to be here for the rest of the train journey? It's just I have to find the...Prefect Meeting." muttered Neville, looking at the floor.

"You were made Prefect? Congratulations." smiled Harry, surprising Neville.

"You aren't angry?" asked Neville.

"No, Neville. I'm fine, not exactly Prefect material with the amount of rules I've broken over the years." said Harry, jokingly. Neville laughed and visibly relaxed.

"I haven't told anyone, I don't know what they were thinking making me a Prefect." said Neville in a low voice, Harry looked at Neville and his slightly defeated stature.

"I think they realised what a great wizard you are, brave, modest and not afraid to stand up to people." replied Harry, hinting at Neville's past antics. At this Neville reddened slightly out of embarrassment.

"You think so?" asked Neville.

"I know so, and soon everyone else will as well." said Harry, confidently.

"Thanks, Harry...You know I had to get a new wand." said Neville, drawing his wand and holding it out for Harry to see.

"It looks great, where did you get it from?" asked Harry.

"Ollivanders, just before he left his shop. Twelve and a half inches, Cherry with a Unicorn hair and Centaur hair wrapped around each other. Ollivander said it was really rare." said Neville, excitedly.

"Have you tried it out yet?" asked Harry, looking at Neville.

"Not yet, but when I held it for the first time it just...felt right. Like a warm feeling, you know?" said Neville.

"I do." said Harry, nodding slightly.

"I don't want to go but I can't be late for the first meeting." rushed Neville, looking slightly guilty.

"Don't worry about it Neville, I've got plenty of stuff to pass the time." said Harry, indicating to his book.

"Alright, see you soon." said Neville, turning and exiting the compartment and walking right in to Ginny Weasley.

"Neville? Why did you...Harry!" shouted Ginny, Harry had immediately looked up after hearing Ginny's voice. He knew he would have to talk to Ron, Hermione and Ginny but had hoped he would have been able to at least finish one of his sandwiches first. Ginny rushed over to him and embraced him tightly, not knowing whether to return the hug or not Harry looked over to Neville who had a bewildered and amused expression on his face. Harry looked at Neville with confusion on his face and a scowl following soon after as Neville walked away but not before bursting into silent laughter.

"We heard you escaped from Azkaban. What happened? Why didn't you come to...headquarters?" asked Ginny, the last part in a low voice. The embrace had gone on for an uncomfortably long duration and Harry decided to break it up.

"I'd rather not talk about it, Ginny." said Harry, simply.

"No, you were like this at...headquarters. Come on, Ron wants to see you." said Ginny, standing up and trying to pull Harry up.

"I'm quite happy to stay here actually, I told Neville I'd look after his stuff while he went to the Prefect Meeting." replied Harry, opening one of his sandwiches and taking a large bite out of it.

"Your scars..." whispered Ginny, looking at the scars on Harry's face. Harry ate on silently, he had spent hours wondering how people were going to react. Neville had either not noticed or decided to not bring it up, Ginny obviously had no qualms. They weren't exactly visible, but anyone who looked at him in close proximity would notice them. He had deliberated whether he wanted or even could cover them up, he decided he was just going to leave them. He had a famous scar all his life, what was the harm in a few more.

"How bad was it?" asked Ginny, gently. Placing her arm on Harry's.

"I said that I didn't want to talk about it." muttered Harry, swallowing his mouthful of sandwich and taking another. Not even looking at Ginny.

"I'll go tell Ron your here, the Order didn't even know if you were going to be on the train. We were told to write to them as soon as we could if we knew." said Ginny, standing up and adjusting her robes. She looked at Harry with a sympathetic gaze before leaving to find Ron.

'Definitely flirting' said a voice in Harry's head. Hugging him for longer than normal, whispering in his ear, touching his arm... This could get quite awkward.

Thoughts ran through his head as he turned back to his sandwich, eating it at a near Ron Weasley speed. He had barely finished it when Ginny walked back in to the compartment with Ron right behind her.

"Harry! Merlin, was worried I wouldn't see you again." joked Ron, punching him on the arm.

"Hi, Ron." said Harry.

"What's the book?" asked Ron, looking at the title.

"Just a bit of extra reading." said Harry, putting the book down. He couldn't concentrate and have conversations at the same time. And he had a feeling he would have to have a conversation to satisfy Ron.

"Turning into Hermione?" joked Ron, elbowing him in the ribs.

"Too much knowledge never hurt anyone." said Harry, suppressing a frown and turning his attention back on his bag of sandwiches.

"What else are you taking?" asked Ron, looking at the sandwiches.

"Care of Magical Creatures, Charms, Defence Against The Dark Arts, Potions and Transfiguration." listed Harry, moving his sandwiches closer to him so Ron couldn't take one as easily.

"Wait...you aren't taking Herbology...what about you know, being an Auror." said Ron, looking at Harry like he was crazy.

"I don't want to work for the Ministry, I've fought enough Death Eaters already. I'd rather do something I find fun and interesting." said Harry, honestly.

"But...you said you wanted to be an Auror last year. McGonagall and Umbridge had a huge argument about it didn't they." said Ginny.

"They argued whether the Ministry would ever employ me, but it I don't have to worry about that if I don't want to work there." replied Harry, glad that the conversation was about something so trivial.

"You'll be sorry mate, when I'm off fighting Death Eaters and you're doing...whatever it is you want to do." said Ron, almost boating as he said it with an air of importance.

"I don't know, Tonks doesn't look like she's enjoying it that much lately." said Ginny, looking at Harry.

"Exactly, look at Mad-Eye. Missing an eye and half his leg. And he's as paranoid as hell, rather you than me." said Harry, taking a bite out of his sandwich. Ron looked slightly perturbed and worried at this remark.

"Just wait until Hermione hears you're doing five subjects." said Ron, after a few seconds of silence.

"Not like it's her business." muttered Harry, abruptly. Shocking both Ron and Ginny.

"You alright mate?" asked Ron, looking at Harry strangely.

"I'm fine." replied Harry, after swallowing his sandwich. Conversation stayed at a trivial level for quite a while, and whenever the subject of Azkaban was brought up Harry ignored them and talked about something else. Then Neville came back with Hermione.

"Harry!" shouted Hermione, rushing over and pushing Ron aside so she could hug him.

"Hello, Hermione." said Harry, putting an arm around her and hugging her for a second before breaking the hug.

"Where did you go, Neville?" asked Ginny.

"He's the new Gryffindor Sixth Year Prefect." said Hermione, before Neville could say anything. He was too busy looking at Harry, almost apologetically. Harry returned it with a knowing gaze in his eyes so Neville wouldn't feel awkward.

"You're the new prefect?" asked Ron, disbelief in his voice.

"Yes, I'll take the first patrol shift Hermione" said Neville, quietly. Offering Harry another sympathetic smile, who was angry at Ron's remark.

"Thanks, Neville...I still can't believe you didn't tell me you had your badge taken from you." hissed Hermione, slapping Ron on the leg. Harry rolled his eyes, fully expecting a classic 'Ron v Hermione' argument.

"Stop it you two, I had enough of that this summer." said Ginny, scathingly.

"Speaking of this summer, Harry...you look better than I thought you would." said Hermione, looking at Harry and his scars before placing a hand on his arm.

"Thanks, but I don't really want to talk about what happened." said Harry, starting to get uncomfortable as Hermione kept her hand on his arm.

"You can't keep things bottled up, Harry. You need to share, after what happened with...Sirius and then at Privet Drive. You need to tell us about it." urged Hermione.

"Why?" asked Harry, Hermione looked at him as though he was a difficult question.

"What do you mean, why? Because we're your friends." said Hermione, after a few seconds.

"Then, as my friend I'm asking you not to ask me about anything that happened to me over the summer." replied Harry, looking in Hermione's eyes so she knew he really meant it.

"But...you need to talk..." started Hermione, but Harry interrupted her.

"I don't need to talk Hermione, I don't want to talk either." said Harry.

"You can't say nothing mate, you always tell us everything." exclaimed Ron, leaning forwards.

"Well I don't want to, I'm entitled to a personal life aren't I?" asked Harry, looking at Ron, Hermione and Ginny individually.

"Of course you are Harry, I just think you should share what happened to you so that you feel at ease." said Hermione, in hushed tone. Still holding his arm and looking at him intently. Harry looked back at her, biting back the retort in his throat. He wanted to tell them it was none of there business, that they couldn't understand, that they couldn't even conceive what he had gone through. But then he had an idea.

"Ginny, you've been possessed by Voldemort. Right?" asked Harry, ignoring the flinches at the name and focusing on Ginny, who for a moment was too shocked to reply.

"Errr, yes. You-Know-Who possessed me in my first year, Dumbledore told us he possessed you at the Ministry." replied Ginny, staring at Harry. He repressed his anger at Dumbledore for once again telling everyone his business and moved on.

"Do you want to talk about it?" pushed Harry, gazing at Ginny.

"Well...do you want to talk about it?" countered Ginny, looking at Harry as though she wasn't sure what to say.

"Yes." said Harry, simply.

"Alright...I don't really remember much about it really. I just woke up and there was a blank space in my head about what had happened. Sometimes there were blood and feathers on my robes, but that's about it." said Ginny, confidently.

"Interesting...do you all want to hear about what happened when Voldemort possessed me?" asked Harry. Ron, Hermione and Ginny nodded.

"It helps to share your feelings." smiled Hermione, holding Harry's arm. Restraining himself from releasing his arm from his grip, he looked at Ron and Ginny, then Hermione.

"Alright...you all want to know what I feel about being possessed by Voldemort. Here it is...I felt so much pain, I wanted to die..." said Harry, his voice filled with a menace that nearly made Ron's jaw drop.

"Harry..." started Hermione, her voice filling with regret.

"No, you wanted to know about it. I was filled with so much pain, so much...agony! That I wanted Dumbledore to kill me, I wanted it to end right then and there. I wanted to die..." said Harry, seething with hate.

"Harry..." whispered Hermione, barely audible. But Harry continued...

"You all wanted to know how it made me feel, you all wanted me to share...I wanted to die. Voldemort taunted Dumbledore, telling him to kill us both. And I agreed. I wanted him to kill us both, so that it would end the suffering, the torture... I tried to beg Dumbledore to end it, but I couldn't. And now you want me to tell you about it so that it makes me feel better? Well it doesn't, it only makes me relive that memory, and relive the pain. It was hell and if I say I don't want to talk about it. Then, I don't want to talk about it for a reason!" spat Harry, his tone cold and even.

Some of his anger came to the surface but, thanks to his Occlumency skills all the way through he had remained calm and in control. He emitted a fake sigh of relief, hoping that it had been enough to convey his point. He looked up at Hermione, she looked shocked and sick at his recollections. Ron was even more pale than usual and Ginny seemed to be even paler than her brother, and a slight look of fear in her eyes.

"I don't tell you things for a reason, whether it be I don't want to tell you or you aren't supposed to know. You can't handle it and I don't want to talk about it, fairly simple explanation...now can we move on?" asked Harry, not bothering to look at any of them and turning his attention back on to his sandwich.

After several moments of silence, trivial conversations sprung up. Mostly about what to expect in the upcoming year, Harry tried to stay quiet as much as he possibly could. Not wanting to engage in the idle chit chat that had soon sprung up at every turn.

"What's the book about, Harry?" asked Hermione, craning to take a look at the book cover that was buried underneath a small pile of sandwich and snack wrappers.

"Something I picked up." muttered Harry in reply, quick enough to grab the the book and put it in his lap so that it was out of Hermione's grasp. She looked at him scornfully, before returning her stare back at the book.

"'Cruel Curses and Sizzling Spells'...Harry! That sounds like a Dark Arts book!" gasped Hermione, reading the spine of the textbook.

"What are you doing with a book on Dark Arts!" whispered Ron, furiously. Looking at Harry as though he had grown a third nostril.

"I told you, extra reading. In case I get bored, or need to take my mind of something." muttered Harry, keeping a tight grip on the book.

"It is still a book about Dark Arts, Harry!" said Hermione, looking at the book as if it were on fire.

"So what, it's good to know what I'm up against." argued Harry, unperturbed by Hermione's disapproval of his book.

"So you're not learning the spells." said Ron, carefully.

"I need to know what to expect from Death Eaters and Voldemort, stunning them and disarming them aren't going to make them stop." replied Harry, subconsciously rubbing his face where his scars where.

"Is this about what happened at Azkaban?" asked Ginny, tentatively.

"I thought we talked about this..." muttered Harry, dangerously. Looking up and glaring at Ginny.

"We did...but it's changed you, I don't know if it's what happened in Azkaban or losing Sirius..." said Ginny, but Harry interrupted her.

"I've only changed because now I know what I'm up against, and what I can expect when I fight them again." replied Harry, staring at her with a hard gaze.

"What do you mean? You want to fight them again? You can't fight them again." exclaimed Ginny, incredulously.

"Ginny's right, leave it up to the Order...and the Ministry. Maybe even me someday." laughed Ron, the compartment fell silent however as all eyes turned to Harry.

"I'm going to face the Death Eaters again at some point, if I learn all the tricks they have up there sleeves...beside the Dark Mark, then I at least have the element of surprise on my side." said Harry, although he knew he would hopefully have some other tricks as well.

"So, you are learning the spells?" demanded Hermione.

"Yes." said Harry, as though it was a simple question.

"But, the Dark Arts are evil Harry. That's why the Death Eaters and You-Know-Who use them!" replied Hermione, silently imploring him to see things from her perspective.

"No, magic depends on how you use it. I'm using it to stop the Death Eaters and Voldemort, they use it to kill and torture needlessly. Innocent lives are being lost and I'm not just going to be a good little boy, and study for my tests. Do you really think that this won't affect you?" asked Harry, astonished at the apparent ignorance.

"There are better ways than killing them." whispered Hermione.

"Hermione's right mate, what you're doing is a bit dark." muttered Ron.

"Whatever..." said Harry, picking up his book and walking out of the compartment, he heard the beginnings of a conversation about him as he slid the door close.

"...Relax Ron, those spells are quite advanced anyway. I think he wouldn't be able to cast any of them..." Harry's expression darkened

but at the same time he almost laughed, he was fairly certain this year was going to be very different.

Harry walked up the train slowly, he wanted to get some fresh air... or at least somewhere he could sit in relative peace and quiet for a while. It only took a few seconds before he found Neville exiting a compartment full of embarrassed looking children.

"First years, caught them messing about with their Potions kits." explained Neville, seeing Harry's face.

"Idiots..." laughed Harry.

"Ron, Hermione and Ginny get on your nerves?" asked Neville, looking at Harry.

"I've put up with it for years, but it just gets too much after a while. I mean, you know them. You not what they're like." said Harry.

"That's why I kept hiding away at, well you know...Hermione might be a bit more hard-work soon though." replied Neville, walking up the train with Harry.

"Why?" asked Harry, curious about what Neville knew.

"Well, after the Prefect Meeting... Hermione kept badgering the Katie Bell, she's the new Head Girl by the way, anyway... Hermione kept asking her all sorts of questions about the Head Girl position. After Katie told her she didn't want to talk about it at that time, well you know Hermione. She persisted and Katie told her that a big part of being Head Girl was listening to other people and to be respected and respectful of others...Told Hermione if she carried on then she would report her to Professor McGonagall and Dumbledore about trying to get inside knowledge about the Head Girl position and recommend them to revoke her Prefect status." muttered Neville, as they walked past a compartment of fourth year girls who all sat up and started looked at Harry longingly.

Slightly disconcerted, Harry walked past without returning any gazes. Absorbing what Neville had just told him, he wasn't surprised at Katie's reaction. On the Quidditch Team she wasn't afraid to stand up for herself, only this time it had been to a badgering Hermione.

Maybe he should take some tips from his team-mate and start doing that more often.

"What happened next?" asked Harry, barely containing his laughter as he wondered what Hermione's reaction would be.

"She was shocked that someone had threatened her Prefect Status, stuttered for a few seconds and then she just walked off, met her halfway down the train just before we came back in." replied Neville, reaching the shopping trolley. Harry looked out of the window as Neville bought a few Chocolate Frogs. The scenery speeding by suggested from previous experience only an hour or two until they reached Hogwarts. Harry was snapped out of his daze by Neville.

"Want one?" offered Neville, holding a frog out to Harry.

"No thanks, when does your patrol shift end?" asked Harry, not wanting to subject Neville to the trio in the compartment.

"A few minutes ago, it's Hermione's turn until the end of the journey now. Want to walk back?" asked Neville, looking at Harry who only nodded back in response. They walked back slowly as they discussed more about Neville's wand, eventually reaching their compartment. Harry slid the door open and knew immediately something was wrong. Ron, Hermione and Ginny stopped their hushed conversation immediately and looked up, with Ron and Ginny tingeing red slightly.

Harry looked around and immediately spotted what was out of place, he had slid his trunk on the other side of the seats and he could see from there that it was hadn't been closed properly.

"You went through my trunk?" shouted Harry, storming in to the compartment and over to Hermione, snatching a book out of her hands.

"We...we just wanted to know if you had any more of...those books." said Hermione, defensively.

"You had no right to do that!" roared Harry, anger coursing through his body like fire.

"You shouldn't have those books." countered Ginny, as though trying to argue a point.

"Or that kind of trunk, must have cost a fortune." muttered Ron, enviously.

"Get out." said Harry, as calmly as he could.

"Harry...wait, we just want to help..." started Hermione, but Harry drowned her efforts.

"Get out, before I make you." growled Harry, glaring at them and meeting their shocked gaze.

"Harry...come on mate. You need to talk to Dumbledore..." but Ron was cut off again, this time from Neville.

"Looking through another students trunk is against the rules, I think you should go..." said Neville as steadily as he could. He was confident if they didn't, Harry would force them out of the compartment. The power he had felt for the few seconds Harry had been shouting was intense, how he wasn't cursing them through the window was a mystery.

"So now you're a prefect you think you can start telling us what to do?" asked Ron, a comical look on his face.

"Neville is welcome here, you on the other hand. Aren't. Leave." spat Harry, fury in his tone and force in his words.

"Your siding with him?" it was more of statement from Ron than anything, but Harry answered it all the same.

"Neville is the only one here who hasn't harped on at me, who hasn't pestered me. Who hasn't looked through my trunk, without my permission." hissed Harry, eyes narrowing.

"We're your best friends!" retorted Hermione, slightly scared at the look she was getting from Harry. Not to mention his entire demeanour.

"Friends don't go through another friends personal belongings, just get out Hermione." snapped Harry, standing aside so they could

walk past him. They all looked at him as if appalled and then each other before slowly walking past him. Neville slid the compartment door to a close after Ginny walked out with a hurt look in her eyes.

"Dark Arts books, Twilfitt and Tatting's robes...turning in to a arrogant git like Mal..." Neville slammed the door shut before Ron finished the sentence, and saw Harry's expression darken.

"You are not like Malfoy." laughed Neville.

"I know, I'm just angry at them. I didn't think they would do something like that..." muttered Harry, Neville didn't know what to say and so he said nothing and sat down.

"Can I have that Chocolate Frog now?" asked Harry, after several minutes of silence. Neville smiled and reached into his pocket for his last one and tossed it to Harry. Over the next hour and a half they talked about anything, except for what had just happened and the summer holidays.

The attacks, the deaths, the upcoming Hogwarts year, classes, how much of a git was Snape going to be in their Potions class, Quidditch...but as the conversation progressed it became more and more apparent how much was changing all around them.

And, in the back of each of their minds...both were thinking the exact same thing.

Times were definitely changing...

(End of Chapter)

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La Fin?

A/N - Sorry it took a while to upload, but I actually lost my job last week so I wasn't focusing on anything properly.

I am tempted to put this chapter as, 'Completed' and start a new story that basically carries on from where I just left.

Thoughts? Reviews? Sleep? The last one will be just me for the next couple of hours, hope I wake up to an inbox full of fanfiction alerts...

OR

Emails from twitter - /AbolishPenguin (follow, tweet, trend, whatever!)

530+ reviews would make me feel better, as well as all the puppies in the world...

As the train slowed to pull in to the station, Harry and Neville waited inside their compartment in anticipation. Both of them wanted to be some of the first out of the train so that they could hopefully get a Thestral carriage to themselves.

Coming to a sudden halt, Harry slid the compartment door open and bolted for the nearest exit. With Neville not too far behind him. Walking quickly besides each other, they headed for the carriages and were among the first students to reach them, getting in to a carriage in the middle of all the carriages, Neville closed the door behind them and both sighed in relief as they saw no-one attempt to follow them in.

Each of them stared in silence at the Thestral in front of them, the slight strange feeling and thoughts he once had at seeing them had gone. Instead he could really look at the large, winged horselike creature. The skeletal appearance as the skin seemed to grip the bones, the long fine black mane and tail that even this cloudy September night seemed to glisten. The huge, leathery worn looking wings that were tucked and folded around it's body. Harry had never really looked at them until now...

Shaking himself out of his thoughts he looked to his left and for a fleeting moment caught Draco Malfoy's observing grey eyes as he walked between carriages. Malfoy walked out of sight and left Harry gazing at the spot he had seen the blonde Slytherin, gone was the arrogant smirk and sneer that was normally employed. It had been an unreadable mask, something that Harry was left wondering about until the carriages suddenly lurched forwards.

"Looking forward to the feast? I'm starving." said Neville, looking through the Great Hall windows longingly.

"I could eat." replied Harry, feeling a pang of hunger go through his body.

"Wonder what the hat will sing about." said Neville, turning to the lake as they heard Hagrid shout the words 'Forward'.

"Probably something about House unity, pretty difficult when everyone seems to blame Slytherin for everything." muttered Harry, dark thoughts of Pettigrew coming to the forefront of his mind. He caught Neville looking at him, as if asking a silent question.

"Gryffindor have traitors to." spat Harry, emitting a sigh of exasperation. Neville nodded in agreement, thinking of Ron, Hermione and Ginny.

The journey from Hogsmeade station to the Entrance Gates of Hogwarts was carried out in silence, as they passed through the gates of the castle that were illuminated by flaming torches. The shadows of the iron wrought gates and winged boars on the columns flickered across the grounds, the sound of hooves in gravel echoed around them as the front doors of the castle opened and two people carrying torches came out.

"Who do you think that is?" asked Neville, in a low voice.

"One of them is pretty short, so I'd say Flitwick...don't know about the other." replied Harry, looking at the pair.

The Thestrals came to a halt as the iron gates behind them creaked loudly and slammed close. Instantly the grounds were glowing as above them, a golden streak swept across the sky in a curve. Going across the top of Hogwarts and to the other side of the grounds, ending with a thunderous crackling noise.

"What the hell was that!" shouted Neville, as many around them had screamed or shouted.

"The wards, looks like they've upgraded them over the summer." said Harry, who had remained calm throughout the duration. As other people in other carriages around them started talking loudly.

"Come on, let's get out." said Harry, opening the carriage and climbing out with Neville scrambling behind him.

They walked past the other carriages and seemed to attract attention as nobody else had got out yet, they walked a few dozen yards ahead of the first line of carriages and stopped as the duo who had come out of Hogwarts approached them, it was Professor Flitwick as Harry had guessed. And Filch had accompanied him.

"Ah, Mr Longbottom, Mr Potter. Good evening." said Flitwick, greeting them with a friendly smile.

"Professor Flitwick." said Harry and Neville in unison.

"As you probably noticed, security has been upgraded. Can't be too careful these days." joked Flitwick, though it was only nervous laughter that followed.

"Come on Professor, we've got the rest of the school to do yet." muttered Filch, glaring at Harry.

"Of course, Mr Filch here is going to use a Probity Probe to check if you have any Concealment Spells or hidden magical objects that are of a ...dark nature." said Flitwick, finishing his sentence quickly. Harry eyed the contraption that had Filch had immediately began sweeping around Neville's body, it looked like a car antenna except it was golden. Hoping it wouldn't make a fuss over his goblin made blade strapped to his leg, he waited as Neville was examined. After a few more seconds he was cleared to go and Harry stepped forwards, as other had began gathering behind him. As Flitwick told them to form an orderly line, Harry's eyes darted to Filch's as the Probity Probe jabbed him in the stomach.

"Watch where you put that thing." muttered Harry, angrily. Filch's only response was to repeat his action a few more times, leaving Harry to wish he could use the Probity Probe to smack Filch with it. Sneering an 'all-clear' Harry walked over to Neville who had waited for him and they walked up the the Great Hall.

"Bloody Filch, same old miserable git." muttered Neville.

"I don't know why Dumbledore has him here, wouldn't it be easier to just have a wizard who can use magic. He'd get it done in half the time, or enchant some equipment to do it." said Harry, rubbing the inside of his leg where Filch had struck him with it. They walked up to the open doors and in to the Great Hall, where for a few seconds at least it was just Harry and Neville with all of the teachers.

"They're all looking at us." whispered Neville, sitting down.

"Who else is here?" shot back Harry, gesturing to the empty hall. Soon enough however, students trickled in to the hall. With most of them peering and taking the odd glance at Harry who ignored all looks and pretended not to hear the frenzied conversations.

"Hey, Harry. Good summer?" asked Dean, sitting down next to Neville. Harry looked at Dean, about to tell him to shut up before he remembered Dean was a Muggle-Born and by his comment, obviously didn't get The Daily Prophet.

"What the bloody hell happened to you?" asked Dean, looking at Harry properly for the first time since he sat down. It was loud enough for the half empty hall to fall quiet at the outburst.

"Death Eaters, I was caught and tortured and I escaped. And I don't want to talk about it." replied Harry, a forceful tone in his voice as he saw Ron, Hermione and Ginny walk in to the hall. Everyone around them had seemingly returned to what they were doing.

"Shit, sorry man...Neville how was yours?" continued Dean, giving Harry an odd look as Harry had put his head in his hands at that comment.

"What?..." asked Dean.

"My parents were murdered by Death Eaters over the summer, they were...in St Mungos when it was attacked." answered Neville, his voice strained.

"Crap, sorry mate. I don't get the papers, I didn't know. I swear..." said Dean, drifting off as he looked down at his plate.

"Don't mention it Dean." muttered Harry, who had watched Ron, Hermione and Ginny sit down on the table next to them.

"Just don't bring it up again, if you don't mind." added Neville.

"Of course, I won't...Where have you been Seamus!" exclaimed Dean, as Seamus sat down next to Harry.

"Talking to a certain fifth year Gryffindor, when I say talking though...well you guys know what I mean." laughed Seamus, winking at Neville who laughed along nervously.

"Sorry to hear what happened to you mum and dad Neville." said Seamus, nodding at Neville with respect in his tone.

"It's fine, thanks Seamus." muttered Neville.

"And Harry, after what I said last year...well all I can say was I'm an idiot and I as wrong. Can't believe those bastards..." spat Seamus, surprising Harry at the hateful tone.

"Don't worry about it." said Harry, clapping Seamus on the back in reassurance. Seamus smiled at Harry and turned his attention to small pin on Harry's robe.

"You got Quidditch Captain! Congratulations, I might tryout for a spot this year." said Seamus.

"We need a few players this year, I want to talk to Katie about it first though. She's been on the team the longest." said Harry, smiling at the conversation he had Neville had on the train at Katie and Hermione.

"Head Girl this year isn't she?" asked Dean.

"Yes, she is. She was at the Prefect meeting." said Neville, looking at Seamus and Dean who in turn looked at Neville and his badge and both had a look of happiness on there faces.

"You got Prefect! Good on you mate." said Seamus, patting Neville on the shoulder.

"Bet Ron wasn't to pleased." muttered Dean, looking at Ron who was looking at his four dormitory mates.

"Notice your not sat with him." said Seamus, looking at Harry who quickly relayed what had happened on the train.

"The prick, in Ireland you do something like that you get your arse kicked." said Seamus, staring at Ron with a look of disapproval on his face.

"I nearly did, three of them are a bunch of prats." growled Harry, not even looking at them.

"Looks like they'll be the new trio." muttered Dean, Harry looked at him questioningly.

"You, Ron and Hermione used to be called the trio every now and again. You know, because you were always together and didn't really talk to the rest of us. Not that we're blaming you." said Seamus, quick to back himself up.

Harry nodded, thinking about it he hadn't really ever spent time with Seamus, Dean or Neville outside of class and last year in the DA. How had he gotten to his sixth year and only hanged around with two or three people, listening to them bicker and argue. Pester him relentlessly and go on and on at him. It was like a wave of realisation hit him, Harry hadn't really ever hanged around with Dean, Seamus and Neville until today and right now. He hadn't really hanged around with anyone else in his year group, or people he knew above and below. How had he let that happen?

"Your right... I haven't..." said Harry, in shock at his minor epiphany.

"Don't worry about it, and you don't have to worry about us going through your things. Because that's not what friends do." said Dean a little loudly so that other people could hear, Harry saw Ron scowl and tinge red as did Ginny and Hermione. He started to overhear Hermione say something in what sounded like a condescending tone by Seamus had started talking again.

"You can count on us, Harry." winked Seamus, making Harry smile and laugh out loud.

"Thanks guys." replied Harry, looking around as everyone had fallen quiet and realised Professor McGonagall was now walking through the middle of the tables with a line of small, and frightened looking first years trailing behind her. The old, familiar three legged stool was placed on the floor, and the sorting hat placed on top of it. Silence was carried around the hallway as Professor McGonagall walked to the teachers table and sat on the left hand side of Dumbledore.

It's been over a thousand years

Since I was first bewitched

I may look old and patchy now

But back then, was finely stitched

.

In times of old, the goal was simple
To teach those like them some magic
An easy aim, some might think
The truth however is tragic

.

As time has passed our world has changed
From good, to bad, to worse
I used to think that on their death
They left an awful curse

.

But now I know, and it hurts me so
To realise the truth
That those enlisted, are oh so twisted
And they had no real youth

.

And so I sing before those present
To tell you now, though some may know it
That the times ahead are still so dark
But I urge you all to not submit

.

Because if you stand together

As the founders wanted

Then your enemies

Will be so very daunted

.

The strength that all of you can have

As long as you stand as one

Then the opposition will turn around

And run and run and run

.

I have warned you all to unite

And now I shall move on and tell you

About the houses that you join tonight

And once my choice is made, no one can undo

.

I shall first start out with Rowena's House

The smartest of the four

The smart and wise all go here

And is so named Ravenclaw

.

Next comes good old Helga

Known for her hard work and sense of fair play

Not to mention her loyalty and patience

A friendly Hufflepuff is never to far away

.

Make way for the mighty Slytherin

It's for the cunning and the ambitious

Salazar was a great and powerful wizard

His hatred for Gryffindor, fictitious

.

Speak of the devil, I saved Godric for last

It's a place for the bold, the brave and the daring

Gryffindor prided himself on his self-sacrificing nature

And he gave me to Hogwarts for sharing

.

My song will soon be over

But for now just listen on

The house that you are sorted

Is really, truly the one

.

It matters not the house your in

It makes no difference whatsoever

Even if it's Slytherin

You will see past the rivalries, if you're clever

.

And now I finish and I know

You would really like an encore

But I am sorry I must go

I cannot sing a word more

After a few seconds of stunned silence, a few people and Professors started clapping politely before coming to another silence.

"Alys, Chloe!" called McGonagall.

"What do you think of that?" muttered Dean, looking at Harry.

"Standard, warned us about times ahead and to House unity." said Harry, in a low voice as he applauded as the first sorting "What about Slytherin hating Gryffindor being made up." pressed Neville.

"Well, they did make Hogwarts together and everything. They were probably friends before Slytherin left." mused Seamus. As they shrunk as McGonagall glared at them for talking, they watched the rest of the sorting in silence as 'Yardsley, Brian' was sorted in to Hufflepuff.

"Before we begin the Welcoming Feast tonight, I would like to make a few announcements. Firstly, Mr Filch has banned all Weasley Wizarding Wheezes products. Any item found will be taken away and not given back...A few Quidditch teams are short on players this year so anyone who would like to tryout for their House team should inform their Heads of House who will put the name on a list for the Quidditch Captains so they can arrange tryouts, first years you cannot apply unfortunately...And as I can hear many stomachs rumbling, I shall make the final announcement short. The return of Professor Lupin!..." with this announcement Dumbledore was temporarily drowned out as many students began cheering as Remus stood up, raising a hand and nodding to everyone.

"...yes, now some students already know what I am about to tell you. But I must tell everyone else as well, Professor Lupin is a werewolf...Minister Bones has overthrown a few laws over the summer. Her main focus being on werewolf legislation, Professor Lupin is regarded as one of the best Defence Against The Dark Arts Professors in the last decade, his minor affliction is not one to worry about. On full moons, he will be taking Wolfsbane Potion provided by Professor Snape our resident Potions Master. Wolfsbane is a remarkable potion that will allow him to keep his mental capacity whilst transforming. Professor Lupin will be teaching Defence Against The Dark Arts, a subject matter I am sure many of you are eager attend. With out further ado, Tuck In!" at these words, food appeared before them on plates and platters and conversation immediately flared up around the hall.

"At last a decent Defence Professor!" sighed Seamus, stabbing potatoes from a bowl and placing them on his plate.

"After Umbridge, anyone is good." laughed Harry, who was busying himself with pouring a large quantity of pasta. He would have to take his Nutrient Potion after the feast as he didn't want everyone to see and question it.

"True that, didn't manage to say thanks by the way. For DA" muttered Dean.

"Don't mention it...really." smiled Harry, making Dean and Seamus laugh.

"All of you doing Defence?" asked Seamus. The three boys nodded.

"Me too, had a look through the textbooks though and it looks like this year might be a difficult one." said Seamus.

"Sure it will be fine. What's up with Potions though. I got an 'E' and I'm allowed in." said Harry, looking at Snape talking to Dumbledore.

"Your subjecting yourself to another year of Potions?" asked Dean, disbelievingly.

"I like Potions, I dislike Snape. He might be different in NEWTs though." said Harry, his mind darting back to when Snape tortured him at Azkaban. It had certainly been one of the stronger Cruciatus

Curses...Shaking his head from his thoughts he turned his attention back to the conversation where Neville had announced his intention to take Potions.

"But...all those accidents, the only person he was worse to than you was Harry." said Seamus, looking at Neville like he was mad.

"Like Harry said, Potions is fun it's just Snape. In OWLs, it was so different. Not being barked at and scolded at every turn." said Neville, embarrassed at the attention and praise he had been given.

"Well, I'm doing Care Of Magical Creatures, Charms, Defence Against The Dark Arts, Herbology and Transfiguration" said Dean, taking a bite out of one of the three burgers he had on his plate.

"Same." said Seamus, high-fiving his best friend.

"Charms, Defence Against The Dark Arts, Herbology, Potions and Transfiguration." said Neville, Dean and Seamus looked at Neville impressively.

"Care Of Magical Creatures, Charms, Defence Against The Dark Arts, Potions and Transfiguration." stated Harry, putting a peppered steak on his plate.

"I thought you wanted to be an auror?" asked Seamus.

"Not for me, I going to ask McGonagall if I can do Ancient Runes." said Harry, cutting up his steak.

For the next thirty minutes, the four of them talked about trivial things. The food, sports (Dean insisted on talking about the transfers West Ham had made over the summer, which the rest of them had no idea about.) They talked about upcoming classes and girls, laughing amongst themselves as they wound each other up and told jokes. Something Harry had missed doing, having fun...

As people slowly stopped eating, Harry decided he would get up a bit early to start getting in to shape a bit, as was suggested by goblins when taking the Nutrient Potion. He was sidetracked from his thoughts as silence fell as Dumbledore stood up again.

"Now that we have all eaten...I am sure most of you know about the activities of Lord Voldemort this summer." said Dumbledore, at this point nearly every head in the hall turned to Harry you merely frowned and glared at Dumbledore at the unnecessary attention.

"Lord Voldemort and his followers are gaining in strength, with the upheaval of the Ministry over the summer a more direct approach is being taken...however I cannot tell you in words how dangerous and volatile this situation is. You may have noticed, the protections of the castle have been strengthened. Voldemort thinks of Hogwarts as the hub of the magical world and to control Hogwarts, is as good as controlling the Ministry of Magic. While you are safe in the castle and the grounds, outside is a different matter. I tell you this, not to scare you...but to warn you. Hogwarts is protected by ancient wards, protections most witches and wizards are unable to fathom. The numerous defences within the castle itself are more than substantial, you are safe at Hogwarts but that is not to say Voldemort will not attempt to attack. If you see anything you find irregular, out of place or strange... find the nearest Professor and inform them. I implore you to follow every rule set by your teachers, as they have only your best interests at heart. I also urge you, to form new friendships and trust one another now more than ever. This is the time Hogwarts unites, as an example for the rest of the wizarding world to see. Be the best you can be and do not allow fear to take over you...Now, I am sure many of you are quite tired from the long day you have had and the key to a good first day is a good night's rest. Your beds await you, good night!" called Dumbledore, at his words the benches scraped backwards as students started muttering again.

Harry, Seamus and Dean all made their way to Gryffindor Common Room after getting the password from Neville who started to call for all Gryffindor First Years.

"Poor bloke, having to deal with the First Years...I mean, they do get in the way a bit." said Dean, as he walked around the First Years.

"I know, remember when we were that small." laughed Harry, as they made their way out of the Great Hall and to the common room.

"Watch the step, remember." said Harry as he leapt over the trick step on the staircase.

"Got stuck there on my First Year all the time." said Dean, darkly. Making the others laugh. Reaching the common room after a few minutes and giving the password 'Dilligrout' they were among the first in the common room and Harry headed for his usual seat near the fire. Taking his cloak and jumper off as he sat down.

"You know, sitting is underrated." sighed Dean, as he collapsed in the chair beside Harry.

"I know what you mean." moaned Harry, as he sunk in to the chair.

"Only thing missing is a cold butterbeer, or some Mead, or Firewhisky." laughed Seamus as he sat on the table facing Harry and Dean.

"Think I have some Mead in my trunk, I'll be right back." said Harry, getting up and rushing up to the Sixth Year dormitory. He did have a bottle of Mead in his trunk, but he could also drink his Nutrient Potion. Cancelling the Charm on his trunk he found the Mead and after a deep breath downed his Nutrient Potion. Walking back in to the Dormitory, he saw it was slightly more full now as people started trickling in. Hiding the bottle as he walked back over to his seat, he showed it to Seamus and Dean.

"No way! Madam Rosmerta's Oak Matured Mead!" exclaimed Seamus, catching it as Harry threw it to him. He held it like a glass baby as Harry transfigured three pieces of parchment into glasses for them. Seamus poured each of the servings, with a generous measure in each.

"To Sixth year?" asked Harry, offering a toast.

"Sixth year" said the Dean and Seamus in unison as they clinked the glasses and took a sip each. The amber liquid going down smoothly as it seemed to fill him up and send a pleasant, warm shiver through his body.

"That is nice!" stated Dean, with Seamus nodding as he took another sip.

"We should get a bottle of Firewhisky after a Quidditch game." laughed Seamus, Harry remembered his first shot of Firewhisky, it was hot and made him cough slightly. But otherwise quite enjoyable.

"Definitely." said Harry, transfiguring a fourth glass as Neville came in and waved him over.

"Fifth Year prefects handled the first years...is that Mead!" gasped Neville, reaching out for the glass Harry was handing him.

"Sure is, cheers," said Seamus, clinking Neville's glass.

"Cheers." said Neville, taking a large mouthful and swallowing it.

"I heard people talking about you on the way up, expect some people to start bothering you soon." muttered Neville, as the First Years all came in to the Common Room. The four of them laughed at the reactions they were all having as they saw it for the first time and then at the reactions they had when they saw Harry.

"You're Harry Potter!" shouted a small First Year, pointing at Harry.

"Last time I checked, what's your name?" asked Harry, politely. Shocking the first years that Harry Potter was actually speaking to a classmate.

"Andrew...Andrew Peterson." stuttered the boy, shakily accepting Harry's hand and shaking it.

"Hello, Andrew." smiled Harry.

"Weren't you in Azkaban in summer?" asked another boy, who flinched as Harry looked at him.

"I was, and if you don't mind I'd rather not talk about it. Scary stuff, don't want to give you nightmares." teased Harry, though inside he silently prayed they wouldn't press the issue.

"Is that how you got your scars, not the lightning bolt one...I know about that." stated a young blonde girl.

"Do they? How do they know that?" asked Harry, looking at the girl who avoided looking at Harry and reddened with embarrassment.

"You...You're my favourite bed time story." muttered the girl, running upstairs and making many in the common room who were listening laugh. As did Seamus, Neville and Dean.

"Stop it you guys...Andrew can you go and get the girl and bring her back down." said Harry, looking at everyone and begging them not to spoil it.

"Yes Harry!" said Andrew excitedly, who ran as fast as he could and made it halfway upstairs before it changed into a slide and he lost his footing and slid all the way back down. Prompting the entire room to burst out laughing.

"Cool!" said Andrew as he and a few other first year boys ran up the stairs again, only to be sent flying back down.

"Look what you've started!" muttered Seamus, taking a sip of his Mead.

"What is going on in here!" shouted Hermione, who had just walked in with Ron and Ginny behind her. The first years all jumped up in fright as the boys on the stairs all jumped up and huddled together.

"Buzzkill..." muttered Dean.

"Hermione, relax. They were just having some fun, weren't we guys... Can one of you go get the girl that went upstairs please?" asked Harry, smiling at the First Year girls who all giggled slightly as one of them volunteered to get her.

"Tricking them and breaking rules is fun? On their first night?" asked Hermione.

"Relax Hermione, we could all use some fun around here." said Seamus, finishing his drink.

"Is that alcohol!" shrieked Hermione, stomping over and snatching the glass out of Seamus's hand and sniffing it.

"Mead actually." said Harry, showing her the bottle.

"It's still alcohol." gritted Hermione.

"It's like 8%...wait 11.5%" muttered Seamus, looking at Harry apologetically.

"I'm going to have to confiscate it, give it to me Harry." said Hermione, holding her hand out.

"I'm surprised you didn't take it from my trunk when you had the chance." snapped Harry, now the entire common room was quiet as everyone was watching them.

"You weren't telling us anything, never mind you had...those books. Which I could report you to McGonagall for!" admonished Hermione, looking at Ron and Ginny for support.

"Then you'd have to tell her you were snooping through my things without my permission." retorted Harry.

"Is that right Granger?" asked a voice behind them, it was Katie Bell. A stern look on her face.

"He had a book on the dark arts, I was just...looking to see if he had anything else he shouldn't have." replied Hermione.

"If the books were of a Dark Arts nature, the wards and protections on Hogwarts detect them and confiscate them and the person who owns them is called for an immediate meeting with the Headmaster and their Head of House. Breaking into someone else's trunk without them knowing breaks a few laws at Hogwarts, now you weren't in the Hogwarts grounds at the time...but they are still serious enough for me to tell McGonagall." said Katie Bell, almost with a smug tone in her voice.

"You can't! It will go on my record!... He...he has alcohol as well!" stated Hermione, scrambling to regain control.

"Firewhisky?" asked Katie Bell, looking at Harry.

"Mead." replied Harry, smiling at Katie.

"Oak Matured Mead." added Seamus.

"Then it's fine, When you get to Sixth Year you get certain...privileges. As long as you don't overdo it and set a bad example."

said Katie, looking at the four of them. They all shook their heads in response.

"Good, now you three. Give me a reason not to report you." said Katie, looking at the three of them.

"Erm...," said Hermione, trying to think of a valid reason, or any reason at all that might excuse them. After a few seconds of squirming and not coming out with an answer, Katie carried on.

"Tomorrow, I'm telling McGonagall first thing." said Katie.

"No!" shouted Hermione. Looking at Katie Bell with pleading eyes, Ron and Ginny however were staring at the ground, with Ron taking chance angry glares at Harry who blatantly ignored him.

"Sorry Granger, rules are rules." said Katie, a slight mocking tone in her voice as she walked over to her friends, leaving Hermione standing still in shock.

Harry however had turned his attention to the little girl who had run upstairs in embarrassment. The common room seemed to relax slightly but people still stayed exactly where they were.

"I didn't want you to think I was making fun of you." said Harry, smiling and only embarrassing her more.

"I shouldn't have said that, it was silly." said the girl, looking at Harry and going redder.

"It's alright, if you've ever got any troubles or want to talk then you can come to me and we can talk. That goes for all of you" said Harry, kindly to the rest of the First Years. Who all thanked him with various degrees of shyness and left.

"If we're allowed Mead, I'm ordering as many bottles as I can tomorrow." said Seamus.

"Wonder what other 'privileges' we have." wondered Neville aloud, but again they were interrupted by someone.

"Hi, Harry." said a girl who had walked over from five or six girls who were all watching and whispering furiously.

"Sorry, I'm ermmm...Romilda, Romilda Vane." smiled Romilda.

"Hi, Romilda." said Harry, in a polite and friendly tone.

"I...I mean we...we were wondering if you and your friends would like to join us?" asked Romilda, her voice getting slightly high as she spoke.

"Do you have anything to drink?" asked Seamus, before Harry could say anything.

"I think Jennifer has some Muggle alcohol in her trunk." said Romilda. Seamus looked at Harry as though begging him to say yes.

"Fine!" sighed Harry, faking reluctance and smiling at Romilda who smiled back. Walking over to the pack of girls, Romilda was walking alongside him when a third year boy Harry recognised burst in front of him.

"Harry, what was Azkaban like?" asked the third year, quickly. Before Harry could reply another boy was asking him a question.

"Why do you have so many scars? Did the Death Eaters do that?" asked the boy.

"Were Dementors there?" asked fifth year girl Harry has seen Ginny with.

"How did you escape?" asked someone behind him, in a few seconds countless people were trying to get his attention and ask him questions. And before he shouted it someone else had already noticed and took charge.

"Enough, now I'm pretty sure Harry doesn't want to talk about it..." said Katie Bell who had left her group of friends and walked over to stop everything.

"I catch any of you bothering him, detention and points will be taken off. And I don't think the rest of Gryffindor would appreciate that!" shouted Katie, looking at the main offenders. The people questioning seemed to slink away as Katie walked back to her friends.

"You guys go ahead, I want to talk to Katie." said Harry, walking after her and catching up before she reached her friends.

"Katie..." said Harry, Katie turned around and smiled as she saw Harry.

"Harry, hi" said Katie, Harry couldn't help it and smiled back.

"Just wanted to say thanks, you know for that and before with Hermione and Ron." said Harry, looking at Katie.

"You're welcome...congratulations on Quidditch Captain." said Katie, she was a bit smaller than Harry and when she patted him on the shoulder it was more of a pat on the elbow.

"Thanks...congratulations on Head Girl." offered Harry.

"Thanks...what do you think of the Quidditch team this year?" asked Katie, leaning against the wall.

"A few chasers, maybe re-think the beaters." said Harry, thinking about it for the first time.

"And Ron?" asked Katie, looking over his shoulder and at Ron.

"What about Ron?" asked Harry, a bit confused.

"He was a bit inconsistent last year, I know you aren't on the best of terms and this might not help but I would suggest a full team tryout. Even for my position." said Katie, seriously.

"You're kidding, you've been on the team since I've been on it!" said Harry, not believing what Katie had suggested.

"Can't just trust that Harry, or old friends..." said Katie, Harry nodded as he realised it was only smart to have the best team possible.

"Good...oh and if Ron or Hermione or Ginny try anything with your trunk again...Head Boys and Girls get their own quarters. You could always come over and take advantage..." winked Katie, making Harry scramble his thoughts and stutter slightly as he tried to think of a comeback.

"Bye Harry." laughed Katie, winking again playfully. She turned and walked away just as Harry thought of something.

"You know Katie, I might just do that on day." called Harry, so she would hear. It was cryptic and shocking, evident to Katie's reaction as she turned around with a shocked expression and a teasing look. Not daring another line he winked jokingly and turned and walked over to Dean, Neville and Seamus who were all with Romilda and her friends.

"Hey, Harry." smiled Romilda.

"Romilda, ladies." nodded Harry, sending them in to a fit of giggles.

"We were just talking about fourth year, with the dragon..." said Seamus, looking at Harry.

"Hungarian Horntail, what about it?" asked Harry taking a long overdue sip of his drink...

They were the last in the Gryffindor Common Room to go upstairs, Harry had politely declined a second refill of Vodka as did Neville. Seamus and Dean saw sense after getting slightly tipsy after a third. When one of the girls began falling asleep on Neville on the sofa in front on the fire, they all decided to call it a night.

After hazily awakening after a fairly restless night's sleep, Harry woke and reluctantly decided to stick to his pledge and have a small steady workout. Putting on a pair of shorts, comfortable trainers and a thick jumper he quietly stepped out of the dormitory and made his way on to the grounds. After a few minutes stretching he jogged down to the lake and around it twice before settling on the side of the lake to regain his breath and cool down. After a few sets of press ups and crunches Harry decided it was enough and a couple of minutes stretching again to cool down he made his way up to his dormitory.

It had been a cold morning but he had worked up a slight sweat and walking into the dormitory again with making as little noise as possible. It was still a half an hour before people would begin getting up, having a nice hot shower Harry dressed for classes he felt like

an idiot as he spent a minute or so styling his hair. he packed all five textbooks, a pad of parchment and a bottle of ink in his bag.

Drinking down his nutrient potion he shivered at the taste and walked down to breakfast on his own. He was one of the first in the Great Hall, a few Ravenclaws had books and testing each other already. Rolling his eyes, Harry sat down and piled his plate with toast, sausages, bacon and eggs. With a large glass of orange juice.

As he ate, people started walking in to the Great Hall. He could almost feel people staring at him as he began on a second plateful, this time of eggs and bacon. The Great Hall was soon bustling, and Neville, Dean and Seamus only just made it in time as Professor McGonagall was handing out the sixth year schedules. She reached Harry and paused as she looked at his schedule.

"Mr Potter, your schedule. Congratulations on your results." muttered McGonagall, her mouth twitching in a smile. Harry looked over his schedule and saw Herbology was still on it.

"Erm Professor McGonagall, I don't want to do Herbology anymore." said Harry, looking at his Head of House.

"I thought it was your ambition to be an Auror?" asked McGonagall, her mouth thinning.

"I've changed my mind, I wanted to ask if I could do Ancient Runes. I haven't done the OWL but I got some books from Bill Weasley and he taught me some things about Ancient Runes so I'm sure I wouldn't be too far behind." said Harry, an urgent tone in his voice.

"Is that so...I can write to the Wizzarding Examination Authority and arrange an OWL Examination...are you sure you want to do this?" asked McGonagall, looking at Harry as though he was going to change his mind.

"I'm sure, Runes is really interesting and useful. The more advanced stuff fascinating..." muttered Harry, not wanting to go in to the details about what Bill had actually taught Harry.

"Alright then, I can talk to Professor Babbling but if you achieve a 'E' on your OWL I can't see her having a problem with accepting you in to the class. Here is your new schedule, I want to arrange a meeting

with you about what your career prospects are." said McGonagall, looking at Harry intently.

"Of course Professor McGonagall." replied Harry.

"Professor Dumbledore would like to talk to you before classes... you have a double period in Transfiguration first so if you go to his office now hopefully you won't miss too much of the lesson." said Professor McGonagall, slightly annoyed that a meeting with the Headmaster would be cutting in to her lesson time.

"I'll go right now." said Harry, drinking down the rest of his orange juice and standing up to leave.

"See you in class." muttered Seamus, who was drinking an unusual amount of pumpkin juice.

"The password is 'Skiving Snackboxes'" whispered McGonagall so only he heard.

"Later." said Harry, walking out of the hall and past Ron who was walking down the stairs hurriedly, not stopping to speak or even look at Ron, Harry kept on walking.

On arriving at the ugly stone gargoyle Harry muttered the password, he knew what the 'meeting' was going to be about. Something about Azkaban, maybe about Percy and his general disappearance. Walking up the spiralling staircase and knocking on the door to Dumbledores office , Harry knocked and waited several seconds.

"Come in, Harry." said Dumbledore from behind the door. Harry opened the door to see Dumbledore sat behind his brand desk in brightly coloured robes. The portraits around the large, circular office were all snoozing, or at least pretending.

"Good to see you are in good health Harry." said Dumbledore, beckoning him to sit down.

"Thank you Professor." maintaining a polite manner, sitting down in the chair.

"Severus went in to great detail about how badly injured you were, it seems you have recovered well." smiled Dumbledore, pouring himself a cup of tea and offered one for Harry.

"I have." said Harry, simply. Declining the cup of tea.

"Might I ask, how you have managed to do so? Severus said you were quite bloody and covered in cuts when he saw you. Not to mention a suspected broken leg." said Dumbledore, looking at the scars on Harry's face.

"The muggle hospital I went to, how else?" said Harry, not wanting to reveal how close he had come with the goblins.

"Interesting, Severus also told me that Voldemort still has your wand. Have you managed to find a replacement?" asked Dumbledore, innocently. On the last word Harry flicked his wrist and brandished his goblin made wand, the colour and texture immediately captured is attention.

"Have you tried it out yet? Where did you purchase such a wand?" asked Dumbledore, scratching his beard at the sight of it.

"It works, maybe better than my phoenix wand. No offence, Fawkes. And I didn't purchase it, I found it at Grimmauld Place when I was staying there before I was kidnapped and tortured for nearly a month." said Harry, pleased to see his words sinking in.

"I can't say how sorry I am about your capture Harry, rest assured significant improvements will be made on security so it will be safe for you to return at Christmas." said Dumbledore.

"Return? Professor, I have no intention of stepping foot in that place again." laughed Harry.

"Apart from Hogwarts, Grimmauld Place and Privet Drive, there is nowhere else you can go." said Dumbledore, slight confusion in his voice.

"Privet Drive? The place where I had to fight Death Eaters from at the start of the summer, I'm not going back there either. I can just go where I was staying in the last couple of days of summer." said Harry, shrugging his shoulders as if it was no big deal.

"You aren't safe there either Harry, I wanted to save this for later but why didn't you come to Grimmauld Place? I know you were in London, I know you went to Gringotts, why didn't you return to tell the Order you were alright?" asked Dumbledore, in a hurt tone.

"Because, I don't have to tell the Order where I'm staying. I'm obviously safe there as nobody found me, you had no idea where I was and neither did Voldemort. As far as I'm concerned I could return there for Christmas and next summer, maybe even for Easter holidays as well." said Harry, suggestively.

"I can't let you do that Harry, you need my and the Orders protection." said Dumbledore, urgently.

"No I don't, you see while I was at Gringotts I found out a few things. I own Grimmauld Place and a few other properties. I have enough money to go into hiding like I did this summer and never be found. I could sell Grimmauld Place and you couldn't do a thing about it!" exclaimed Harry, letting his thoughts and feelings off his chest after brooding on them for so long.

"You can't do that Harry, what would Sirius..." but at his godfathers name Harry interrupted the Headmaster, he wasn't go to through another tantrum like he had done ever again, he was going to show that he had grown and was mature.

"Sirius didn't like the house, he was locked up like a caged animal in that place. It reminded him of his family and his childhood memories, like Privet Drive did for me. I could sell it, loan it, demolish it, hell I could redecorate and make it into a haunted house and open it to the public." said Harry, in a calm and even tone.

"I think you might be exaggerating there Harry." laughed Dumbledore.

"Maybe...but I don't see why you can tell me where to live. Especially after I saved the lives of your Order, maybe even you." said Harry, looking at the blue eyes of Dumbledore that were only twinkling ever so slightly.

"Percy, I thought you wouldn't want to talk about that." muttered Dumbledore.

"One of us would have to bring it up." said Harry, simply.

"Of course...would you like to talk about it?" asked Dumbledore, busying himself by unwrapping a lemon drop.

"I killed him, he was going to be left worse than dead anyway. I gave him more than he deserved and in the process saved a few lives, I'm not going to be upset about it, but I am hardly going to go around bragging about it." said Harry, firmly.

"Interesting perspective...Severus said it was wandless magic." replied Dumbledore.

"Wandless Cutting Charm, to the neck. He was decapitated when he fell over." said Harry, emotionless. The memory of Percy's body on the floor and his head several feet away from him flashing through his minds eye.

"Harry, I am only concerned for your well-being. You have a burden no-one should have on their shoulders." sighed Dumbledore, obvious signs of sorrow on his face.

"I'm fine, what's done is done." said Harry, standing up.

"I know, if you ever want to talk...my door is always open to you Harry." smiled Dumbledore, sympathetically. Harry nodded and walked out of the room, leaving a befuddled and pensive Dumbledore alone in his office.

(End of Chapter)

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Biggest chapter so far I think!

Going to hopefully make this in to a forty chapter story, so that means longer chapters. And a bit quicker progression!

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